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What are you doing to us now?

IN THE GAMELAND OUR FATHERS LOST

By Frederic Irland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

A MAN whom I met on a railroad train in Canada told me, "British Columbia is a good place to hunt big game." So I went there to see if he told the truth, and I found that he did.

Letters written at random to the postmasters of a score of little railway towns, asking for the names of possible guides, brought prompt and cordial replies.

When I reached Ashcroft, where a most promising guide had agreed to meet me, the stage-office people said he was in the mountains a hundred miles away, where he had gone with a Philadelphia man. The porter who met me at the train, and carried my valise to the clean little hotel, was an old Hudson's Bay Company man who knew the country far to the north and had travelled rivers whose names are not in the school-books. In the afternoon, when there were no trains to meet, he drew maps of mountains and lakes and streams that I should like to stay on earth a hundred years to see. He told me that Lillooet, sixty-four miles up the stage line, was at the very door-step of the mountains. He knew an Indian there who was a fine mountain man, and, being young, wished to make a reputation. So at four o'clock in the morning, when it was perhaps as dark as it had been since there was light in the world, I climbed up on the semi-weekly stage, the only passenger for an all-day ride. Just ahead of us was the flickering light of another stage which

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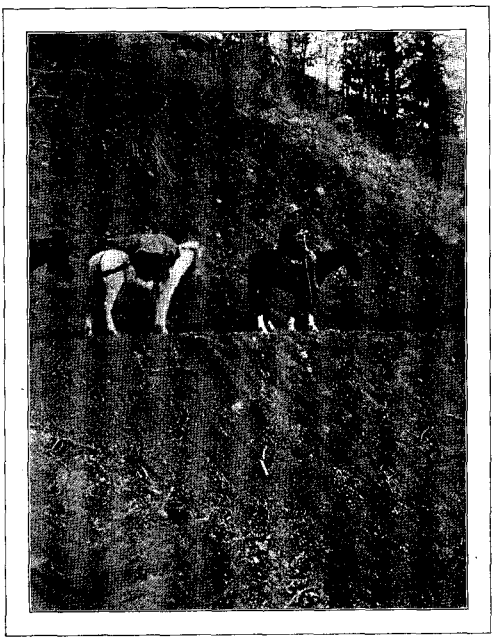
runs for four days northward, until it reaches the mining town of Barkerville.

The day comes slowly in latitude 52, in November. So at seven o'clock we breakfasted by lamplight at a wayside ranch-house, where we bade farewell to the other stage, with its two perfunctory express guards.



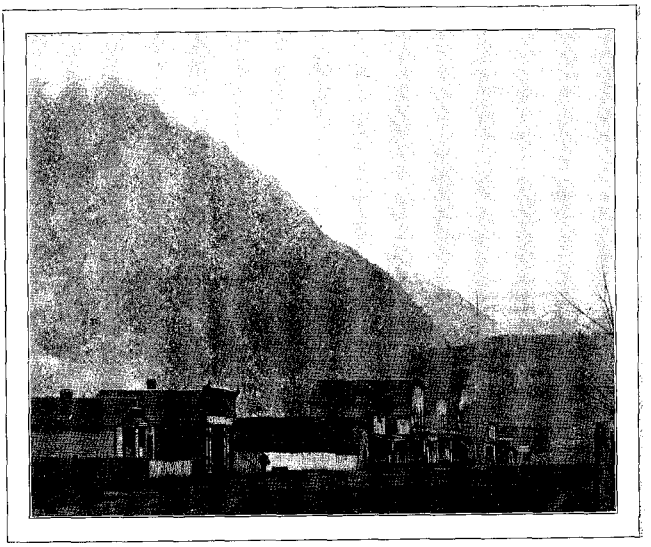
The High Road to Happiness.

While the fresh horses were being brought out, an animal like a dust-covered dog sneaked down toward the chickens that were just going up the road to see the sun rise. "Coyote," said somebody. My first powder-smoke in British Columbia scored a clean miss. Try it yourself on a coyote, or any other streak, some day.

Out in that country the chief problem is transportation. A few years ago a billiard-table went to one of the mining villages, carried on the backs of four mules, at a cost of twenty-five cents a pound. In the bed of the billiard-table was packed a large mirror, which, on the second night after it was placed back of the bar, was broken by a piece of quartz from the hand of a rejoicing miner. Even now, every pound of freight carried to Lillooet by the British Columbia Express Company costs fifteen cents. But as there is a government mail road that far, private freighters take contracts at smaller figures. One of these we passed, whose high-topped wagon was wrong side up, fifty feet down a sheer bank. We carried the news of this decline in freights to the hotel-keeper in Lillooet that evening, and the price of drinks rose accordingly, for the future supply was mostly in that freighter's wreck.

Lillooet was once a placer mining camp. Its present reason for existence is a large Indian reservation near by, and a new quartz mine eight miles up in the mountains. The wagon road ends here, and pack trails begin. That evening, by the immense stove in the hotel bar-room, a prospector told of a bunch of mountain goats he had seen that morning, fifteen miles up the trail. The manager of the general store across the street reported that the Indian for whom he had sent would be up from the reservation in the morning, and all was well.

The next day Indian Jimmie came not,



The One Short Street of Lillooet.

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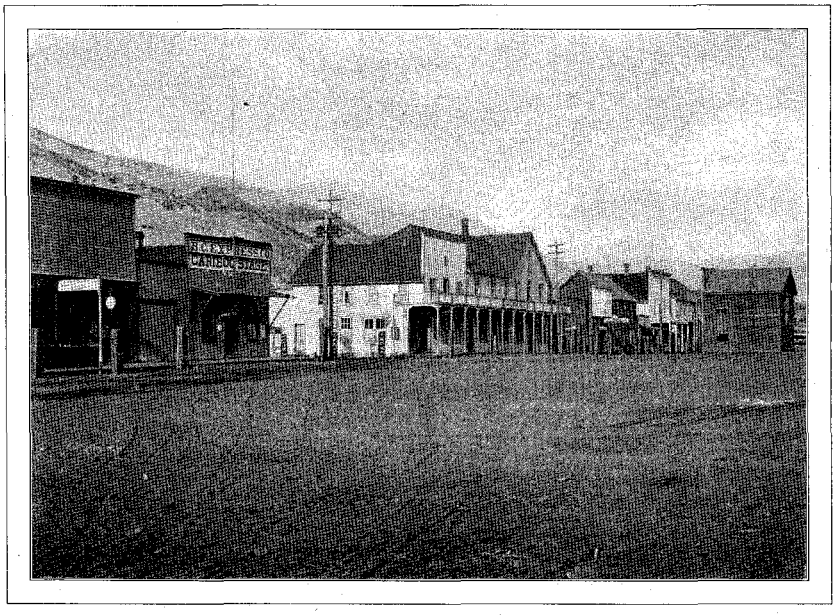
as he was putting out his bunch of horses for the winter, but he sent his younger brother Johnnie Dick, and another Indian named Saul, just back from a four-months' pack-train trip to the Peace River. Saul turned out to be one of the best cooks I ever met in the woods. Johnnie Dick, who was only about twenty years old, was



The Business District, Ashcroft.

willing to go with me after sheep and goats, though he said it was rather late in the season. So that very day Saul and Johnnie Dick and I, each on a very solemn little horse, with two freight animals beside, rode out of the one short street of Lillooet, amid the expressed desire of the population that we might have a good time. Do you wish to know the financial basis of this cavalcade? Johnnie Dick, two dollars and a half a day; Saul and his horse, two dollars; the other horses, a dollar and a half; a total of forty-two dollars a week, Sundays included. I think the entire grocery bill at the general store was thirty-eight dollars, and the storekeeper loaned me a tent and blankets. The Indians brought their own. We turned our faces to the north, up the west bank of the Fraser River, where the mountains tower high and higher.

A few miles above Lillooet we came to the place where Bridge River comes booming down out of one of the wildest mountain tracts in the Cascade range. Up this cañon we turned, on a trail wide enough to accommodate the feet of the careful horses, and soon I began to feel much like a mouse on the side of a church steeple. It was far to the bottom, and the sides of that cañon were steep. I had a suspicion that my placid animal was losing a shoe, and soon he did. I mentioned it to Johnny Dick, who said it did not matter. After a while I saw that the horse did not seem worried, for he snatched at wisps of grass when we were turning the most outrageous over-hanging corners. The two Indians smoked cheerfully, and sat sidewise in their saddles while they chatted in a tongue which sounded more like men choking than anything else I can think of. When I saw the confidence which they displayed, I forgot to worry about a possible fall, and looked at the wonderful scene around me.

Ahead and on both sides were ranges white with coming winter, but where we were everything was hazy and warm, and there had not been a flake of snow. For a mile or two the trail would be right on the side of a wall as nearly perpendicular as the dirt and broken rock would

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stick. Then the path would criss-cross up the side, and the animals would balance carefully as they turned, until in a few minutes we would come out on a flat table-top a quarter of a mile wide and several miles long, covered with long dry grass, or with coarse pines without underbrush, where you could drive a wagon among the trees. It seemed strange that those flat places were not filled with farmhouses.

While our horses were plodding along the trail that first day out, I began to wonder if it was all going to be as easy as this. I recalled other days, in a corner of Canada 3,000 miles away, when I had walked; and I concluded that it was a good thing to have a heavy pack carried on a horse rather than on the back of a man, even if it was some other man.

When the sky was pale with twilight we camped by a little creek, and the bell of old Charlie, the leading pack-horse, was untied. It was to me a new and comforting sound to hear that bell contentedly dangling at night, as the horses grazed near every camping-place. Dry grass was plentiful everywhere.

Taxidermist's Mounting of a Goat I Shot.

Johnnie announced on the morning of the second day that we should see "plenty teer." We had brought canned salmon for the Indians' Friday arrangements. Those Jesuits of the early days were thorough, and Friday is hereditary now with the British-American Indian; but this was Wednesday, and fresh meat would be acceptable to us all. "We kill a teer after we camp. Too much trouble to carry," suggested Johnnie, and I attributed the confidence of this boast to the optimism of youth. I knew something about deer, and a man may consider himself lucky, in many places where they are plentiful, if he gets a shot at all, without putting it off till supper-time. Johnnie seemed to regard it as something akin to cutting nightwood or getting a bucket of water. It was in fact about two o'clock that afternoon before we met a "mowitch," as those descendants of Siberian savages called it in their heathen tongue. It was a small spike buck, and we saw it at a place where there had been a rock-slide, and there was a sharp bend in the trail. We stopped the horses, Johnnie and I slipped ahead to within fifty yards of the deer, and I got a very fair photograph of him, from almost straight across the bend. The picture also shows one of the places where the trail went, and how it looked from a disinterested point of view. What became of the deer? Almost the instant I made the exposure he saw us, and leaped headlong down the side of the cañon, his feet making a queer hollow bumping sound, and in three jumps he was out of sight below the projecting bank. That was the beginning of the most remarkable experience in seeing deer that I ever had in my life. It would not be true to say that they were in sight all the time, but we saw them every day.

We camped about three o'clock that day, and Johnnie and I climbed up the steep mountain 1,000 feet, through a perpendicular ravine filled with scrubby pines, like those that grow in country grave-yards. Suddenly Johnnie froze stiff, and I saw a big, round, mouse-colored body about a hundred feet away, among the green. I wondered, as I raised the rifle, if the jump of its discharge would knock me off my feet, and how far I would fall. I also admired the contrast of the ivory sight against the beautiful coat of the animal. This reflection oc-

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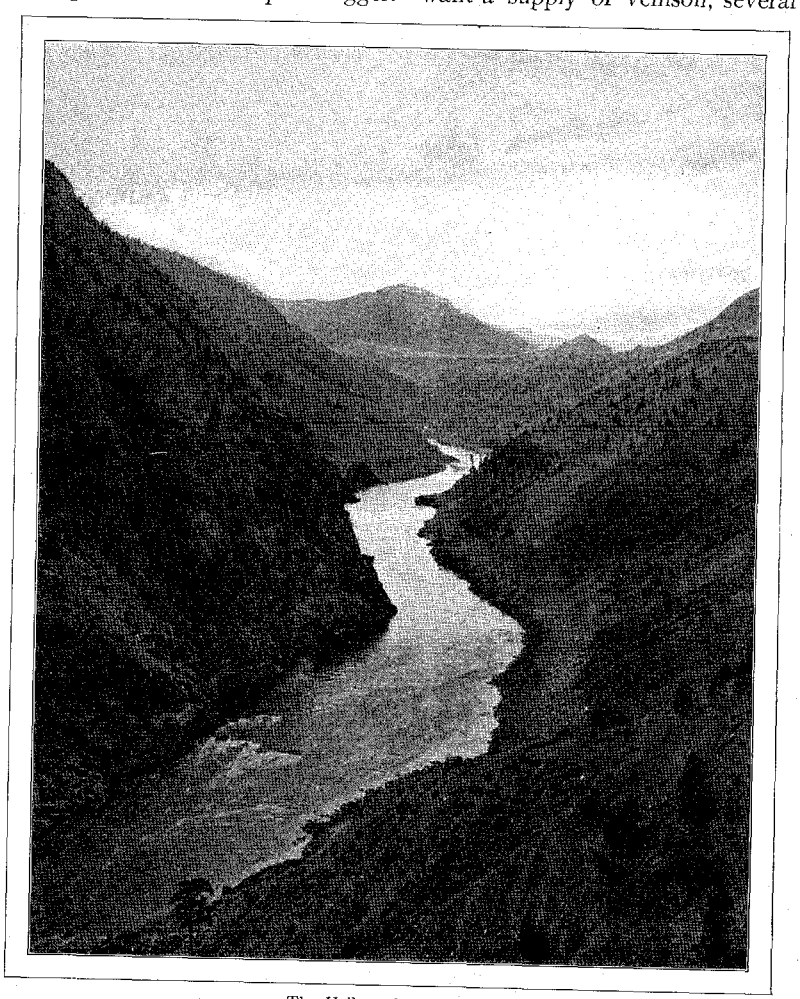
cupied perhaps a second, and was broken by Johnnie whispering: "Don't shoot! Doe." At the same instant I saw the long ears waving about, noted the absence of antlers, and put down the rifle. Mrs. Mowitch concluded there was something wrong, and again I heard that ridiculous thumping sound as she fled down the steep. We got a fine young buck about ten minutes afterward, and he tumbled nearly a hundred feet before he lodged against a little tree. Getting the meat to camp was pretty easy, for it was all down hill.

More than sixty times that I know of in the next fortnight, for I counted that many, I had chances to shoot those fat and prosperous-looking deer at short and certain range, but did not pull trigger. We shot three during the whole trip, all spike bucks. The day we started for home there were six deer in sight from the tent door while the Indians were packing up. Often, as we were crossing the high mountains covered with snow, where there were no paths except the game-trails, we would see a bunch of deer for a long time, and, if they did not wind us, the sight of the moving horses and men did not disturb them. It was a great pleasure to see almost all of the mother deer attended by half-grown young ones; nearly always one, if not two, of the graceful creatures trotting along behind, and turning to look at us with timid curiosity.

Saul told me that when the Indians want a supply of venison, several go to-



The Valley of the Fraser.

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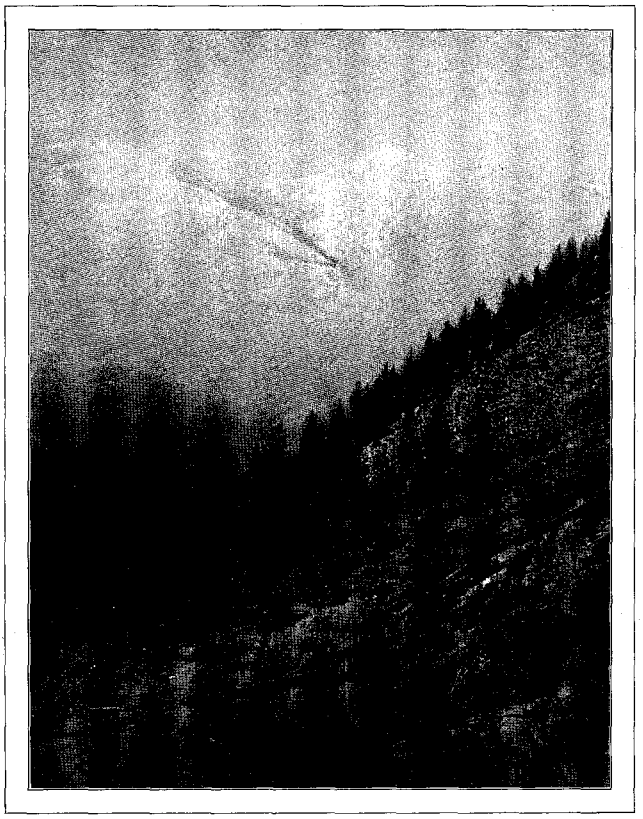

Mountain-top and Clouds.

gether, generally, and starting from the two ends of a long valley, three or four men move each way toward the centre, along a mountain-side where the deer go for protection from the cold wind. One Indian keeps at the bottom, the others further up, and one hoots like an owl, so that all keep in line, the two parties driving the deer toward each other, often getting as many as fifty in two or three days. But they do not hunt very persistently, as salmon are so plentiful in the Fraser and its tributaries.

One rainy day we were on a mountain at the head of the North Branch of Bridge River, crossing from the valley of one creek to another, the horses picking their way carefully over blow-downs and through the wet snow, when Johnnie Dick, who was riding ahead, suddenly slid from his horse and held up his hand. We stopped, and I heard a dull knocking sound, almost exactly like that of the gavel by which the House of Representatives at Washington is called to order, only faint and distant. Johnnie turned his horse slowly and led him back a few steps, then beckoned to me to come up where he was. I did so, and we peered around the corner of a rock. Across a deep valley, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from us, we saw a number of animals that looked something like dark-colored domestic sheep, with exaggerated horns. Through the glass their heads seemed to be done up in immense curl-papers. Two of the rams were having a dispute, and while we looked they backed off and made a vicious run at each other, heads down, one being knocked fairly off his feet. An instant later that queer whacking noise came to us again. The sheep which lost his footing scrambled up and ran. A third ram, that had been nibbling at a bunch of grass sticking out of the snow, began shaking his curl-papers, pawing and strutting in a conceited manner, and a second fight, an exact dupli-

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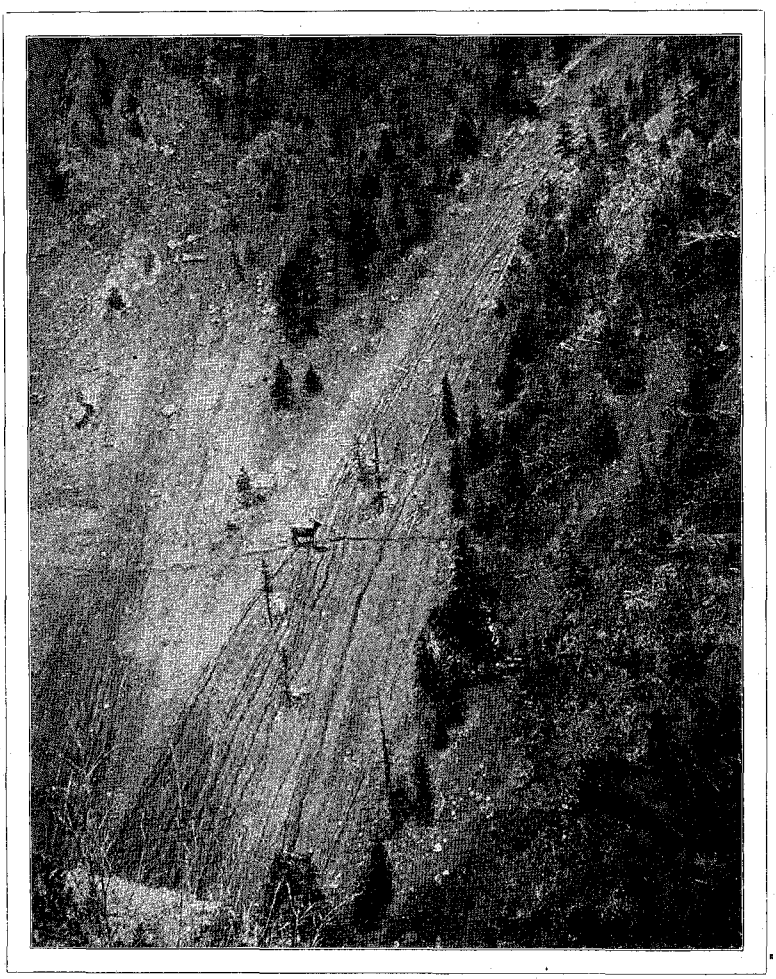
cate of the first, began among the scattered evergreen bushes. Suddenly there was a cessation of hostilities, the sheep looked intently in our direction, and after standing at a beautiful "attention" pose, with heads in the air, all began scampering away for dear life, toward a high peak which reared its crest through the floating clouds. "Too bad, too bad, they got our wind," said Johnnie. It did not seem possible that the light air blowing could have reached them in so short a time, but I am sure they did not hear us, and we were well concealed by rocks and bushes.

Then Johnnie planned a strategic campaign. First, he and I took off the shoes we wore when riding, and pulled on soft thin moccasins, which would not slip on the wet rocks. Saul went on down the mountain with the horses, to find a camping-place. Then Johnnie and I started on a long detour, to get on the further side of the sheep we had alarmed. He said at this time of the year the ewes gathered in flocks, and remained quiet, while the rams were fighting to determine family affairs.

We had a hard climb, and many times I had to ask Johnnie to give me a breathing chance. It seemed as though there was no end to the rocky billows by which the great mountain surged heavenward. In some places we braced ourselves by hands and toes, and Johnnie often took both rifles. He would push me over a slippery place, and then hand me the guns, while he crawled up. There were places



A Deer on the Horse trail.

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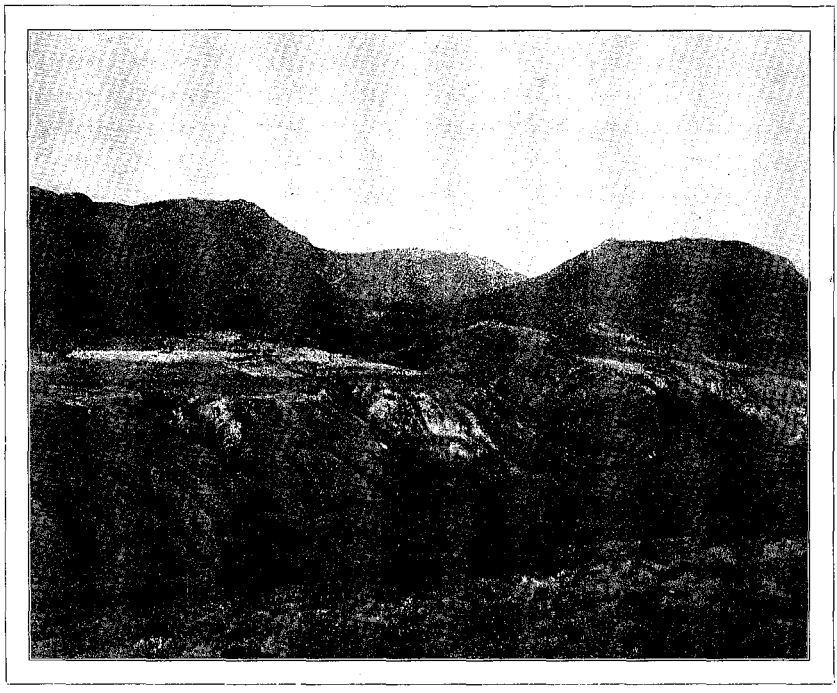
where bits of rock were always falling, and Johnnie would not stop there, but told me to hurry, as there might be a slide at any time. It was wonderful to see that those mountains, at first sight so everlasting, were in reality always falling down, getting the worst of their battle with the clouds that charge unceasingly against them.

We started on our climb about nine o'clock in the morning, and it was afternoon before Johnnie began to look over each new spot opened to our vision, for the sheep. The mountain that from a distance seemed so symmetrical was full of hills and hollows, so that we could not see very far ahead. When the cloud-banks did not obscure the view, the world behind us seemed to stretch away without end. We were about one hundred miles from the coast, and the mountains rose and the valleys fell to every point of the compass for uncounted miles.

Once in our climb we came to the edge of a high precipice that ran almost straight down, and Johnnie, after looking long, pointed out a doe and fawn lying in the shelter of the rock, so far below that I could just make them out. I asked Johnnie how far it was to them, straight down. He said: "Don't know. Maybe a thousand feet." We could almost have dropped a stone on to them.

Gradually the ascent became less trying, and soon we came out on a broken and irregular but nearly flat snowy top, perhaps a mile across. What had appeared to be a pointed peak was really an elevated field of rocks. It was connected, by an immense ridge, with higher mountains in the distance, the tops of which seemed absolutely bald and dead. Johnnie said that north of us was a valley in which the snow never melted, that no one knew how deep the snow was, but that under the snow was ice, and a stream of muddy green water ran out of the lower end of it in the summer.



The Deer Pastures.

These observations were stopped by the discovery of a track in the snow that looked like a large deer track with the hoofs spread out. "Ship," said Johnnie, which was his way of saying "sheep." In fifteen minutes we came to a place where there were many tracks, and flattened beds in the snow. It was foggy up

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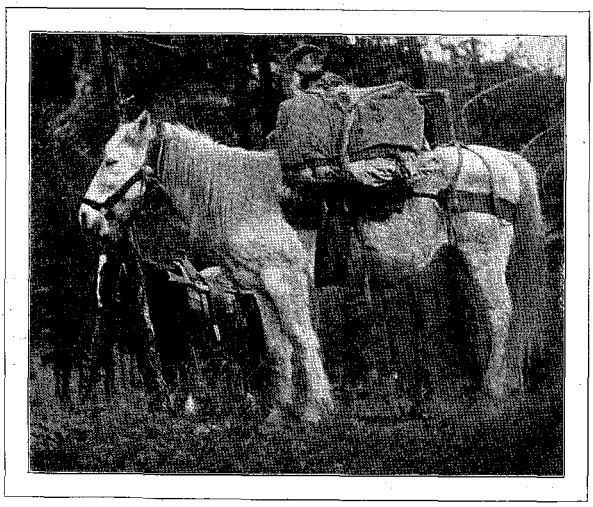
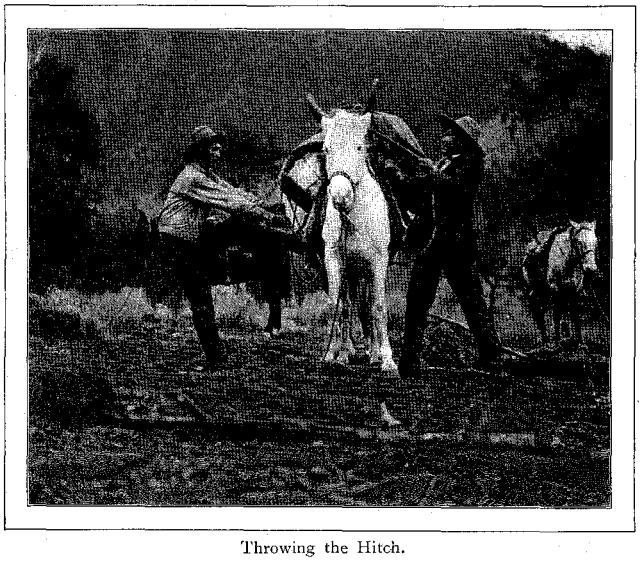


The Transportation Question.

the rams. The hoofs of the advancing flock made a swishing, pattering sound, and they were only fifty yards away. I took the nearest ram, and he never drew breath again. Johnnie's 44 barked spitefully. He made a neat hit on another ram, further away than my already dying victim, but failed to stop it. Those sheep did not sail away like deer, touching here and there a high place. They flattened themselves out, shot around a corner, and were gone. Johnnie followed, and I was alone. In there, and as I was wringing wet I felt chilly, after the toil of climbing. Now we had come to descending ground again. When I saw the confusion of tracks I forgot to shiver. Johnnie sniffed and said he smelt the sheep, and perhaps he did, for soon after that we saw them, and counted twenty-six, on a projecting flat ledge below us. The rams had suspended hostilities and one or two of them seemed to do a great deal of looking back toward the valley where we had been in the morning. The ewes were lying down, or aimlessly walking about. I wondered why the top-heavy heads of the rams did not tip them over on to their noses. As we worked nearer and nearer to the sheep I thought how restful is the life of wild creatures in a country where feed is plentiful and enemies are few.



Throwing the Hitch.

Finally the sheep began to move toward us. It had been a long climb to get beyond and above them, but now we had our reward. On they came, only two hundred yards away. I could see their white muzzles, as though they had been sticking their noses into a flour-bag. Now I could see the wrinkles in the horns of a few seconds I heard Johnnie's gun feebly thumping away. There was no echoing roar, such as you hear in the thick woods. I picked my way cautiously after Johnnie, and when I saw the jumps he had made, and the chances he had taken, I knew there was much for me to learn about hasty mountain travel. Johnnie shot six times, and two hundred yards ahead, on the crooked, rocky descent the sheep had taken, I found him on his knees, by the big ram. Three bullets had struck.

Both sets of horns were freshly chipped from fighting. Johnnie counted the wrinkles, and said one sheep was six years

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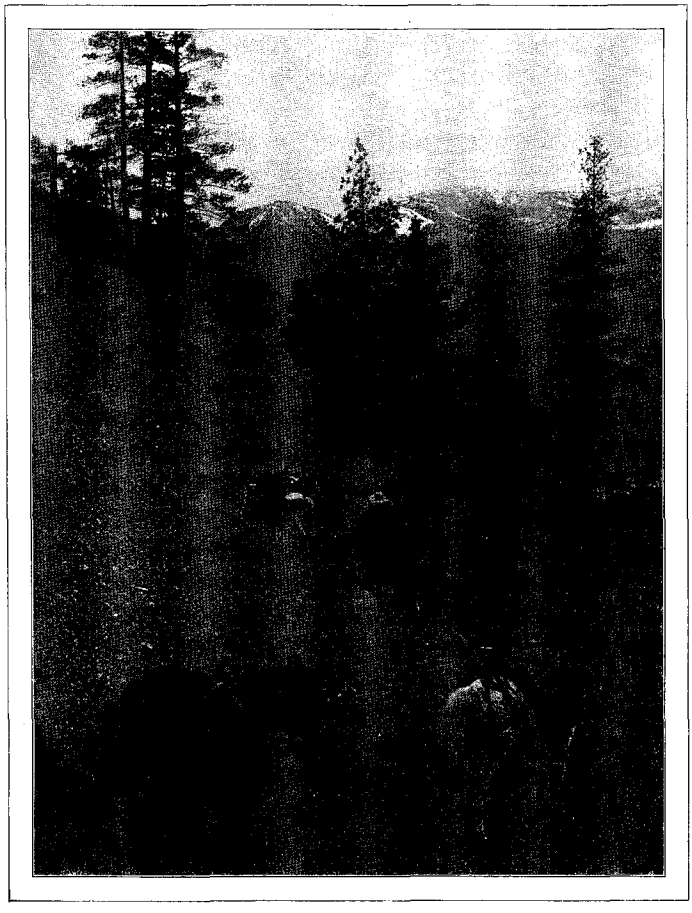
old, and the other five. We had a short down-hill carry to reach the track made by the horses, and then we followed Saul's trail until we thought he never was going to camp. Deeper down we dropped out of the cold wind, out of the snow, into the shelter of the valley, where we finally heard the welcome sound of the bell on old Charlie, a sure sign that the horses had been turned out to graze. Wet, hungry, and happy, we did not refuse a good dinner.

The keen, shrewd eyes of those sheep did not grow dim, even in death. When I got the camera from the box where I had stored it for safety from the rain that morning, and set the heads up on a bag to photograph them, the wide green eyes looked sharply at me, and seemed to say, "What are you doing to us now?"

But the most charming, innocent creatures I met in those mountains were the white goats. What do you think of a wild animal which, after he knows you are on his track, will stop and turn back, to peer around the corner and see what you are? These stately animals, with their long white aprons, coal-black eyes, and sharp little horns, really seemed to me too unsophisticated to shoot. At Ashcroft and Lillooet people had told me to get my hand in by shooting a goat, and then perhaps I could improve by geting a sheep.

Johnnie and I, as usual, were seeking what we might destroy, though as a fact we let many chances go. We had nearly burst our hearts by climbing for an hour or two up the mansard roof of North America, and high above the deer pasture. The winter on the mountain-tops had driven the game down, and sent the



In the Heart of the Mountains.

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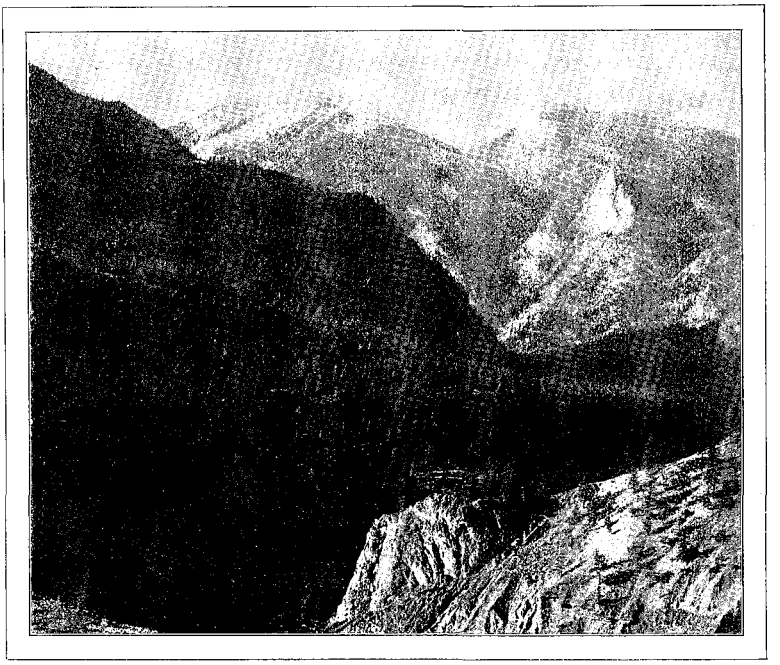

Home of the Mountain Sheep.

bears to their winter dens. We found more sheep tracks, and were following along to see where they led, when suddenly we saw four white animals on the edge of an abyss of the kind which Doré has portrayed in illustrating Dante. The goats were not very far from us in a straight line, but it was a long way around the hole. They saw us, and started on a rheumatic gallop, but only went a little way, and, as they reached a turn, huddled up and looked back. "They not go far," said Johnnie. We picked our way over toward their last known place of abode, reaching the opposite side of the cañon by means wholly unsuited to nervous people. There was just snow enough to show their tracks, which led along scandalous precipices. The fever of pursuit was on Johnnie, and he walked uprightly in places where I became a quadruped. This was trying to his patience, for he caught glimpses of the goats which I, by reason of slower progress, was denied. In about half an hour we came to a great chimney of rock in the path, and Johnnie, clinging with fingers and moccasins, went around the face of it, leaning out beyond the vertical wall. When he got across he began beckoning to me like a crazy man, to hurry to him. I could no more have crossed where he did than he could have written this story, and he knew no penmanship. I had to go up back of the rock, which took some time. I had his rifle and mine. When I came out above him, I saw that he had the goats in a kind of natural trap, and they were all bunched up against a rock which I thought could not be passed. The biggest billy stood faced about, his long white beard and petticoats making him look like the high-priest of some heathen temple. "Don't shoot; he fall down," yelled Johnnie. At the sound of the voice the goat made a desperate attempt at the face of the rock, scrambling up at an obtuse angle, then standing on his hind legs and throwing his fore feet over, from right to left. I thought he surely would fall back, but he did not. The smaller goats followed, and in a moment they were gone. Johnnie, with grinning countenance, crawled back around the chimney. Then I thought goats were not very good things on which to start a beginner.

"Let's see where they go," said Johnnie. We made a flank movement, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from the first round-up we saw those four fool goats

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Johnnie Dick.
The aboriginal idea of Art.

again, the big one and a small one looking back around the corner, to see if we were really coming. Then we did shoot, and two of the four fell down and lodged where we could not possibly get them without long ropes, but another one collapsed so completely that he did not have time to get over the edge. The fourth one got away. Curiosity broke up that family.

There was a man who went out of Lillooet the year before last, to shoot a goat. The next day, when his friends looked for him, they found it was not the goat that had fallen down.

The only inconvenience about that November mountain trip was that the daily camping-ground was so far below the range of the game. The Indians said that in the early fall they would make camp on the very top of some mountain, and then there would be less climbing to do. The British Columbia open game season begins August 31st.

The early spring is undoubtedly the best time to go for bear. If one can spend two months in the mountains then, the range of the grizzly is restricted by the deep snow of the mountain-tops, and getting a shot is not a matter of chance, but of industry. There are grizzlies quite near the settlements. Three were seen on the mountain within a mile of Lillooet last summer.

I stayed in the mountains till winter drove me out, and then I was sorry to go. It was all very beautiful. In the mornings I never tired of seeing the two Indians throw the hitches by which they fastened tents, boxes, heads, or anything at all, to the saw-buck attachments on the pack-saddles. How every region evolves its own methods! The Ottawa canoeman would be lost here. Yet Saul and Johnnie made complicated adjustments of long ropes in the most off-hand manner, and everything stayed fixed.

I have often wondered why all Canada was not long ago overrun by holiday Americans. They go to the game-stripped Adirondacks, to Maine, to Colorado, and during the legal hunting season thousands

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of rifles fill the air with lead. But out where I was, in a country where the sight of game is a certainty, and which anyone can reach comfortably if he can sit on a peaceful horse, there was no other hunting party within many miles. We saw no one at all in the mountains, not even an Indian nor the track of a horse. It seemed like a fairy-tale to be there, with the sheep mountains all around, and no one to worry us. Then, too, the vastness of the wilderness to the north, in that one province, impressed me very much.

Suppose our eastern seaboard, from New York to New Orleans, and from the Atlantic to Lake Erie and the Ohio River, were suddenly to revert into a virgin fastness, with New York a city of thirty thousand people, as its metropolis; with a string of little towns on a railroad crossing a corner of the State of New York and running away to a great republic on the north, a stage line, "the longest in North America," from Utica to a big mining camp, south in the Blue Ridge, with a few pack trails to other mining points. Swell the Appalachian system to several times its present height, powder its tops with snow, and let the mountains cover nearly the whole country. Fill the valleys with deep green lakes and roaring ice-cold rivers. This, in some degree, would represent the physique of the province which is the gem of Victoria's American possessions.

The circumstance which lost half of British Columbia to the United States was a very little thing.

On a bright June day one hundred and seven years ago a Scotch fur-trader, toiling up the Peace River to its southwestern source, came to the place where the stream issued from beneath a great bank of snow. Crossing a little pond, and scarcely disturbing the many wild-fowl and beaver, he lifted his travel-worn birch-bark over piles of drift-wood into an ill-natured streamlet which smashed his canoe, but at last bore him down to a wide unknown river. Learning from the Indians whom he met that this river ran a very long way toward the midday sun, and at last fell into a great water which was not good to drink, Mackenzie made the shrewd but erroneous guess that the river he had found was the Columbia. It was in fact the Fraser.

This mistaken surmise, being printed in a book, was the cause of British claims to the whole Oregon country, only settled when, in 1848, Mr. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, by advice of the United States Senate, quit-claimed to Great Britain all the unexplored region west of the Rocky Mountains which Russia had conceded to the United States, but which went to form the southern half of the province of British Columbia. Thus our fathers lost political control over the country, but to those of us who love to shoot and fish it matters little what flag floats there. When at the command of God those mountains rose out of the sea, He made a country for men to marvel at as long as they inhabit the earth. He created a spacious home for His wild creatures that come at no man's bidding. He piled up a labyrinth of mountains, with snowy tops where the rivers are born that will cease not to chisel the rocks away, until the diminished hills no more intrude above the clouds.

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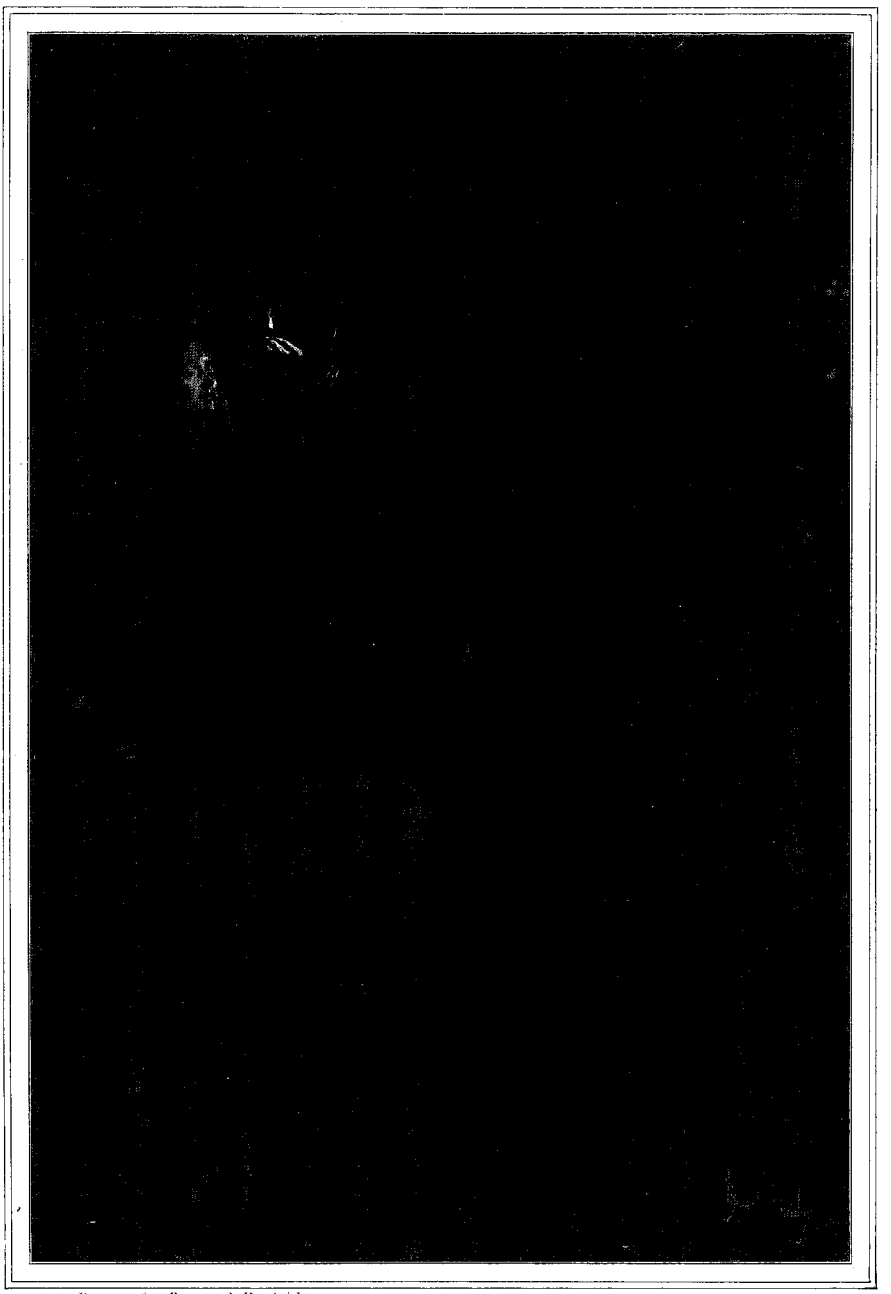

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

'I woke up," she said.—Page 284.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

GRIZEL'S JOURNEY

NOTHING could have been less expected. In the beginning of May its leaves had lost something of their greenness, it seemed to be hesitating, but she coaxed it over the hill, and since then it had scarcely needed her hand, almost lightheadedly it hurried into its summer clothes, and new buds broke out on it, like smiles, at the fascinating thought that there was to be a to-morrow. Grizel's plant had never been so brave in its little life, when suddenly it turned back.

That was the day on which Elspeth and David were leaving for a fortnight's holiday with his relatives by the sea, for Elspeth needed and was getting special devotion just now, and Grizel knew why. She was glad they were going, it was well that they should not be there to ask questions if she also must set forth on a journey.

For more than a week she waited, and everything she could do for her plant she did. She watched it so carefully that she might have deceived herself into believing that it was only standing still had there been no night-time. She thought she had not perhaps been sufficiently good, and she tried to be better, more ostentatiously satisfied with her lot; never had she forced herself to work quite so hard for others as in those few days, and then when she came home it had drooped a little more.

When she was quite sure that it was dying, she told Corp she was going to London by that night's train. "He is ill, Corp, and I must go to him."

Ill! But how had he let her know?

"He has found a way," she said, with a tremulous smile. He wanted her to telegraph, but no, she would place no faith in telegrams.

At least she could telegraph to Elspeth and the doctor. One of them would go.

"It is I who am going," she said, quietly. "I can't wait any longer. It was a promise, Corp. He loves me." They were the only words she said which suggest that there was anything strange about Grizel at this time.

Corp saw how determined she was when she revealed, incidentally, that she had drawn a sum of money out of the bank a week ago, "to be ready."

"What will folk say!" he cried.

"You can tell Gavinia the truth when I am gone," she told him; "she will know better than you what to say to other people," and that was some comfort to him, for it put the burden of invention upon his wife. So it was Corp who saw Grizel off. He was in great distress himself about Tommy, but he kept a courageous face for her, and his last words flung in at the carriage-window were, "Now dinna be down-hearted; I'm nain down-hearted mysel, for we're very sure he'll find a w'y." And Grizel smiled and nodded, and the train turned the bend that shuts out the little town of Thrums. The town vanishes quickly, but the quarry we howked it out of stands grim and red, watching the train for many a mile.

Of Grizel's journey to London there are no particulars to tell. She was wearing her brown jacket and fur cap because Tommy had liked them, and she sat straight and stiff all the way. She had never been in a train since she was a baby, except two or three times to Tilliedrum, and she thought this was the right way to sit. Always when the train stopped, which was at long intervals, she put her head out at the window and asked if this was the train to London. Every

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station a train stops at in the middle of the night is the infernal regions, and she shuddered to hear lost souls clanking their chains, which is what a milk-can becomes on its way to the van, but still she asked if this was the train to London. When fellow-passengers addressed her, she was very modest and cautious in her replies. Sometimes a look of extraordinary happiness, of radiance, passed over her face, and may have puzzled them. It was part of the thought that, however ill he might be, she was to see him now.

She did not see him as soon as she expected, for at the door of Tommy's lodgings they told her that he had departed suddenly for the Continent about a week ago. He was to send an address by and by to which letters could be forwarded. Was he quite well when he went away? Grizel asked, shaking.

The landlady and her daughter thought he was rather peakish, but he had not complained.

He went away for his health, Grizel informed them, and he was very ill now. Oh, could they not tell her where he was! All she knew was that he was very ill. "I am engaged to be married to him," she said, with dignity. Without this strange certainty that Tommy loved her at last, she could not have trod the road which faced her now. Even when she had left the house, where at their suggestion she was to call to-morrow, she found herself wondering at once what he would like her to do now, and she went straight to a hotel and had her box sent to it from the station, and she remained there all day because she thought that this was what he would like her to do. She sat bolt upright on a cane-chair in her bedroom, praying to God with her eyes open; she was begging Him to let Tommy tell her where he was, and promising to return home at once if he did not need her.

Next morning they showed her, at his lodgings, two lines in a newspaper, which said that he was ill with bronchitis at the Hôtel Krone, Bad-Platten, in Switzerland.

It may have been an answer to her prayer, as she thought, but we know now how the paragraph got into print. On the previous evening the landlady had met Mr. Pym on the ladder of an omnibus and told him, before they could be plucked apart, of the lady who knew that Mr. Sandys was ill. It must be bronchitis again. Pym was much troubled; he knew that the Krone at Bad-Platten had been Tommy's destination. He talked that day, and one of the company was a reporter; which accounts for the paragraph.

Grizel found out how she could get to Bad-Platten. She left her box behind her, at the cloak-room of the railway station, where I suppose it was sold years afterward. From Dover she sent a telegram to Tommy, saying, "I am coming: Grizel."

On entering the train at Calais she had a railway journey of some thirty hours, broken by two changes only. She could speak a little French, but all the use she made of it was to ask repeatedly if she was in the right train. An English lady, who travelled with her for many hours, woke up now and again to notice that this quiet prim-looking girl was always sitting erect with her hand on her umbrella, as if ready to leave the train at any moment. The lady pointed out some of the beauties of the scenery to her and Grizel tried to attend. "I am afraid you are unhappy," her companion said, at last.

"That is not why I am crying," Grizel said, "I think I am crying because I am so hungry."

The stranger gave her sandwiches and claret, as cold as the rivers that raced the train, and Grizel told her, quite frankly, why she was going to Bad-Platten. She did not tell his name, only that he was ill, and that she was engaged to him and he had sent for her. She believed it all. The lady was very sympathetic and gave her information about the diligence by which the last part of Grizel's journey must be made, and also said: "You must not neglect your meals, if only for his sake, for how can you nurse him back to health if you arrive at Bad-Platten ill yourself? Consider his distress if he were to be told that you were in the inn, but not able to go to him."

"Oh," Grizel cried, rocking her arms for the first time since she knew her plant was drooping. She promised to be very practical henceforth, so as to have strength to take her place by his side at once. It

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was strange that she who was so good a nurse had forgotten these things, so strange that it alarmed her, as if she feared that, without being able to check herself, she was turning into some other person.

The station where she alighted was in a hubbub of life; everyone seemed to leave the train here and to resent the presence of all the others. They were mostly English. The men hung back, as if now that there was business to be done in some foolish tongue they had better leave the ladies to do it. Many of them seemed prepared if there was dissension to disown their woman-kind and run for it. They looked haughty and nervous. Such of them as had tried to shave in the train were boasting of it and holding handkerchiefs to their chins. The ladies were moving about in a masterful way, carrying bunches of keys. When they had done everything, the men went and stood by their sides again.

Outside the station 'buses and carriages were innumerable and everybody was shouting, but Grizel saw that nearly all her fellow-passengers were hurrying by foot or conveyance to one spot, all desirous of being there first, and she thought it must be the place where the diligence started from, and pressed on with them. It proved to be a hotel where they all wanted the best bedroom, and many of them had telegraphed for it, and they gathered round a man in uniform and demanded that room of him, but he treated them as if they were little dogs and he was not the platter, and soon they were begging for a room on the fourth floor at the back, and swelling with triumph if they got it. The scrimmage was still going on when Grizel slipped out of the hotel, having learned that the diligence would not start until the following morning. It was still early in the afternoon. How could she wait until to-morrow?

Bad-Platten was forty miles away. The road was pointed out to her; it began to climb at once. She was to discover that for more than thirty miles it never ceased to climb. She sat down, hesitating, on a little bridge that spanned a horrible rushing white stream. Poets have sung the glories of that stream, but it sent a shiver through her. On all sides she was caged in by a ring of splendid mountains, but she did not give them one admiring glance (there is a special spot where the guide-books advise you to stop for a moment to do it); her one passionate desire was to fling out her arms and knock them over.

She had often walked twenty miles in a day, in a hill country too, without feeling tired, and there seemed no reason why she should not set off now. There were many inns on the way, she was told, where she could pass the night. There she could get the diligence next day. This would not bring her any sooner to him than if she waited here until to-morrow, but how could she sit still till to-morrow? She must be moving, she seemed to have been sitting still for an eternity. "I must not do anything rash," she told herself, carefully. "I must arrive at Bad-Platten able to sit down beside him the moment I have taken off my jacket—oh, without waiting to take off my jacket." She went into the hotel and ate some food, just to show herself how careful she had become. About three o'clock she set off. She had a fierce desire to get away from that heartless white stream and the crack of whips and the doleful pine-woods, and at first she walked very quickly, but she never got away from them, for they marched with her. It was not that day but the next that Grizel thought anything was marching with her. That day her head was quite clear, and she kept her promise to herself, and as soon as she felt tired she stopped for the night at a village inn. But when she awoke very early next morning she seems to have forgotten that she was to travel the rest of the way by diligence, for after a slight meal she started off again on foot and she was walking all day.

She passed through many villages so like each other that in time she thought they might be the same. There was always a monster inn whence one carriage was departing as another drove up, and there was a great stone water-tank in which women drew their washing back and forward and a big yellow dog looked on, and at the doors of painted houses children stood. You knew they were children by their size only. The one person she spoke to that day was a child

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who offered her a bunch of wild-flowers. No one was looking and Grizel kissed her and then hurried on.

The carriage passed and repassed her. There must have been a hundred of them, but in time they became one. No sooner had it disappeared in dust, in front of her than she heard the crack of its whip behind.

It was a glorious day of sweltering sun, but she was bewildered now and did not open the umbrella with which she had shielded her head yesterday. In the foreground were always the same white road, on both sides the same pine wood, magnificent with wild-flowers, the same roaring white stream. From somewhere near came the tinkle of cow-bells. Far away on heights, if she looked up, were villages made of match-boxes. She saw what were surely the same villages if she looked down. Or the one was the reflection of the other, in the sky above or in a valley below. They stood out so vividly that they might have been within arm's reach. They were so small that she felt she could extinguish them with her umbrella. Near them was the detestably picturesque castle perched upon a bracket, everywhere that loathly waterfall, here and there squares of cultivated land that looked like door-mats flung out upon the hill-sides. The huge mountains raised their jagged heads through the snow and were so sharp edged that they might have been clipped out of cardboard. The sky was blue, without a flaw, but lost clouds crawled like snakes between heaven and earth. All day the sun scorched her, but the night was very cold.

From early morn till evening she climbed to get away from them, but they all marched with her. They waited while she slept. She woke up in an inn, and could have cried with delight because she saw nothing but bare walls. But as soon as she reached the door, there they all were, ready for her. An hour after she set off she again reached that door, and she stopped at it to ask if this was the inn where she had passed the night. Everything had turned with her. Two squalls of sudden rain drenched her that day, and she forced her way through the first but sought a covering from the second.

It was then afternoon, and she was passing through a village by a lake. Since Grizel's time monster hotels have trampled the village to death, and the shuddering lake reflects all day the most hideous of caravansaries flung together as with a giant shovel in one of the loveliest spots on earth. Even then some of the hotels had found it out. Grizel drew near to two of them, and saw wet halls full of open umbrellas which covered the floor and looked like great beetles. These buildings were too formidable and she dragged herself past them. She came to a garden of hops and evergreens, wet chairs were standing in the deserted walks, and here and there was a *little arbor*. She went into one of these arbors and sat down, and soon slid to the floor.

The place was St. Gian, some miles from Bad-Platten, but one of the umbrellas she had seen was Tommy's. Others belonged to Mrs. Jerry and Lady Pippinworth.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TWO OF THEM

WHEN Tommy started impulsively on what proved to be his only continental trip he had expected to join Mrs. Jerry and her step-daughter at Bad-Platten. They had been there for a fortnight and "The place is a dream," Mrs. Jerry had said in the letter pressing him to come, but it was at St. Gian that she met the diligence and told him to descend. Bad-Platten, she explained, was a horror.

Her fuller explanation was that she was becoming known there as the round lady.

"Now am I as round as all that?" she said, plaintively, to Tommy.

"Mrs. Jerry," he replied, with emotion, "you must not ask me what I think of you." He always treated her with extraordinary respect and chivalry now, and it awed her.

She had looked too, too round because she was in the company of Lady Pippinworth. Everyone seemed to be too round or too large by the side of that gifted lady, who somehow never looked too thin. She

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knew her power. When there were women in the room whom she disliked she merely went and stood beside them. In the gyrations of the dance the onlooker would momentarily lose sight of her ; she went out and in like a candle. Men could not dance with her without its being said that they were getting stout. There is nothing they dislike so much, yet they did dance with her. Tommy, having some slight reason, was particularly sensitive about references to his figure, yet it was Lady Pippinworth who had drawn him to Switzerland. What was her strange attraction ?

Calmly considered she was preposterously thin, but men at least could not think of her thinness only, unless, when walking with her, they became fascinated by its shadow on the ground. She was tall, and had a very clear pale complexion and light brown hair. Light brown, too, were her heavy eyelashes, which were famous for being black-tipped, as if a brush had touched them, though it had not. She made play with her eyelashes as with a fan, and sometimes the upper and lower seemed to entangle for a moment and be in difficulties, from which you wanted to extricate them in the tenderest manner. And the more you wanted to help her the more disdainfully she looked at you. Yet though she looked disdainful she also looked helpless. Now we have the secret of her charm.

This helpless disdain was the natural expression of her face, and I am sure she fell asleep with a curl of the lip. Her scorn of them so maddened men that they could not keep away from her. "Damn !" they said under their breath, and rushed to her. If rumor is to be believed, Sir Harry Pippinworth proposed to her in a fury brought on by the sneer with which she had surveyed his family portraits. I know nothing more of Sir Harry except that she called him Pips, which seems to settle him.

"They will be calling me the round gentleman," Tommy said, ruefully, to her that evening as he strolled with her toward the lake, and indeed he was looking stout. Mrs. Jerry did not accompany them, she wanted to be seen with her trying stepdaughter as little as possible, and Tommy's had been the happy proposal that he should attend them alternately, "fling away my own figure to save yours," he had said, gallantly, to Mrs. Jerry.

"Do you mind ?" Lady Pippinworth asked.

"I mind nothing," he replied, "so long as I am with you."

He had not meant to begin so near the point where they had last left off, he had meant to begin much farther back, but an irresistible desire came over him to make sure that she really did permit him to say this sort of thing.

Her only reply was a flutter of the little fans, and a most contemptuous glance.

"Alice," said Tommy, in the old way.

"Well ?"

"You don't understand what it is to me to say Alice again."

"Many people call me Alice."

"But they have a right to."

"I supposed you thought you had a right to also ?"

"No," said Tommy. "That is why I do it."

She strolled on more scornful and helpless than ever. Apparently it did not matter what one said to Lady Pippinworth, her pout kept it within the proprieties.

There was a magnificent sunset that evening, which dyed a snow-topped mountain pink. "That is what I came all the way from London to see," Tommy remarked, after they had gazed at it.

"I hope you feel repaid," she said, a little tartly.

"You mistake my meaning," he replied. "I had heard of these wonderful effects, and an intense desire came over me to see you looking disdainfully at them. Yes, I feel amply repaid. Did you notice, Alice, or was it but a fancy of my own, that when he had seen the expression on your face the sun quite slunk away ?"

"I wonder you don't do so also," she retorted. She had no sense of humor and was rather stupid, so it is no wonder that the men ran after her.

"I am more gallant than the sun," said he. "If I had been up there in its place, Alice, and you had been looking at me I could never have set."

She pouted contemptuously, which meant, I think, that she was well pleased. Yet though he seemed to be complimenting her, she was not sure of him, she had

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never been sure of Tommy, nor, indeed, he of her, which was probably why they were so interested in each other still.

"Do you know," Tommy said, "what I have told you is really at least half the truth? If I did not come here to see you disdaining the sun I think I did come to see you disdaining me. Odd, is it not, if true, that a man should travel so far to see a lip curl up?"

"You don't seem to know what brought you," she said.

"It seems so monstrous," he replied, musing. "Oh, yes, I am quite certain that the curl of the lip is responsible for my being here, it kept sending me constant telegrams; but what I want to know is, do I come for the pleasure of the thing or for the pain? Do I like your disdain, Alice, or does it make me writhe? Am I here to beg you to do it again or to defy it?"

"Which are you doing now?" she inquired.

"I had hoped," he said, with a sigh, "that you could tell me that."

On another occasion they reached the same point in this discussion and went a little beyond it. It was on a wet afternoon, too, when Tommy had vowed to himself to mend his ways. "That disdainful look is you," he told her, "and I admire it more than anything in nature, and yet, Alice, and yet——"

"Well?" she answered, coldly, but not moving, though he had come suddenly too near her. They were on a veranda of the hotel, and she was lolling in a wicker chair.

"And yet," he said, intensely, "I am not certain that I would not give the world to have the power to drive that look from your face. That, I begin to think, is what brought me here."

"But you are not sure," she said, with a shrug of the shoulder.

It stung him into venturing farther than he had ever gone with her before. Not too gently he took her head in both his hands and forced her to look up at him. She submitted without a protest. She was disdainful but helpless.

"Well?" she said again.

He withdrew his hands, and she smiled, mockingly.

"If I thought——" he cried with sudden passion, and stopped.

"You think a great deal, don't you?" she said. She was going now.

"If I thought there was any blood in your veins, you icy woman——"

"Or in your own," said she. But she said it a little fiercely, and he noticed that.

"Alice," he cried, "I know now. It is to drive that look from your face that I am here."

She dropped him a courtesy from the door. She was quite herself again.

But for that moment she had been moved. He was convinced of it, and his first feeling was of exultation as in an achievement. I don't know what you are doing just now, Lady Pippinworth, but my compliments to you, and T. Sandys is swelling.

There followed on this exultation another feeling as sincere, devout thankfulness that he had gone no farther. He drew deep breaths of relief over his escape, but knew that he had not himself to thank. His friends, the little sprites, had done it, in return for the amusement he seemed to give them. They had stayed him in the nick of time, but not earlier; it was quite as if they wanted Tommy to have his fun first. So often they had saved him from being spitted, how could he guess that the great catastrophe was fixed for to-night, and that henceforth they were to sit round him counting his wriggles, as if this new treatment of him tickled them even more than the other?

But he was too clever not to know that they might be fattening him for some very special feast, and his thanks took the form of a vow to need their help no more. To-morrow he would begin to climb the mountains around St. Gian; if he danced attendance on her dangerous ladyship again, Mrs. Jerry should be there also, and he would walk circumspectly between them like a man with gyves upon his wrists. He was in the midst of all the details of these reforms when suddenly he looked at himself thus occupied and laughed bitterly, he had so often come upon Tommy making grand resolves.

He stopped operations and sat down beside them. No one could have wished more heartily to be anybody else, or have had less hope. He had not even the excuse of being passionately drawn to this woman: he remembered that she had

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never interested him until he heard of her effect upon other men. Her reputation as a duellist, whose defence none of his sex could pass, had led to his wondering what they saw in her, and he had dressed himself in their sentiments and so approached her. There were times in her company when he forgot that he was wearing borrowed garments, when he went on flame, but he always knew, as now, upon reflection. Nothing seemed easier at this moment than to fling them aside—with one jerk they were on the floor. Obviously it was only vanity that had inspired him, and vanity was satisfied : the easier, therefore, to stop. Would you like to make the woman unhappy, Tommy ? You know you would not ; you have somewhere about you one of the softest hearts in the world. Then desist, be satisfied that you did thaw her once and grateful that she so quickly froze again. " I am, indeed I am," he responds ; " no one could have himself better in hand for the time being than I, and if a competition in morals were now going on I should certainly take the medal, but I cannot speak for myself an hour in advance ; I make a vow, as I have done so often before, but it does not help me to know what I may be at before the night is out."

When his disgust with himself was at its height he suddenly felt like a little god. His new book had come into view. He flicked a finger at his reflection in a mirror. " That for you," he said, defiantly, " at least I can write, I can write at last. What else matters ? "

The manuscript lay almost finished at the bottom of his trunk. It could not easily have been stolen for one hour without his knowing. Just when he was about to start on a walk with one of the ladies he would run upstairs to make sure that it was still there ; he made sure by feeling, and would turn again at the door to make sure by looking. Miser never listened to the crispness of bank-notes with more avidity, woman never spent more time in shutting and opening her jewel-box.

" I can write at last ! " He knew that, comparatively speaking, he had never been able to write before. He remembered the fuss that had been made about his former books. " Pooh ! " he said, addressing them contemptuously.

Once more he drew his beloved manuscript from its hiding-place. He did not mean to read, only to fondle, but his eye chancing to fall on a special passage—two hours afterward he was interrupted by the dinner-gong. He returned the pages to the box and wiped his eyes. While dressing hurriedly he remembered with languid interest that Lady Pippinworth was staying in the same hotel.

There were a hundred or more at dinner, and they were all saying the same thing : " Where have you been to-day ? —Really ! but the lower path is shadier. —Is this your first visit ?—The glacier is very nice.—Were you caught in the rain ? —The view from the top is very nice.—After all, the rain lays the dust.—They give you two sweets at Bad-Platten and an ice on Sunday.—The sunset is very nice. —The poulet is very nice." The hotel is open during the summer months only, but probably the chairs in the dining-room and the knives and forks in their basket make these remarks to each other every evening throughout the winter.

Being a new-comer Tommy had not been placed beside either of his friends, who sat apart, " not," Mrs. Jerry said, " that I am afraid of her in evening dress (at least so long as we are sitting), but she calls me mamma, and I am not going to stand that." For some time he gave thought to neither of them ; he was engrossed in what he had been reading, and it turned him into a fine and magnanimous character. When gradually her ladyship began to flit among his reflections it was not to disturb them, but because she harmonized. He wanted to apologize to her. The apology grew in grace as the dinner progressed ; it was so charmingly composed that he was profoundly stirred by it.

The opportunity came presently in the hall, where it is customary after dinner to lounge or stroll if you are afraid of the night-air. Or if you do not care for music, you can go into the drawing-room and listen to the piano.

" I am sure mamma is looking for you everywhere," Lady Pippinworth said, when Tommy took a chair beside her. " It is her evening, you know."

" Surely you would not drive me away," he replied, with a languishing air, and then

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smiled at himself, for he was done with this sort of thing. "Lady Pippinworth," said he, firmly—it needs firmness when of late you have been saying "Alice."

"Well?"

"I have been thinking——" Tommy began.

"I am sure you have," she said.

"I have been thinking——" he went on, determinedly, "that I played a poor part this afternoon. I had no right to say what I said to you."

"As far as I can remember," she answered, "you did not say very much."

"It is like your generosity, Lady Pippinworth," he said, "to make light of it, but let us be frank. I made love to you."

Anyone looking at his expressionless face and her lazy disdain (and there were many in the hall) would have guessed that their talk was of where were you today, and what should I do to-morrow.

"You don't really mean that?" her ladyship said, incredulously. "Think, Mr. Sandys, before you tell me anything more. Are you sure you are not confusing me with mamma?"

"I did it," said Tommy, remorsefully.

"In my absence?" she asked.

"When you were with me on the veranda."

Her eyes opened to their widest, so surprised that the lashes had no time for their usual play.

"Was that what you call making love, Mr. Sandys?" she inquired.

"I call a spade a spade."

"And now you are apologizing to me, I understand?"

"If you can in the goodness of your heart forgive me, Lady Pippinworth——"

"Oh, I do," she said, heartily, "I do. But how stupid you must have thought me, not even to know! I feel that it is I who ought to apologize. What a number of ways there seem to be of making love, and yours is such an odd way."

Now to apologize for playing a poor part is one thing, and to put up with the charge of playing a part poorly is quite another. Nevertheless he kept his temper.

"You have discovered an excellent way of punishing me," he said, manfully, "and I submit. Indeed, I admire you the more. So I am paying you a compliment when I whisper that I know you knew."

But she would not have it. "You are so strangely dense to-night," she said. "Surely if I had known, I would have stopped you. You forget that I am a married woman," she added, remembering Pips rather late in the day.

"There might be other reasons why you did not stop me," he replied, impulsively.

"Such as?"

"Well, you—you might have wanted me to go on."

He blurted it out.

"So," said she, slowly, "you are apologizing to me for 'not going on'?"

"I implore you, Lady Pippinworth," Tommy said, in much distress, "not to think me capable of that. If I moved you for a moment, I am far from boasting of it—it makes me only the more anxious to do what is best for you."

This was not the way it had shaped during dinner, and Tommy would have acted wisely had he now gone out to cool his head. "If you moved me?" she repeated, interrogatively; but with the best intentions he continued to flounder.

"Believe me," he implored her, "had I known it could be done, I should have checked myself. But they always insist that you are an iceberg, and am I so much to blame if that look of hauteur deceived me with the rest? Oh, dear Lady Disdain," he said, warmly, in answer to one of her most freezing glances, "it deceives me no longer. From that moment I knew you had a heart, and I was shamed. As noble a heart as ever beat in woman," he added. He always tended to add generous bits when he found it coming out well.

"Does the man think I am in love with him!" was Lady Disdain's inadequate reply.

"No, no indeed," he assured her, earnestly, "I am not so vain as to think that, nor so selfish as to wish it. But if for a moment you were moved——"

"But I was not," said she, stamping her shoe.

His dander began to rise, as they say in the north, but he kept grip of politeness.

"If you were moved for a moment, Lady Pippinworth," he went on in a

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slightly more determined voice, "I am far from saying that it was so, but if——"

"But as I was not," she said.

It was no use putting things prettily to her when she snapped you up in this way.

"You know you were," he said, reproachfully.

"I assure you," said she, "I don't know what you are talking about, but apparently it is something dreadful, so perhaps one of us ought to go away."

As he did not take this hint, she opened a tattered Tauchnitz which was lying at her elbow. They are always lying at your elbow in a Swiss hotel, with the first pages missing.

Tommy watched her gloomily. "This is unworthy of you," he said.

"What is?"

He was not quite sure, but as he sat there, misgivings entered his mind and began to gnaw. Was it all a mistake of his? Undeniably he did think too much. After all, had she not been moved? S'death!

His restlessness made her look up. "It must be a great load off your mind," she said, with gentle laughter, "to know that your apology was unnecessary."

"It is," Tommy said, "it is." (S'death!)

She resumed her book.

So this was how one was rewarded for a generous impulse! He felt very bitter. "So, so," he said, inwardly; also, "Very well, ve-ry well." Then he turned upon himself: "Serves you right," he said, brutally, "better stick to your books, Thomas, for you know nothing about women." To think for one moment that he had moved her! That streak of marble moved! He fell to watching her again, as if she were some troublesome sentence to be licked into shape. As she bent impertinently over her book she was an insult to man. All Tommy's interest in her revived. She infuriated him.

"Alice," he whispered.

"Do keep quiet till I finish this chapter," she begged, lazily.

It brought him at once to the boiling-point.

"Alice!" he said, fervently.

She had noticed the change in his voice. "People are looking," she said, without moving a muscle.

There was some subtle flattery to him in the warning, but he could not ask for more, for just then Mrs. Jerry came in. She was cloaked for the garden, and he had to go with her, sulkily. At the door she observed that the ground was still wet.

"Are you wearing your goloshes?" said he, brightening. "You must get them, Mrs. Jerry, I insist."

She hesitated. (Her room was on the third floor.) "It is very good of you to be so thoughtful of me," she said, "but——"

"But I have no right to try to take care of you," he interposed, in a melancholy voice, "it is true. Let us go."

"I sha'n't be two minutes," said Mrs. Jerry, in a flutter, and went off hastily for her goloshes, while he looked fondly after her. At the turn of the stair she glanced back and his eyes were still begging her to hurry. It was a gracious memory to her in the after years, for she never saw him again.

As soon as she was gone he returned to the hall, and taking from a peg a cloak with a Mother Goose hood brought it to Lady Pippinworth, who had watched her mamma trip upstairs.

"Did I say I was going out?" she asked.

"Yes," said Tommy, and she rose to let him put the elegant thing round her. She was one of those dangerous women who look their best when you are helping them to put on their cloaks.

"Now," he instructed her, "pull the hood over your head."

"Is it so cold as that?" she said, obeying.

"I want you to wear it," he answered. What he meant was that she never looked quite so impudent as in her hood, and his vanity insisted that she should be armed to the teeth before they resumed hostilities. The red light was in his eyes as he drew her into the garden where Grizel lay.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE RED LIGHT

IT was an evening without stars, but fair, sufficient wind to make her ladyship cling haughtily to his arm as they turned corners. Many of the visitors were in the garden, some grouped round a quartet of gayly attired minstrels, but more sitting in little arbors or prowling in search of

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an arbor to sit in; the night was so dark that when our two passed beyond the light of the hotel windows they could scarce see the shrubs they brushed against; cigars without faces behind them sauntered past; several times they thought they had found an unoccupied arbor at last, when they heard the clink of coffee-cups.

"I believe the castle dates from the fifteenth century," Tommy would then say, suddenly, though it was not of castles he had been talking.

With a certain satisfaction he noticed that she permitted him, without comment, to bring in the castle on emergencies and to drop it the moment they had passed. But he had little other encouragement. Even when she pressed his arm it was only as an intimation that the castle was needed.

"I can't even make her angry," he said, wrathfully, to himself.

"You answer not a word," he said, in great dejection, to her.

"I am afraid to speak," she admitted. "I don't know who may hear."

"Alice," he said, eagerly, "what would you say if you were not afraid to speak?"

They had stopped, and he thought she trembled a little on his arm, but he could not be sure. He thought—but he was thinking too much again, at least Lady Pippinworth seemed to come to that conclusion, for with a galling little laugh she moved on. He saw, with amazing clearness, that he had thought sufficiently for one day.

On coming into the garden with her, and for some time afterward, he had been studying her so coolly, watching symptoms rather than words, that there is nothing to compare the man to but a doctor, who while he is chatting has his finger on your pulse. But he was not so calm now. Whether or not he had stirred the woman, he was rapidly firing himself.

When next he saw her face by the light of a window, she at the same instant turned her eyes on him, it was as if each wanted to know correctly how the other had been looking in the darkness, and the effect was a challenge.

Like one retreating a step, she lowered her eyes. "I am tired," she said. "I shall go in."

"Let us stroll round once more."

"No, I am going in."

"If you are afraid——" he said, with a slight smile.

She took his arm again. "Though it is too bad of me to keep you out," she said, as they went on, "for you are shivering. Is it the night-air that makes you shiver?" she asked, mockingly.

But she shivered a little herself, as if with a presentiment that she might be less defiant if he were less thoughtful. For a month or more she had burned to teach him a lesson, but there was a time before that, when, had she been sure he was in earnest, she would have preferred to be the pupil.

Two ladies came out of an arbor where they had been drinking coffee, and sauntered toward the hotel. It was a tiny building, half concealed in hops and reached by three steps, and Tommy and his companion took possession. He groped in the darkness for a chair for her, and invited her tenderly to sit down. She said she preferred to stand. She was by the open window, her fingers drumming on the sill. Though he could not see her face, he knew exactly how she was looking.

"Sit down," he said, rather masterfully.

"I prefer to stand," she repeated, languidly.

He had a passionate desire to take her by the shoulders and shake her, but put his hand on hers instead, and she permitted it, like one disdainful but helpless. She said something unimportant about the stillness.

"Is it so still?" he said, in a low voice. "I seem to hear a great noise. I think it must be the beating of my heart."

"I fancy that is what it is," she drawled.

"Do you hear it?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear your own heart beat, Alice?"

"No."

He had both her hands now. "Would you like to hear it?"

She pulled away her hands sharply. "Yes," she replied with defiance.

"But you pulled away your hands first," said he.

He heard her breathe heavily for a moment, but she said nothing. "Yes," he said, as if she had spoken, "it is true."

"What is true?"

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"What you are saying to yourself just now—that you hate me."

She beat the floor with her foot.

"How you hate me, Alice!"

"Oh, no."

"Yes, indeed you do."

"I wonder why," she said, and she trembled a little.

"I know why." He had come close to her again. "Shall I tell you why?"

She said "No," hurriedly.

"I am so glad you say No." He spoke passionately and yet there was banter in his voice, or so it seemed to her. "It is because you fear to be told, it is because you had hoped that I did not know."

"Tell me why I hate you!" she cried.

"Tell me first that you do."

"Oh, I do, I do indeed!" She said the words in a white heat of hatred.

Before she could prevent him he had raised her hand to his lips.

"Dear Alice!" he said.

"Why is it?" she demanded.

"Listen!" he said. "Listen to your heart, Alice; it is beating now. It is telling you why. Does it need an interpreter? It is saying you hate me because you think I don't love you."

"Don't you?" she asked, fiercely.

"No," Tommy said.

Her hands were tearing each other, and she could not trust herself to speak. She sat down deadly pale in the chair he had offered her.

"No man ever loved you," he said, leaning over her, with his hand on the back of the chair. "You are smiling at that, I know, but it is true, Lady Disdain. They may have vowed to blow their brains out, and seldom did it; they may have let you walk over them and they may have become your fetch-and-carry, for you were always able to drive them crazy: but love does not bring men so low. They tried hard to love you, and it was not that they could not love, it was that you were unlovable. That is a terrible thing to a woman. You think you let them try to love you, that you might make them your slaves when they succeeded, but you made them your slaves because they failed. It is a power given to your cold and selfish nature in place of the capacity for being able to be loved, with which women, not a hundredth part as beautiful as you, are dowered, and you have a raging desire, Alice, to exercise it over me as over the others, but you can't."

Had he seen her face then it might have warned him to take care, but he heard only her words, and they were not at all in keeping with her face.

"I see I can't," was what she cried, almost in a whisper.

"It is all true, Alice, is it not?"

"I suppose so, I don't know, I don't care." She swung round in her chair and caught his sleeve. Her hands clung to it. "Say you love me now," she said. "I cannot live without your love after this. What shall I do to make you love me. Tell me, and I will do it."

He could not stop himself, for he mistrusted her still.

"I will not be your slave," he said, through his teeth; "you shall be mine."

"Yes, yes."

"You shall submit to me in everything. If I say 'come,' you shall come to wheresoever it may be, and if I say 'stay' and leave you forever you shall stay."

"Very well," she said, eagerly. She would have her revenge when he was her slave.

"You can continue to be the haughty Lady Disdain to others, but you shall be only obedient little Alice to me."

"Very well." She drew his arm toward her and pressed her lips upon it. "And for that you will love me a little, won't you? you will love me at last, won't you?" she entreated.

He was a masterful man up to a certain point only. Her humility now tapped him in a new place, and before he knew what he was about he began to run pity.

"To humiliate you so, Alice! I am a dastard, I am not such a dastard as you think me. I wanted to know that you would be willing to do all these things, but I would never have let you do them."

"I am willing to do them."

"No, no." It was he who had her hands now. "It was brutal, but I did it for you, Alice, for you. Don't you see I was doing it only to make a woman of you? You were always adorable, but in a coat of mail that would let love neither in nor out. I have been hammering at it to break it only and free my glorious Alice. We had to fight and

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one of us had to give in, you would have flung me away if I had yielded—I had to win to save you."

"Now I am lost indeed," he was saying to himself even as it came rushing out of him, and what appalled him most was that worse had probably still to come. He was astride two horses, and both were at the gallop. He flung out his arms as if seeking for something to check him.

As he did so she had started to her feet, listening. It seemed to her that there was someone near them.

He flung out his arms for help, and they fell upon Lady Pippinworth and went round her. He drew her to him. She could hear no breathing now but his.

"Alice, I love you, for you are love itself; it is you I have been chasing since first it rose like a bird at my feet; I never had a passing fancy for any other woman; I always knew that somewhere in the world there must be you and some time this starless night and you for me. You were hidden behind walls of ice; no man had passed them; I broke them down and love leapt to love, and you lie here, my beautiful love, in the arms of its lover."

He was in a frenzy of passion now, he meant every word of it, and her intention was to turn upon him presently and mock him, this man with whom she had been playing. Oh, the jeering things she had to say! But she could not say them yet. She would give her fool another moment. So she thought, but she was giving it to herself, and as she delayed she was in danger of melting in his arms.

"What does the world look like to you, my darling? You are in it for the first time. You were born but a moment ago. It is dark, that you may not be blinded before you have used your eyes. These are your eyes, dear eyes that do not yet know their purpose; they are for looking at me, little Alice, and mine are for looking into yours. I cannot see you, I have never seen the face of my love—oh, my love, come into the light that I may see your face."

They did not move. Her head had fallen on his shoulder. She was to give it but a moment, and then—— But the moment had passed and still her hair pressed his cheek. Her eyes were closed. He seemed to have found the way to woo her. Neither of them spoke. Suddenly they jumped apart. Lady Pippinworth stole to the door. They held their breath and listened.

It was not so loud now, but it was distinctly heard. It had been heavy breathing, and now she was trying to check it and half succeeding, but at the cost of little cries. They both knew it was a woman and that she was in the arbor, on the other side of the little table. She must have been there when they came in.

"Who is that?"

There was no answer to him save the checked breathing and another broken cry. She moved, and it helped him to see vaguely the outlines of a girl who seemed to be drawing back from him in terror. He thought she was crouching now in the farthest corner.

"Come away," he said. But Lady Pippinworth would not let him go. They must know who this woman was. He remembered that a match-stand usually stood on the tables of those arbors and groped until he found one.

"Who are you?"

He struck a match. They were those French matches that play an infernal interlude before beginning to burn. While he waited he knew that she was begging him with her hands and with cries that were too little to be words not to turn its light on her. But he did.

Then she ceased to cower. The girlish dignity that had been hers so long came running back to her. As she faced him there was even a crooked smile upon her face.

"I woke up," she said, as if the words had no meaning to herself, but might have some to him.

The match burned out before he spoke, but his face was terrible. "Grizel!" he said, with a shudder; and then as if the discovery was as awful to her as to him she uttered a cry of horror and sped out into the night. He called her name again and sprang after her, but the hand of another woman detained him.

"Who is this girl?" Lady Pippinworth demanded, fiercely, but he did not answer; he recoiled from her with a shudder she was not likely to forget, and hurried on. All that night he searched for Grizel in vain.

(To be continued.)

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The Midnight Sun.

WITH ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS

By Walter A. Wyckoff

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

WE sailed in midsummer for North Greenland. Ours was but one of a series of related expeditions, and was made notable by the unfailing good fortune which accompanied us into Kane Basin, past the seventy-ninth parallel of north latitude, and throughout the accomplishment of the various objects with which we embarked, and then home again well before our appointed time. With scarcely a mishap and with not an hour's illness on board, we sailed almost unobstructed to points to which earlier expeditions have pressed their way through serious peril and with loss of health and life. Men who know say that there is nothing more incalculable than the moods of the far North, so that it was by sheer luck that we cruised about Inglefield Gulf and the head waters of Baffin Bay, through Smith Sound into Kane Basin, under an unclouded sun and skies like those of the Mediterranean after spring showers. But all this has been done before, and done with even greater success. Our distinctive good fortune lay chiefly, I think, in the intimate association which we had, chance visitors to the North as we were, with an isolated tribe of Esquimaux which inhabits the coast in settlements scattered from Cape York to Foulke Fjord, and is known to science as the Smith Sound Tribe, and which Sir John Ross named the Arctic Highlanders.

Some day there will be given to the world a fund of scientific knowledge relating to this tribe which can scarcely fail to be of value to anthropology, and, when interpreted into the vernacular, will be of absorbing human interest. Complete iden-

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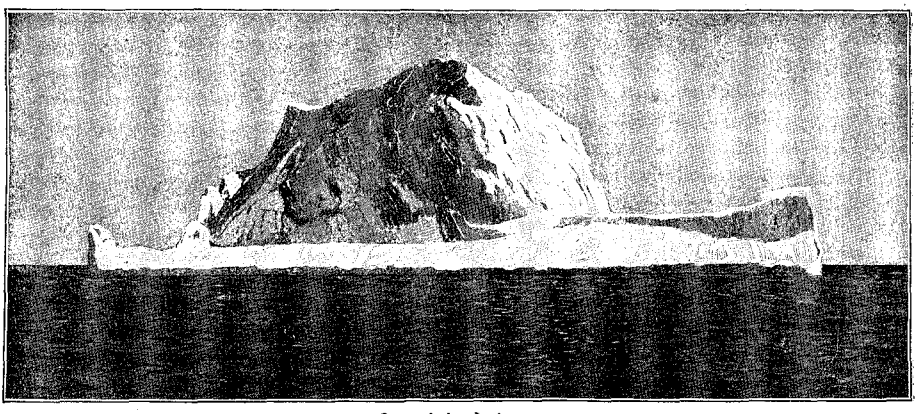

One of the Icebergs.

tification with the tribe continued through several years would put a sympathetic, trained observer in possession of a unique chapter of history. My own was but the lightest touch upon the surface of their life, unattended by any antecedent knowledge of the Esquimaux, yet so fortunate in opportunities as to afford glimpses into regions where lie facts which may prove in the end of real significance to more than one of the natural sciences.

I can suggest it all only in the terms of a casual sharer in an expedition equipped for furthering Arctic exploration and utilized for scientific work, and for a summer's shooting.

We sailed from Sydney, Cape Breton Island. From early morning of Friday, July 21, 1899, the Diana lay moored to a wharf that was littered with provision-boxes and the heterogeneous kit of scientists and sportsmen and Arctic explorers. She was a strange craft to our eyes ; an auxiliary barkentine of eight knots speed and of a little less than three hundred tons burden, built of heavy English oak, her engines well aft and her bows high in consequence and showing a sheathing of steel to protect them when forcing a way through the floe. Along her black freeboard were irregular lines of white where the oak lay bare and polished by friction with the pack ice ; for the Diana was no stranger to Arctic seas, being a sealing vessel and engaging each spring in the fisheries off the Newfoundland coast. At the head of her foremast and mainmast were crows'-nests with shrouds running to each and trap-doors to admit the men on watch.

The crew, a dozen strong, were working hard to get the equipment on board. They were brawny Newfoundlanders of English descent, with frank, open countenances, and with a rich provincial flavor in their speech. At the after-winch was the boatswain, his ruddy face half hidden by a grizzly beard through which shone the play of native humor like clear sky through rifts of cloud. On the half-deck, in the midst of accumulating stores, stood the mate, directing the movements of his men. The wharf and decks were utter confusion for the time. Barrels and provision-boxes were being passed down the after companionway to the lazaret, and over heaps of motley impedimenta was being raised to the starboard half-deck a dismantled sloop destined as a gift to an American explorer.

In spite of apparent inextricable disorder and unreadiness to sail, the whistle blew, and the members of the crew came hurrying back from a half hour's shore leave ; the hawsers were cast off, while the crowds on the wharf began to cheer, after the manner of Anglo-Saxons, and were answered by groups of men on board in their several college cheers. Through the untroubled waters of the harbor—comparable almost to the harbor of the other Sydney at the antipodes of British possession—we dropped slowly in the warm sunlight toward the Government pier. An exquisite green was upon the rolling land that engulfed us. Out of the mass of wooden buildings which form the town rose here and there a stone church or dwelling wearing the stamp of the stately

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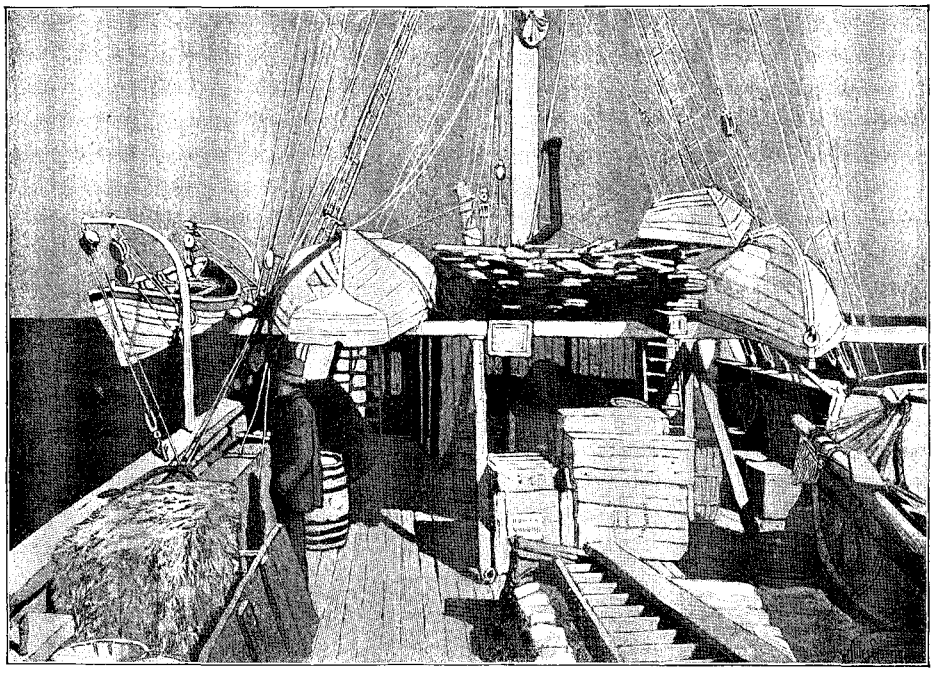
grace of an earlier day when Cape Breton Island was a crown colony and Sydney the seat of the Governor; when troops were garrisoned in the park, and the families of the officers and of the royal commissioners made up the local gentry. That day has passed, but by no means have the signs of Scottish origin in the colonists. The names over the shop-doors are uniformly Scotch, and Gaelic is still the mother-tongue of numbers of the people; so much so that in one of the Presbyterian churches of the town the service is in that rugged speech. But there are not wanting the marks of a newer order. Distant as it seems, Cape Breton Island is yet connected by a railway, most comfortable and well appointed, with the railway systems of Canada and the United States. And the local coaling industry of Sydney, which has long ministered to the demands of relatively local markets, has been joined with the iron-ore producing power of an island in Conception Bay, on the Newfoundland coast, and from the union is springing one of the great iron industries of the continent.



Scene on the Forward Deck of the Diana.

We were in quest of coal at the Government pier. The hold and bunkers were full to their capacity, and ten tons which were to serve as a winter supply in Ellsemere Land to a party of explorers on board had to be taken on the quarter-deck. With picturesque confusion on our decks, blackened by the dust of bituminous coal and smuts from clouds of smoke, with a more or less loose propeller rattling aft, and the forward stanchions rocking with the motion of the vessel under the weight of lifeboats and dories, and the lumber for an Arctic winter house, we steamed through the mouth of the harbor and northward, the purple bluffs of coast-line on our left darkening in the gloom of a threatening evening, and a deep contentment in our hearts. Lying through the fading light in the folds of the jib, half furled at the peak of the royal forecastle, with a seasoned pipe between one's teeth, listening to the familiar murmur of a quiet sea as it parts to the cut of the bow and recedes in swift eddies and white ripples along the water-line, watching the mast-heads slowly describe eccentric curves against a clouded sky, the blessedness of such a prospect as ours came home to one. Beyond us the mystery of the White North, and the vessel bearing us each moment

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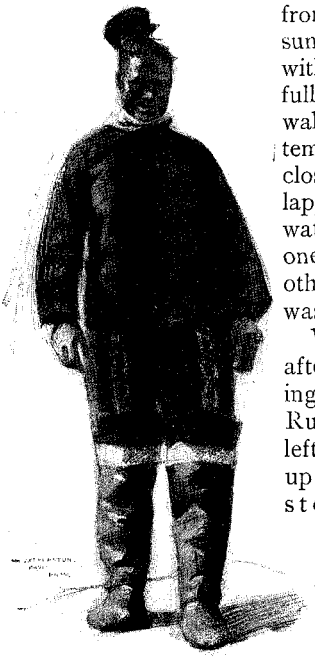
through strange seas to a world apart from the common life of men!

There followed a day of rain and storm and of penetrating cold in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, then a Sunday of exquisite serenity and light in the Strait of Belle Isle, and beyond, off the coast of Labrador, where small fishing stations began to appear, and where at evening, in the shelter of a harbor, showing startlingly white against black rocks, was the first iceberg. Monday brought them in ever-increasing number and size. All day we sailed in full view of the coast. Very barren and bleak it looked under a blue sky and the midsummer sun; dark, treeless promontories with fine harbors between, and with an outlying line of islands of lichen-covered rock forming a protected inside passage, and back of all a line of densely wooded hills. Dancing upon the gleaming sea, in a brisk northwest wind, were the tiny craft of the Newfoundland fishermen, who go in large numbers each summer to these waters after cod. Immovable, apparently, as the hills, and rising sheer from out the sea in lines of restful dignity, were the icebergs, immaculate in unreflecting white, like architectural dreams come true.



A Danish-Esquimaux Woman.

Awaking suddenly from sound sleep in the sun on the quarter-deck, with one's blinking eyes full upon the gleaming walls of a great white temple in the sea, so close that every ripple lapping the steel-blue water-line was clear, one had a sense of other worldliness that was almost poignant.

We touched in the afternoon at the fishing station of Domino Run. Letters could be left there, to be picked up later on by the mail steamer from Newfoundland, and a supply of fresh cod and salmon could be had. There was fascinating human interest in this unexpected sight of men. We headed for an inhospitable coast with no apparent trace of habitation upon it, and, passing through a narrow channel among islands and rounding a bluff, came suddenly upon a scattered group of small, turf-covered cottages perched upon the rocks. At the water's edge, supported by rock and by piles, were the storehouses where the fish are salted and packed. For the members of the crew the scene had the familiarity of long experience. Like all seafaring Newfoundlanders, they were fishermen, and not one among them, I fancy, but had spent many summers on the Labrador coast, and knew it well. Soon the fishermen who happened to be in the harbor were aboard, talking shop with the crew about the price of fish and the scarcity of bait and the distribution of their common friends along the coast.

I went ashore with the boatswain and three of the men on an errand for fresh fish. We landed near one of the storehouses. The boatswain and I walked up a narrow path that wound among rocks and through patches of rich turf toward the nearest cabin. A young woman was outside vigorously chopping wood, but she paid us no heed until the boatswain addressed her.

"We're after fish," he remarked, laconically. The young woman turned toward us a face flushed with exercise and eyes that were brilliant with good health. Perfectly natural and unabashed, she answered directly:

"I'm but a servant girl, sir, and have no right to give it to ye. But if the master says ye may have it, well and good." Being assured, she stepped swiftly down the path to the storehouse and began selecting from a pile of newly salted cod a supply for us, talking cheerily the while and unconsciously giving an impression of life and of simple womanliness that was altogether charming in a setting of barrenness and hardy living.

The moon rose full and clear that night upon a sea of mystery. The sun had set behind a black line of land on our port quarter as we were headed northeast for the passage of Davis Strait to the coast of Greenland. For a moment there was a flush upon the sea, forming a radiance about the icebergs, then across the dark water fell a glittering path of silver,

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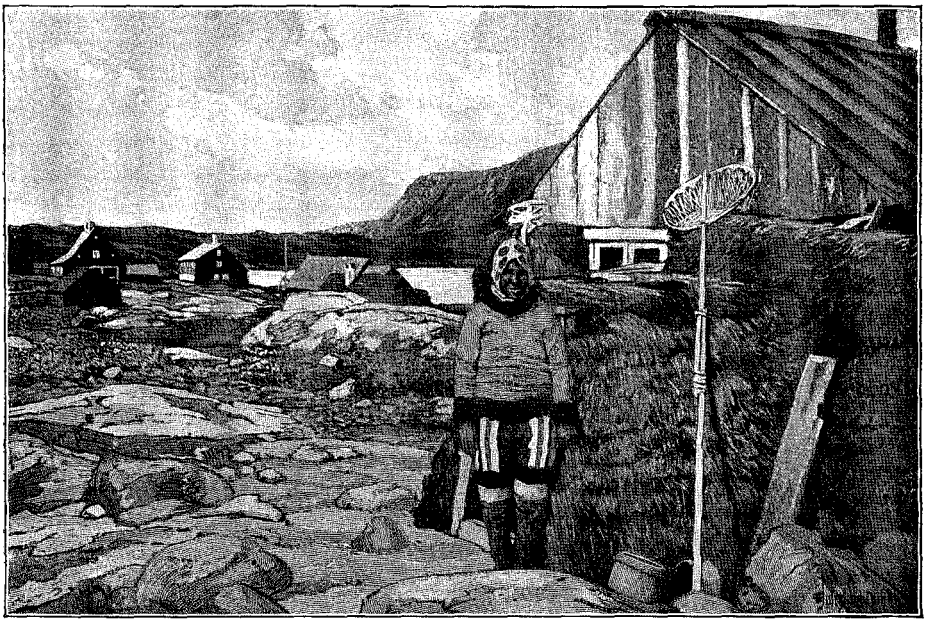

Godhavn, Greenland. Showing Houses and Danish-Esquimaux Woman.

and everywhere were vast ghostly figures unmoving in the moonlight. The ice was thickening about us. Ahead and upon our starboard quarter it stood in mass, in irregular, broken outline, and might have been a great white city upon a plain. Very menacing it looked to us who had gained our dread of ice in trips across the North Atlantic. But there was reassuring unconcernedness on the part of those who had been in these waters before, especially the captain and the crew.

At midnight I was wakened by the clash of collision and a shudder which went through the vessel like the shake of ague. There was shouting on the deck, and a loud grating of ice along the vessel's side which sounded like sure destruction. Then followed another clash and quiver and more shouting, but the sense of danger was gone, for it was instantly apparent that we were but forcing a way through the floe. It was interesting then to wait for the moment of impact, and the jar which set the vessel trembling in every fibre, and the heave as her bows rose upon an obstructing pan, and the thunder of the pack along her sides, and over all the crescendo of shouting.

Soon it became intelligible. "Starboard!" came faintly from the forward crow's-nest, whence the mate was picking a course through the floe. "Starboard!!" next in a ringing order from the captain on the bridge. "Starboard!!!" finally in prolonged response from the two men at the wheel at the head of the companionway. Then, "Steady!" forward from aloft, and "Stead-e-e!!" from the bridge, and a long-drawn "Stead-e-e-e-e!!!" from the men, as the wheel whirled under the release of tension.

From the deck in the morning the ship appeared to be imprisoned in a sea of ice; not the black-blue ice of a fresh-water lake, but ice of unspotted white like that of a glacier. In masses of irregular size, known to the sealers as "pans," and of relatively flat surface, it floated about us, broken in uniformity only here and there by the towering bulk of an iceberg. On every side it spread to the horizon, with threadlike branching blue veins of open water among the pans widening now and again to pools that in the sunlight were sapphires set among diamonds. These channels are "leads," so called, and it is the stamp of experience and skill in Arctic navigation to be able to choose among them a course which will issue eventually in the open sea.

The members of the expedition were at

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all points of vantage for every phase of what to us was so novel an experience; in the unoccupied crow's-nest of the mainmast; in the top of the foremast; clinging, with the grip of landsmen, to the shaking shrouds; on the bridge with the captain; and especially on the royal forecastle, hanging over the monkey-rail in order to see as well as feel the quick answer of the vessel to her helm, and the impact with the ice, and the graceful lift of the bow as it climbed upon an unsuspecting pan and ducked it like a bully and sent it to one side, sputtering and hissing and impotently breathing out threatenings and slaughter in reverberating thunder along the vessel's side. Such are the fortunes of war. The Diana was having much her own way in a fast-melting summer floe that drifts from Hudson Bay in the southward Labrador current. Had it been winter and had she been nipped in the pack and exposed to its terrible lateral pressure, she would have been crushed like an egg-shell between the lips of a vise.

Danish-Esquimaux Women.

The women were innocent of skirts but it was easy to distinguish them by the light colors which they wore.

In the middle of the morning the sharp eyes of the watch caught sight of open water ahead, and at little after noon we steamed clear of the ice and again set a straight northeasterly course.

One day more of calm and of sunlit seas, then two of dark, tempestuous weather with dire discomfort in Davis Strait, and we wakened on Saturday to the welcome sense of an even keel.

I went to the deck at five o'clock in the morning. We were steering almost due north. Twenty miles, perhaps, off our starboard, and parallel to our course, as far as the eye could see, was the coastline of South Greenland. Rocks dark and infinitely jagged formed the shore, and beyond were more rocks of increasing size rising to the bases of yet others that piled themselves abruptly into black mountains whose sharp peaks towered 4,000 feet, and around whose rugged shoulders were graceful mantles of white where the imprisoned ice-cap of the interior forced an exit toward the sea. Life of any kind seemed impossible in a scene of such sterility, last of all human life; and yet not far to the north and south of a rounded mountain (Sukkertoppen by name, because of its resemblance to a sugar loaf) were the two Danish-Esquimaux settlements of Holstenborg and Godthaab.

Icebergs were many about us. From their cold surfaces the sun was breeding a fog which, even as I watched, shut out the land, and veiled us in a mist through which we could see only a hundred yards across the water. Overhead was clear sky, and in the dense fog to port was a luminous point formed by the sun-rays in the mist. This the seamen call a "fog-eater." But the promise of clearing which it held was borne out in the course of the morning only by an occasional thinning of the fog, through which we caught furtive glimpses of the mountain-tops with their heights vastly exaggerated as they appeared above the denser mist that hid the shore.

There is an element of adventure in cruising at full speed in a thick fog along an ill-charted coast in waters frequented by icebergs as large as St. Peter's Cathe-

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Cape Sabine and the Diana.

dral. The possible excitement of it was realized that morning at about ten o'clock. Most of us were on the quarter-deck smoking and much enjoying the change from the tempest of the two days before. The captain was on the bridge and two men were on watch in the bows, and "little" Sam was at the wheel. We were headed shoreward in the hope of soon running free of fog. From out our easeful attitudes in the sunlight we started suddenly as one man. It was to the call of the captain, who was standing now at the head of the port ladder leading to the bridge, his face livid and his figure bent tensely forward. "Hard a-starboard! Hard a-starboard!" he was shouting to Sam in a voice that carried conviction. In an instant the spokes of the double wheel were thick with hands that urged it over at all speed. With the sensitiveness almost of a skiff the Diana responded, sweeping, in a great curve, to port, while off our starboard, so near that we could almost toss a biscuit upon it from the deck, rose the ragged peak of a rock projecting a few feet above the water that played about it in dancing ripples.

We were thirty-six souls on board, and most of us were strangers to each other at our embarking. A week at sea, however, under the simplest conditions, had fostered association. There was no portion of the vessel that was barred to us. The decks fore and aft, and the rigging and the bridge were all equally accessible. Moreover, we mingled with the crew as we pleased, and with the greater ease because they were of the type that shows at its best on a frontier; natural, self-respecting men, free from self-consciousness and accustomed to regard themselves and others by no artificial standards. But there was a quality of character belonging to them as a body which was wholly new to our knowledge of gangs of workingmen. One soon discovered that they were religious, and religious in a degree that suggested Puritanism. Not all, for there was not lacking the hard-drinking, hard-cursing type, but the stamp upon them as a class was that of men of personal piety. We all remarked it, and we wondered much at first to hear a ship's crew, of their own initiative, conducting prayer-meetings in the forecastle on Sunday afternoons, and to catch texts of Scripture turned to ready use in their common speech.

There was an odd interest, too, in the intimate intermingling of seamen and scientists, and sportsmen and prospective Arctic explorers. Community of intellectual interest has little to do, apparently, with the grounds of personal liking; as little as diversity of interest with the grounds of personal antagonism. These lie altogether deeper, as deep as race and deeper still to the very nature of individual men, be they strong or weak. Common sense, rather than common interest, is the basis of the best fellowship. Men are strong or weak in the degree in which

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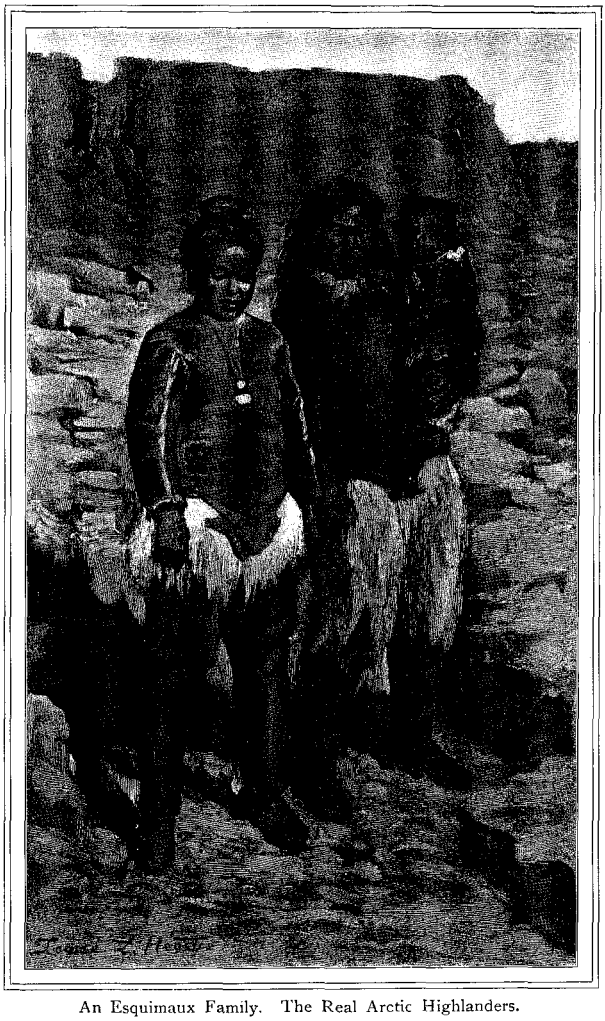

An Esquimaux Family. The Real Arctic Highlanders.

they take hold upon reality, and they are satisfying to one another in like measure. An hour with a blue-eyed seaman, who knows a far outlying coast and can tell you from first-hand knowledge of the life of the summer fishermen and of the few permanent settlers, holds sometimes more of companionship than many hours with men whose souls are fed on books. In the grouping and regrouping by subtlest affinities and repulsions there was interest but no surprise at the sight of the friendliest association of scientist and sportsman, the one a man of the world and a trained specialist, the other—his Bachelor's degree in much doubt, perhaps, but his knowledge of men and things true so far as it went.

It was after long, engaging conversation with a scientist who had embarked on the career of an Arctic explorer. He had been telling me what he said was the latest word of his fellow-physicists on the subject of "necessitarianism," and it was not at all encouraging to one who wishes to believe in personality and free will and responsibility. I left him to join a little company of sportsmen who were loafing on the half-deck, and this is what I heard:

A.—"I say, the fog on the water and the icebergs make the whole thing look as if it wasn't real."

B.—"Perhaps it isn't real."

C.—"Come off!"

B.—"Didn't you take Professor ——'s

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course and hear him demonstrate the non-existence of the objective world ?"

C.—"No, I didn't hear it, for I slept through his lectures ; but for all practical purposes I exist, and so do you," and with that there shot out a long right arm which had stroked a Harvard crew to victory, and a clinched fist struck full upon B's chest until he coughed again and was left in no doubt of his personal identity or of the existence of some part of the objective world.

As suddenly as it closed about us in the early morning the fog lifted in the late afternoon, revealing the coast-line through an atmosphere of singular clearness. The sun was late in setting that night. For more than a week we had marked the lengthening days, and it was in keeping with our general good fortune that, in the few hours of darkness each night, the moon should give us ample light until we reached a point where, at that season, the sun would not set at all. It came slowly to its setting now, sloping obliquely well to to the north of west and shedding, far into the night, its level rays across the sea. A faint breeze was blowing from the north, cold from off an ice-cold sea, but surcharged with a quality of vigor that set one's blood bounding. The wind ruffled the placid water as it reflected the red gold and orange and purple of a sunset which framed the icebergs and the distant snows in a radiance of Italian pink. Fairly in the eye of the setting sun a sportsman in the foretop was first to see a sail, and almost simultaneously he raised a cry of "Whales to starboard!" For half an hour we watched them from the deck. They were three or four "right" whales at play about us, their massive black bulks rising from the gorgeous sea in a movement of great dignity and grace, then disappearing with a flap of the tail that lashed the sea into foam only to rise again a moment later exhaling hot breath, which in the cold air turned instantly to vapor and shot upward in white spray like the spout of a fountain.

In the meantime the sail was drawing nearer, and was giving rise to speculation. We were only a little more than eighteen hours from Godhavn, our first stopping place in Greenland. Could this be the Windward that had wintered far to the north and had at last got free of ice and was homeward bound, or was she a whaler ? She proved to be neither, but an intrepid Gloucester schooner that had ventured into these northern waters.

Most reluctantly we went below that night. There was no darkness. The mystic twilight of the north fell upon us with the disappearing of the sun, the twilight which Pierre Loti alone has expressed in words. The breeze had died away and the restfulness of perfect calm was upon land and sea, while over all, like an impalpable veil, fell the light that dims the sordid face of things and reveals the mystery and the wonder of the world, and fills us with ineffable regret and longing.

All day on Sunday we sailed in view of our first Greenland haven. It was a cloudless day, with radiant sea and air, and a grateful warmth that made each quickening breath almost intoxicating. Far to the north, projecting from the mainland, with blue sky above and blue water beneath, we could see from early morning in clear mirage the precipitous cliffs above the harbor of Godhavn. Slowly, as we drew near in the passage of Disko Bay, the mirage gave way to the actual vision of the walls of igneous metamorphic rock that face the sea at the southern end of Disko Island. Here were low-lying, lichen-covered rocks almost level with the sea, and icebergs innumerable. Two currents, one through the Waigat, the passage between Disko and the mainland, and the other along the western shore of Disko, converging here had collected icebergs in many hundreds about the southern coast. It was an Arctic scene far beyond imagining ; a sky of warmth and color, a sea of the limpid, placid blue of the tropics, while in it "ice mast high went floating by," not "green as emerald," but white, unmixed, undazzling white, "so as no fuller on earth could white it."

The rocks beyond at first appeared black like the charred embers of the fires that gave them birth ; then, at nearer view, we saw their sheer sides all aglow as though they preserved the fervor of the flame, even while supporting the trackless ice desert of the interior.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the rock-ribbed, ice-encompassed shore. Not

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a trace of habitation could we see, until someone in the bow sighted a Danish flag flying from a staff planted on a rock-ledge facing the bay. Then we saw what appeared to be cairns built up four square at irregular intervals along the shore, but which we learned were piles of peat.

One always feels a quickening of the pulses in approaching a strange coast, even on the main-travelled highways of the world, but we were nearing now a land which has been visited by relatively few white men since its Norse civilization was destroyed and William Baffin made it known again to the modern world. The Danes possess it, and Danish governors, appointed by the Crown, administer its affairs, and a Danish vessel visits it each summer, bringing mails and supplies and bearing back the accumulated furs and ivory of the year; but to our minds it was associated only with all the romance, and heroism, and adventure of the seekers for the northwest passage and for the Pole by what explorers have called the "American route." A land of unfathomable wonder it seemed to us, where day is an unbroken brightness for half the year, and night a darkness for the other half, tempered only by the light of moon and stars; where a dwarfish race dress themselves in the furs of the animals upon which they feed, and lead a life whose conditions are wholly unrealized in the common lot of men.

We strained our eyes for sight of them. We were threading now a narrow channel among rocks, and a reef projecting from one side seemed to bar the course. A passage was found around it, but only to disclose rocks beyond, and, rounding these, we appeared to be at the limit of navigation there, yet not a dwelling nor any trace of man! Slowly and cautiously we glided on by ways that opened as we went, when suddenly, as by miracle, we were in the midst of a small rock-bound harbor, and off our starboard bow, near at hand, were a score of houses of wood and stone and turf, and a wooden church. Before the most pretentious dwelling, of heavy timber, a Danish flag was flying at full mast, and two small muzzle-loading guns were mounted at the foot of the flag-staff. A life-boat, holding a dozen men, was putting off from a wharf near low, dark warehouses. Groups of men and women and children were forming along the shore, or running in single file through narrow paths that wound from house to house over smooth surfaces of bare rock, and through patches of thick turf where bright-colored flowers grew, and wolf-like, shaggy dogs were tethered by sealskin thongs. The women were innocent of skirts, but it was easy to distinguish them by the brilliant colors which they wore. A jacket of seal-skin or of cheap print trimmed with fur, seal-skin breeches, highly decorated, and long, seal-skin top boots formed their dress, while many of them had on capes made of threaded glass beads of barbaric color, and nearly all wore their straight, black hair in an elaborate top-knot, tied round with ribbons whose varying shades denoted various conditions of life, whether married, unmarried, or widowed.

Soon the men from the life-boat were aboard. One could see instantly that they were mere half-breeds. In some the Esquimau type was predominant—short, thick-set, moon-faced men, flat-featured, and with dark, oblique eyes and thick, straight, black hair. Others were blue-eyed Danish peasants, fair of skin and flaxen-haired, and cutting an incongruous figure in the hybrid Esquimau dress of their kinsmen. They all took possession of the decks with a stolid air of proprietorship and began to draw from unclean cotton bags well-made models of kayaks and umiaks and knicknacks carved in bone and ivory, and bits of evil-smelling fur. They were followed by other men in other boats and some few who came out in swiftly moving kayaks which gave a momentary Greenlandish flavor to the scene, but all alike they clambered up the gangway ladder or over the bulwarks and opened business on the decks. This was altogether too like any port from Gibraltar to Yokohama. We had steamed a thousand miles toward the frozen north from what appeared to us the end of everything in America, and catching sight of men upon an almost unknown shore, alas! over even them was the trail of the serpent of civilization.

When the commander of the expedition and the captain and the leader of the scientific party had paid their call of cere-

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mony upon the Governor we were all free to go ashore, and far into an evening of broad daylight we accepted one after another the pressing invitations of the natives to visit their homes. In low-ceilinged rooms, whose fetid air was almost stifling, and which we entered by long, turf-covered tunnels through which we walked bent double, we sat as long as we could and examined the trifling articles that the government permits the natives to part with on their own account. Outside we breathed again and looked enviously at the warehouses where were the furs and ivories we wanted, but which the Governor was obliged to send to Copenhagen.

This was not at all the free life of primitive man which we had associated with the dwellers in Greenland. It was the vastly regulated existence of dependent half-breeds under a paternal government. And yet one could but realize how admirably suited the administration was to the peculiar needs of the mongrel race. We had the freedom of the Greenland ports, but it had been specially secured by our State Department from the State Department of Denmark. By a most unselfish policy, at a cost which amounts to many thousand dollars above the yearly income from the colony, the Danish Government maintains its hold upon Greenland and protects its ten thousand subjects there from the vice and drunkenness which inevitably would follow the opening of the harbors to the free access of traders and whalers, fosters among them the work of missions, and even supplements their food-supply by stores sent out from Europe.

At noon next day the Diana weighed anchor and sailed again for the north. Not one of us, I fancy, but was glad to be off Danish Greenland was diverting, but it was not the "real thing," and with keener anticipations we looked to the issue of the farther north. Our way lay through the Waigat, which we reached at evening, and through which we steamed all night. There is scarcely in the world more splendid Arctic scenery than in this long, twelve-mile-wide passage between the mainland and Disko But the night was thick, and all that we saw in the menacing light, like that which precedes a violent thunder-storm, were the mountain-peaks on each side, frowning upon us from above dull, clinging clouds, and icebergs innumerable, drifting idly in ink-black water.

In the journey north we touched at Upernivik, but were off again in two hours or more. The Governor told us, in passing, that ours was the fifth vessel that had put in there that season ; the others were whalers bound for Lancaster Sound, and from their crews he had learned that not for twenty years had they found these waters so early free of ice. This promised well for the passage of Melville Bay. Almost always the pack-ice lingers there until late into the summer, making the journey to Cape York exceedingly uncertain as to time. A way may be forced in a few days; but, on the other hand, weeks may be spent in worming through. Many a whaler and Arctic explorer has been compelled to winter there, especially in the days of sailing vessels, and has counted himself fortunate if, in the returning warmth, he has drifted free with an unimpaired hull.

We had no fear of long delay in our own case, for the Diana could make eight knots an hour without sail, which was force enough to insure a passage through a summer pack in Melville Bay in a few days at most. Besides, we learned that our best chance for Polar bear would be on the pack-ice of this bay, where the bear come out after seal, so that we welcomed the prospect of some necessary delay. It was Wednesday, and almost from our leaving Upernivik on Tuesday evening we had been encompassed by fog. We did not sight Duck Island nor could we see The Devil's Thumb. Hour by hour we steamed on, slowing down occasionally to avoid collision with icebergs, and momentarily expecting to encounter the floe. We were certainly in Melville Bay, but quite as certainly there was no pack, and the Diana was measuring off eight knots in nearly every hour that passed, until directly ahead, with the lifting of the fog on Thursday morning, we saw the bold outlines of Cape York and we knew that in our running time of twenty-two nours and a half we had broken the record for the passage of Melville Bay.

In leaving Upernivik we left behind us the sphere of Danish influence in Greenland, and in landing at Cape York we set

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foot upon a shore whose few scattered inhabitants are in the stone age of man's development. There was no governor here, nor had we to secure, through the channels of diplomatic correspondence, permission to land where we wished. It was as though we had reached another world, whose custom and usage were wholly beyond our ken, and where we could be guided only by our native sense of fitness. In some measure we could realize the feelings of Sir John Ross, who was the first since William Baffin to visit this coast.

But far more interesting was it to try to appreciate the feelings of the natives who saw in him their first visitor from the outside world. They are one in every stamp of race and tongue and tradition with the people which inhabit much of the circumpolar region, and they belong specifically to that branch which passed by a transpolar migration, some men say, from Siberia into Greenland and overwhelmed the Norsemen, who, since Eric's day, had built up a European civilization at the south. Their descendants mixed with Danes are, moreover, the insipid half-breeds whom we saw at Godhavn and Upernivik. The ancestors of this Smith Sound tribe formed, it is supposed, the rear guard in that far-off race migration, and, finding themselves in an oasis which extended two hundred miles and more from Foulke Fjord to Cape York, they settled there. Whether the physical conditions which surrounded them underwent great change after their settlement, it is difficult to say. So much is certain—they became completely isolated from the rest of mankind. To the north were Humboldt Glacier and eight hundred miles of polar sea full of hummock ice. To the north and east and south, moreover, was the ice-cap which completely buries the interior of Greenland in a field a thousand miles long and nine hundred miles at its greatest breadth, and reaches in places an altitude of eight thousand feet, a solid mass that, under the pressure of newly forming ice, issues in glaciers all round the Greenland coast and forms, in Melville Bay, an impassable barrier to men equipped as are the Esquimaux. Baffin Bay lay to the west, and the forbidding coast of Ellesmere Land, with more ice-cap within and sea beyond.

Hemmed in as they were, living upon a stretch of beautiful coast whose animal life yielded the necessaries of livelihood, they did not try to break through the barriers which encompassed them, and, being without written characters, their descendants gradually lost tradition of other men and came eventually to regard themselves as the only inhabitants of the world. It was this dream that the coming of Sir John disturbed in an early year of our century, and it was utter amazement at sight of unimagined fellow-men that was the crowning emotion of the simple, active-minded Esquimaux, who saw in him and his followers strange beings in a world which they thought was bounded by their own horizon, and in which they were the only men.

We were now among them, but they have grown measurably accustomed to the visits of white men, especially since Lieutenant Peary began his Arctic explorations and has made close acquaintance and friendship with the Smith Sound tribe, so dominant a factor in his work.

As the Diana drew slowly to shore, threading a devious course among gigantic icebergs, the men of the Cape York settlement began to gather about her in their kayaks. Forward and back, and in varying curves, they moved, in perfect command of their frail canoes of seal-skin stretched upon wooden frames and decked over, except for an opening in the middle large enough to admit a man to the waist. With a stroke of much strength and ease they wielded their double-headed paddles, rocking them gracefully from side to side upon wooden or ivory supports. They were talking constantly among themselves; not excitedly, but with a ready fluency in which their soft voices rose and fell in oddest cadences. Now and again they looked up at us, as we stood on deck and leaned over the bulwarks watching them, and then their upturned bronze faces would wreath themselves in smiles as they called out "Chaimô! Chaimô!" (Welcome), and their even white teeth gleamed from between parted lips, until the sight recalled the divers at Aden, and one almost listened for the cry of "Take a dive! Take a dive!"

As soon as the Diana was moored to an iceberg and the gangway-ladder was

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lowered, the men made fast their canoes and one after another ascended to the deck. Very smiling and affable they were, without a trace of self-conscious restraint or of aggressive manner, and with the utmost good-humor they made answer to the few Esquimau phrases that could be summoned among us.

But they brought with them to the deck something more than native grace and dignity. A position to leeward of an Esquimau, however gracious, is at first disturbing. He is dressed in skins, chiefly seal-skins, that have simply been dried in the sun with fibres broken by chewing, and the range and grip of untanned, undressed seal is such as is possessed by few odors. Besides it has at first a haunting power which recalls the cherished tales of some medical students. Seen at close hand he becomes less engaging, this long-haired, skin-dressed figure that seemed one with his quick-darting canoe, so that, in watching his approach from the shore, one thought instantly of a centaur of some sea-horse kind. The exquisite brown of his skin, the deep red showing through upon the cheeks, is smeared with black dirt. The long, straight, black hair, falling picturesquely to his shoulders, is matted and tangled, and unwashed from his birth. His seal-skin jacket and bear-skin breeches and seal-skin kammiks, or top boots, are oily with the stains of clotted blubber and spotted with the stale blood of his game, and have clinging to them the *débris* of the floor of his tupik. But he is a gentleman, withal, by every gift of nature; a brave, truth-telling man, as natural and unaffected as an unspoiled child, and quite as guileless.

We did not think so at once, in spite of his charm of manner; we sympathized with the earlier explorers who gave to the Smith Sound tribe a wide berth and chose, in preference for guides and hunters, half-breeds whom they took up from Godhavn and Upernivik. First of explorers to come really to know this people and to cast in his lot with them is Lieutenant Peary, and his faith in them has been rewarded by their becoming his loyal and invaluable allies.

Before us, as we pulled to shore that morning, were the dark cliffs of the promontory of Cape York, 2,000 feet high. Half way down their sides, the talus, in masses of fragmentary rock, sloped to seaward at an angle of forty-five degrees. In the shaded chasms of the cliffs, and half-hidden among huge bowlders, were scattered fields of ice whose surface-snow was crimson with countless bacteria. At the foot of the talus was an irregular belt of rich, loam-like soil covered with moss and rank turf, mingled with many flowers and strewn over with rough granite fragments. There were three or four tupiks, or seal-skin tents, pitched upon the turf at the foot of the talus, and in and out among them were moving the fifteen or twenty inhabitants of the settlement. They showed interest in our coming, but no excitement; even the children regarded us with discriminating curiosity, looking wide-eyed at outlandish men, but remaining perfectly undemonstrative.

In the meantime we were picking a way over marshy, oozing soil toward the tupiks. Strewn everywhere were the bones of seal and walrus, and reindeer and polar bear, and the bones and feathers of many birds. Near the open flap of the nearest tupik sat an old man holding in his arms a little child who nestled to him with every sign of affection. He was talking garrulously, and apparently to us, although we could not understand, and presently, as if to explain his sitting still, he pointed to his legs, moving them with evident agony, and held out to us his hands, shrivelled and rigid with rheumatism.

It is not easy to convey a sense of the reek of the summer tents, and the filth of the *débris*-covered soil, and the foul unkemptness of the natives with their glorious good health, showing in the sparkle of dark eyes and the glow of rounded cheeks, in the rich red of lips and tongue that speaks of perfect digestion, and the deep breath that comes hot and pure like that of a meat-fed hound. It is not easy, moreover, to convey a sense of their subtle individual charm. We felt it from the first, although we did not easily master the first physical repulsion. They seemed to us the veritable children of nature; for they were plainly of those who accept life with the unquestioning openness to living ways of little children.

But we left them without regret, and

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sailed north at noon for Dalrymple Island, where we were to have our first shooting and where we landed at about nine o'clock in the evening. Two boat-loads put off from the Diana in Wostenholme Sound and pulled for the conical island of naked granite which is known as Dalrymple Rock.

The stillness of the strange, sunlit night had fallen. Over us kittiwakes and guillemots were passing swiftly, and burgomasters were flying with a graceful movement of wings like the measured pulse of racing oars. Soon there was another bird among them, a bird of dull, brownish color, that flew low and fast in the characteristic flight of the duck with neck craned, and we knew it for the eider. In the alarm caused by our near approach to land they came out in scores, flying seaward, then circling homeward to their nests; for it was nesting time with them, and their young, in many hundreds, were among the rocks.

The shooting of this evening was for a definite purpose, as was all the shooting in the course of the expedition. Every pound of meat that was not consumed on board was to furnish Lieutenant Peary's party with food through the coming winter. And this was the more easily possible since, in that climate, game killed in July would still be perfectly good many weeks later, without the necessity of artificial cold storage. And in this instance it was not a little reassuring to discover that the young had reached such a growth as to be able to care for themselves.

A perfect fusillade arose from the boats. Ducks were soon falling into the water, and we were all excitement, uncertain whether to pick them up at once or land for a richer harvest that promised there, and return later for our floating prey. We landed, and the most experienced shots among us had never seen duck-shooting like this. The air vibrated to the whir of swift-moving wings. Not here an occasional shot after patient waiting in the cold, but shots innumerable, at all angles and aimed at all degrees of flight. Far into the night the shooting went on, until the ducks, effectually frightened, almost ceased to return. Shots became fewer then, and on the growing stillness rose the faint twitter of the young that, in their fright, had wandered from nests of eider-down among the cliffs.

We took to the boats finally and pulled back into the sound. There we lay upon our oars, awaiting the Diana's return. She had run over to a native settlement on Saunders Island, several miles toward the mainland, to pick up some hunters of the tribe and in the hope of securing definite news of Lieutenant Peary. It was well past midnight, and we were floating idly upon an Arctic sea in the full blaze of the sun, which was now climbing the sky in a course eastward from the north. Ah, the beauty and the marvel of it! We sat in stillness, a handful of men in open boats upon a golden sea, near us the dip of stratified, igneous rock showing clear for miles along soft-toned scarped cliffs on Wostenholme Island. Out of a belt of sward, brilliant with yellow poppies, rose the walls of our shooting-ground. A bit of rugged mainland was visible to the south; and to the east of where we lay, rising black on the horizon, was the long, sheer coastline of Saunders Island. Icebergs dotted the blue surface of the sound, and far into the haze of Baffin Bay we could see them drifting southward. The air was as still and clear as on a quiet, moonlit winter night at home, and the level sun-rays streamed through in a glory of Italian pink. Enfolding all, as with the crowning benediction of a god, was the "peace that passeth knowledge," like the serenity of a soul that has won, through toil and storm, the strength and poise of enduring calm.

It was well-nigh overwhelming. In ill-disguised necessity we turned from the vision to the sight of heaps of crumpled dead birds in the boat and talked of shooting, and agreed that nowhere in the world was there promise of better sport than here. Then silence fell again. In spite of us, our eyes were drawn outward; and through all the peaceful beauty we felt once more the poignancy of its awful purity. He would be a man of spotless soul indeed and of assured faith who, seeing the stainless loveliness of the scene, would feel no pang. Not one's self only but one's world came there, as into the presence of the great white throne, and stood condemned in a stillness that was unbroken.

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A cloud of black smoke from the funnel of the Diana shot upward on the horizon and floated in midair like a messenger of darkness in realms of light. We were glad to see it. There was in it a comfortable sense of the familiar which dispelled the boundless loneliness of that pure, still world. It was a relief to climb on deck and plunge into the life on board; to help the seamen raise the boats to the davits, to see the five natives who had been taken on with their hunting kit, and to read a note from Lieutenant Peary, which was drawn from the recesses of an Esquimau's garments wrapped in many folds of brown paper, and which told us to look for further letters on Littleton Island.

It was two or three o'clock in the morning. Some of us did not turn in that night, and all were up betimes, for we anchored early on Friday in a sheltered harbor of Northumberland Island, where the company of sportsmen left us, taking with them their tents and provisions and a ship's steward as cook, and three natives to act as guides and chief hunters.

We were in the thick now of many associations with Arctic exploration. Our vessel lay in the waters of Whale Sound, at the mouth of Inglefield Gulf. We could almost see Cape Alexander to the north and the faint outlines of Ellesmere Land, where Baffin Bay narrows to the waters of Smith Sound. A few miles to the west, looking much nearer in the clear, dry air, were the cliffs of Hackluyt Island, under which William Baffin landed in 1616, and which mark his farthest north.

At noon we sailed for the post-office on Littleton Island. There was nothing to obstruct our way. The sea was clear, except for icebergs, and as smooth as glass, and there was no fog. The sun shone warm upon the deck, raising the temperature to nearly 50° Fahrenheit. It was a glittering coast-line that we passed, with the dazzle of the ice-cap upon the hills, and through the valleys the gleaming glaciers flowing seaward and ending in ice-cliffs down which poured many waterfalls. But here and there was land that was completely free of ice and snow. In places we could trace it far inland, and, rugged as it was, we knew that soil had formed among the rocks and that vegetation grew there in sufficient quantity to support much animal life. There was a mildness about this coast, moreover, which was in sharp contrast with the bleak, ice-covered shore of Ellesmere Land, only a few miles across the sound.

The natives who remained on board showed ready adaptation to new conditions. Their luggage consisted of the skins they wore and the hunting outfit which accompanied their kayaks. All parts of the vessel were free to them, and fore and aft, in the rigging and on the bridge, they climbed at pleasure, but they were never in the way. On the contrary, they evinced a ready willingness to be of use, and were soon engaged in helping the Arctic explorers make gunny-sacks for their supply of coal. The cook fed them, as he fed us all, on good soup and coffee, and tinned beef and bread, all of which they relished heartily, especially the coffee and the hard bread. Their own food is solely in the form of flesh—in wide variety, it is true, yet nothing but flesh, since, at their latitude, no single vegetable product is available for food, unless, in the stress of famine, they should eat mosses and the lichen from the rocks. The ship-biscuits were an evident delight. Their crisp resistance to strong, sound teeth, and the flavor of vegetable food were sensations whose novelty it was difficult to exhaust. From the greasy folds of a "netchie" would come a hard biscuit as large as a saucer and disappear—much of it—into an Esquimau's countenance, over which would steal an expression of ineffable content. But, after all, it was not civilized food that furnished those on board the *pièce de résistance* of their diet. The eider duck were hanging in the rigging, and the Huskies, as the seamen call the Esquimaux, made them ready for the cook. It is something to watch a fur-dressed, long-haired, Husky seated on a hatch strewn round with feather-covered skins which he tears deftly from carcasses of eider duck, and at intervals, as he works, to see him stuff into his mouth slabs of raw meat as large as three fingers of a man. One learned then, without surprise, that a post-mortem examination of a member of the tribe who died in New York disclosed the curious fact that the stomach was not like that of a normal human be-

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ing, but the secum resembled closely that of a carnivorous animal.

The Huskies had been up all of Thursday night, and hard at work through most of Friday. They had fared sumptuously, moreover, on raw eider and a variety of strange, cooked food. Somewhere each had picked up a label from a beef tin and had bound it like a frontlet about his forehead. Decorated in this manner they came aft and, with an air of perfect unconsciousness, climbed to the bridge, where a group of us were standing talking to the captain. One of them picked up a pair of binoculars and, adjusting them to his eyes, began to examine the coast-line. Then he passed them to the other hunter, who did likewise. Between them they settled the question of our position, then withdrew to the seat at the port end of the bridge, where they sat down in the sun. They were very sleepy. Beginning to nod, they presently fell on sleep—two stone-age savages come bodily from physical surroundings which belong to the dim twilight of the history of man, and ensconced in this year of Grace upon the deck of a modern steamer, lying there in deep sleep with their brows bound round with red paper labels bearing a legend of "prime roast beef."

In an hour or more one of them awoke and instantly turned his keen, dark eyes to the shore. It was immediately apparent that something interested him. He was not in the least excited as he walked up to the captain, but his eyes wore an expression of unmistakable earnestness. He pointed shoreward and kept repeating something in which we could distinguish only "Etah," the name of a native settlement in Foulke Fjord. We were passing the mouth of the fjord, and only a few miles beyond was Littleton Island. The captain pointed to the island as our destination. By this time the other Esquimau was among us, and, with the same persistence as the first, was pointing toward the land and urging, evidently, our putting in at Etah. The captain yielded finally to their importunity, and an order of "hard a' port" went down to the wheel. The Diana swept about and headed for the dark cliffs which guard the entrance to Foulke Fjord. Presently we saw on the north side of the entrance a small crimson flag flying from a slender staff. It had escaped us completely before we came about. Then through our glasses we picked up a mound almost the color of the surrounding rock and learned that it was a cache formed of some tons of provisions covered by an old tarpaulin. Near it we could see a heap of coals—a few bushels at the most it seemed, but containing in reality sixty tons. Then, almost indistinguishable from the rocks, we saw two or three tupiks near the water's edge, and the fur-clad forms of natives, looking at that distance and through the clear air like nothing so much as insects moving among miniature bowlders.

Foulke is a beautiful fjord with a narrow exit to the sea. It widens to two or three miles, perhaps, at its greatest breadth, then narrows, four or five miles inland, to the lateral moraines of Brother John Glacier, which projects there into the quiet waters that reflect gloriously the granite hills and richly tinted cliffs which completely surround the fjord. But, beautiful as is their harbor, we were wondering, as we watched the natives, how human beings could possibly find the means of life even in this the least forbidding spot that we had seen upon the coast of North Greenland. As we looked we were aware that a craft which was putting off from shore was not a kayak. There were three figures in her, and she was propelled by oars. As she drew nearer, we made out the lines of a dory. It was clear from the first that the men on board were Esquimaux in dress, but at nearer view we saw that the one who was steering with a sculling oar wore an old sombrero.

We were watching them intently from the quarter-deck.

"That's no Husky in the stern," remarked the captain, and a moment later he cried out "Why, it's Mat Henson!" and he raised a shout of "Hello, Mat!" which was instantly taken up by those on board who knew Lieutenant Peary's negro servant, who has proved, Virginia darky as he is, so notably good an Arctic explorer.

Mat was an assured hero at that moment. The commander of the expedition hurried down the ladder and shook his hand heartily as Mat stepped from the dory, then led him to the after companion-

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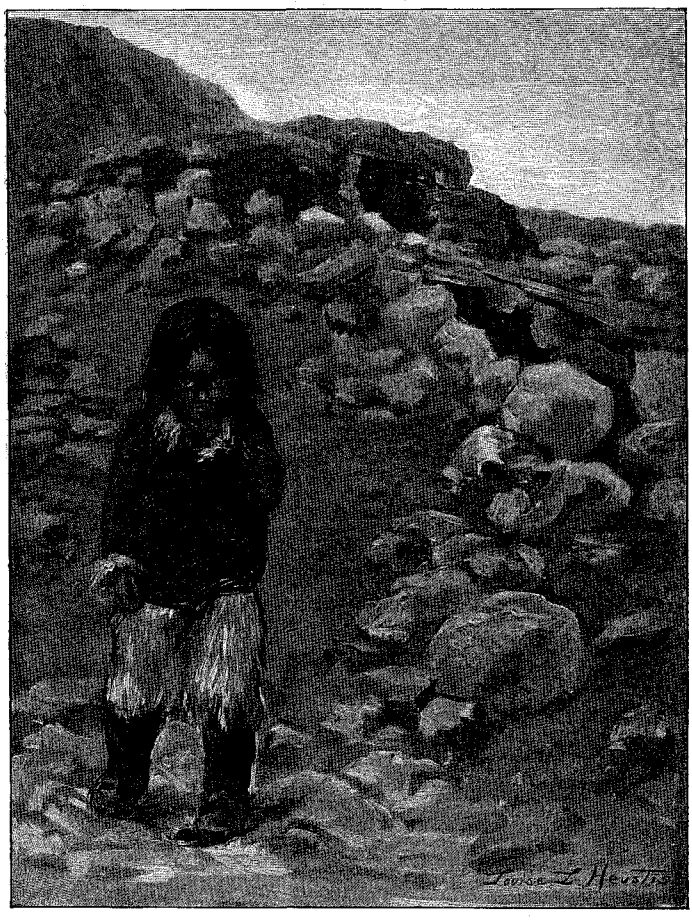

Esquimaux Child and a Winter House (Called Egloo) in the Background.

way through a group of eager spectators, and down into the cabin, where for an hour they were closeted, while Charlie, the steward, bustled about for suitable supplies.

The news brought by Mat spread rapidly on deck. He had left the Windward a month before still fast in the ice in Kane Basin, and, in company with some natives, had come down in a dory to Etah to await our arrival. All on board the Windward were safe and well, which was exceedingly welcome news on the Diana, for, apart from our interest in the success of the expedition, there were a number of near relatives among the officers and crews of the two vessels, and no word of the Windward had been had for a year. Lieutenant Peary had recovered remarkably from the effects of a sharp frost-bite on a last day's march to Fort Conger, though it had cost him seven toes. Indomitable as ever, he was walking again, and was, apparently, none the worse for the loss.

We did not go on at once to Littleton Island. Instead, we anchored for the night in the fjord, and most of us went ashore. It is mere convention to say that "we anchored for the night." From the time we left Upernivik we had had no darkness, but the period of the twenty-four hours when from six o'clock of one day until eight of the next no regular meals were served, while the sun was encircling the northern sky, we called night. Sleep was a matter of pure convenience, under the necessity of enough of it, for we could darken the cabins and sleep when we chose.

There was little inclination to turn in that night. We visited the tupiks on shore and examined the cache, and the coal pile,

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and Mat's camp, standing a little apart from the skin tents of the natives, and a mass of walrus meat that lay stored for winter, and the sledge-dogs tethered among the rocks; but we always returned to the tupiks. Familiarity with this tribe of Esquimaux breeds, instead of contempt, a growing liking. Certainly we found it so in our short experience. Untanned seal-skin is not a savory dress, but the savor of it is of a kind to which one grows readily accustomed. I have even heard a man of squeamish taste profess, after strong disgust, an ultimate liking for it, as Captain Hall declared, after living for years as an Esquimau on Cumberland Sound, that the fetid flesh of seal had become to him a delicacy for which he longed. But, in whatever garb, a people who possess something of the exquisite charm of the Japanese, recalling constantly, in look and tone and manner, their inborn elusive grace touched with simple joyousness and with sadness so deep that one can read it in their eyes and in the fine reserve which seems to a Westerner to speak of ages of inherited serenity of soul—to such a people, in whatever dress, one could not remain long indifferent. Besides, it was soon evident that we had reached a world where there must be a readjustment to common physical facts; where, for example, there is little decay as we know decay, and where germs have a precarious hold; but where, for seven months of the year, there is no water except so much as, by greatest economy of heat, can be had by melting snow for the vital necessities of drink and food, while none can be spared for washing. Cleanliness, as all men know who know little or much of rougher life, is a relative condition, and uncleanliness here—not the uncleanliness of the lazar, but of active, quick-witted men living the life of hunters near the pole—has none, or almost none, of the accompanying horrors of habitual uncleanness in warm climates.

Besides, we were making acquaintance now, not with groups of natives in a moment of passing, as at Cape York, but with individuals with whom we were to spend much of the remaining summer. It was there that we met for the first time Tong-Wee, one of the best hunters of the tribe, whose courage and experience and skill were to serve us admirably in our walrus shooting. Tong-Wee was a notable figure at first sight. Well above the average height of the Esquimaux, he stood perhaps five feet ten in kamiks, with his muscular frame well set off by a suit of skins, and his thick, black hair, parted in the middle, falling to his shoulders and framing a strong, young face strikingly Indian in type. His was the tupik nearest our point of landing, and there was more to attract us to it than the engaging personality of Tong-Wee. Mrs. Tong-Wee was at home that evening, and so was her daughter, Eebaloo. Mrs. Tong-Wee's name is A-wing-wa-o-náh, with the accent on the *nah*, and she is adorable in seal-skins, but she looks for all the world as though she was born to wear a richly flowered *kimono* and an *obi*, and as though her name were surely *O Haru San* or some other equally floral title which might suggest her charm, for A-wing-wa-o-náh is a lady to her delicate finger-tips and in every tone of her soft, sweet voice.

The next day's steaming carried us to our farthest north. When I reached the deck we were well within Kane Basin, and just ahead was the pack-ice stretching from shore to shore and as far north as could be seen. The Diana had put in at Littleton Island, in passing, and had taken off the letters which were found in a split bamboo that stood erect in a cairn at the topmost point of land. They had added only details to the information which we gained from Mat. Our latest word from the Windward was still more than a month old, and so we struck into the ice in the hope of soon seeing her making a way to the south. Progress was slow, however, and in an hour or two we came about and headed for Cape Sabine, where the party of explorers on board wished to land. Cape Sabine was to be their head-quarters for a year. There they were to build a winter house and store provisions and coal, and make ready for exploring the coast of Ellesmere Land in the returning light of the new year.

(Concluded in next number.)

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The SLAVE TRADE in AMERICA

by John R. Spears
illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark

SECOND PAPER
Afloat with the slavers

PEOPLE who know the sea as the old-time sailors knew it—those who have crossed the wide water in the old-style ships, with sails only to drive them on—can best appreciate the evidence now extant regarding the conditions that prevailed in the slavers when crossing from Africa to the market in the West, in the journey through the midst of the trade-wind belt that gained such horrible notoriety under the name of the Middle Passage. Nevertheless, so numerous are the details, and so clearly are they told, that even readers who never saw a ship can form sufficiently accurate mental pictures of what occurred there. Moreover, there are a few illustrations that were drawn by competent artists.

To begin with the ship itself, it is assumed that everybody understands what is meant when it is said that every vessel regularly in the trade was decked over—was covered over by a deck that corresponds, in a way, to the flat roof of a one-story city house. But some ships were larger and deeper—there was a second deck between the upper one and the bottom of the ship.

As has been already said, only small ships with one deck were used in the slave-traffic in the earlier years (down to the middle of the eighteenth century); and we may very well consider first how these were fitted out to receive their living cargoes.

When the slaver started for the coast her cargo of rum, food, and arms was stowed in the hold, as any cargo would have been, and the passage out was in no way different from any other over-sea trip. But no sooner was the coast reached than yards and topmasts were sent down, and one yard was lashed fore and aft to the masts to form a ridge-pole for a roof over the deck. Other spars were lashed to the shrouds, and poles cut ashore were laid from these to the ridge-pole, with a palm-leaf thatch over all. A stout lattice-work was very often built along the sides to connect the rails with the eaves of the roof. This done, a barricade eight feet high, like the fence around a base-ball ground, was built across the deck and two feet out over the sides abaft the main-mast; no negro man was allowed on the ship abaft that fence, except as the head men were invited there. There was a door in this fence, and a cannon loaded with grapeshot guarded it, while loop-holes for musketry pierced the fence at close intervals. This fence served a double purpose. The slaves were brought on board through a door in the lattice forward of this fence. There they were exchanged for goods, after which the women were taken to the after or cabin side of the

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Death-mist.—Page 307.

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fence, while the men were kept forward. A similar fence or bulkhead was built in the hold beneath the deck, to keep the sexes separated there. But another, and commonly the most important use of the barricade, was to give the armed crew a safe command over both traders and male slaves, and prevent piracy by the former and insurrections among the latter. The women were, with the rarest of exceptions, entirely docile.

These barricades and temporary pole-and-thatch houses were in universal use during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when slaves were purchased a few at a time, and a ship might lie on the coast from four to eight months before collecting a full cargo. In later years, when the trade was illegal and great haste was necessary, neither fence nor house was built, though the bulkhead to separate the sexes was nearly always placed in the ship's hold.

On going into the hold of a slaver it was found, even in the old days, very well filled with casks of rum. When arms and ammunition came more into favor, the hold was filled still higher, because it was necessary to have as many hogsheads and casks as before, in order to carry water for the slaves, and the other goods were piled on the casks. Then many barrels of food—rice and beans were the favorite articles—had to be taken also. It is an important matter to remember that the hold was kept almost filled with barrels and casks, even after all the rum or other trade goods had been sold to the native slavers. So full, indeed, was it at all times, and in all ships, that the greatest space, according to the records, found between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was about five feet, while the ordinary space was from two and a half to three feet. And yet in this space, between barrels and deck, the captain had to stow his cargo of slaves.

Recalling now the fact that these slaves were wild men, were rarely devoid of courage, and that they had been, as a rule, kidnapped or enslaved by murderous raids, it is readily seen that the captain would not dare allow them to crawl around at will on the casks. The stronger would get together and plan insurrections. They would find means of breaking into water-casks. They would quarrel and kill one another. So scantling and boards were used in laying a floor all over the cargo, and this floor was the slave-deck of which mention is made so often in the books relating to the trade.

On this slave-deck the slaves must be secured. Here was found a use for the handcuff and other irons, so often described. The men were locked together, two and two; the right wrist and right ankle of one man to the left of the other, by means of iron rings connected by a short chain. They were then taken to the hold, and after crawling in between the slave-deck and the real deck of the ship, they were placed on their backs, side to side, feet outboard and as close together as it was possible to squeeze them. Then the chain that connected the two together at the ankles was locked to a bar of iron or a long chain, running fore and aft on the ship's side, while the wrist-chain was sometimes locked to a similar bar supported by eye-bolts in the slave-deck. And there they had to lie, unable materially to change their position, during all the weary weeks and months that the ship was on the coast completing her cargo, save only as they were brought on deck in small gangs, well chained together, for an airing every day at meal-times. And their condition grew steadily worse as the cargo was filled, because those first purchased were stowed far away from the hatches, and those sent down later on shut off much of the air that could reach them.

Captain Lindsay, of the Sanderson, in the voyage previously mentioned, had but fifty-six on his slave-deck, but Captain Scott left the coast, in a ship no larger, with one hundred and twenty-nine there. The truth is, as the price of slaves rose the whole deck was covered with slaves, and they lay so close together that not enough space was found anywhere between them for a man to place his foot.

But worse crowding than that was known even as early as 1770. In the larger ships, as already told, the space between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was sometimes as much as five feet. To devote all that space to air was, in the mind of the thrifty slaver, sheer waste. So he built a shelf or gallery six feet wide all the way around the

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ship's hold, between the deck and the slave-floor that was laid on top of the cargo. On this shelf was placed another layer of slaves, thus increasing the number carried by nearly fifty per cent.

The crowding in the big ships, having two decks regularly, was still worse, for a slave-deck was built clear across between these two, and the galleries or shelves were built both under and above the slave-deck. There were ships where four layers of slaves were placed thus between permanent decks that were only eight feet apart, and there are records of cases where smaller ships—ships having but three feet or so of space between cargo and deck—were fitted with galleries, so that the slaves stretched on their backs had but a foot or less of air-space between their faces and the deck or the next layer above them.

To increase the number carried, when stretched out on deck or shelf, the slaves were sometimes placed on their sides, breast to back—"spoon fashion," as the slavers called it—and this made room for a considerable per cent. extra.

However, in the eighteenth century the usual practice was to place them on their backs, and to allow about two and a half feet of air-space above the faces of the slaves, and in this way cargoes of over three hundred were carried.

And yet even the worst crowding known to those days was to be exceeded when the profits rose above $200 net per head. To stretch the slave on his back was to waste stowage room then. Instead of placing the slaves on their backs with feet to the side of the ship, they were compelled to sit in rows, backs to the ship's side. A row having been placed on deck or gallery, shoulder to shoulder, and back to the wall, another row was seated before them. A third row before these, and so on until deck and gallery were covered with a solid mass of human beings in a sitting posture, unable to move bodies or limbs, and barely able to wag their heads, or move their arms over the shoulders of those in front; nor was there any extra space allowed between gallery and deck. Indeed, the space was so low in some cases that the slaver captain in stowing had to see that his slaves were placed so that the deck-beams would be above the shoulders of the rows—the heads of the slaves rose between the beams. The slaves could not sit upright when placed directly under the beams. The air from the hatches had to pass through the narrow space between the rows of heads to reach the slaves stowed out at the sides and in the ends of the ships.

The atrocity of this style of stowage was never exceeded as a regular practice, and slaves were never kept in a worse condition for the whole voyage, simply because they could not be. But in the days when the trade was illegal, and the slavers had to make haste while on the coast, worse conditions prevailed very often for a day or two. In the nineteenth century many slavers chose children rather than adults—boys and girls ranging from ten to sixteen years of age. These could be tortured without fear of revolt. When the ship was loaded these children were thrown into the hold until they were literally piled on top of one another. The slavers calculated on losing perhaps five per cent. from suffocation while this condition lasted, and as soon as the ship was outside of the cruiser-ground the unfortunate little ones were usually placed sitting in orderly rows, after the fashion already described. I say usually, because there was, sometimes, a lack of that care for the slave-cargoes which was demanded even by a prudent regard for escape from an unprofitable voyage. There was one case on record, in later years, where a slaver went to sea without having filled the water-casks.

This story is so remarkable that it must be given in full as told by Captain Richard Drake, who was surgeon of the crew. The slaver was the Brazilian brig Gloria. After five successful voyages to the African coast, she ran down from the Cape Verd Islands for a sixth, carrying barrels full of sea-water for ballast. It was the intention of her master, Captain Ruiz, to substitute fresh-water for the salt when the slaves were shipped. On the route down a Portuguese schooner was met, with one hundred and ninety slaves and a large quantity of gold-dust on board. On learning, through a friendly visit, what the Portuguese carried, Captain Ruiz attacked and captured her, killing every one of her crew, and transferring her cargo to his own ship. He then scuttled the schooner and went on to Papoe, a town belonging

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to a Dahoman chief, where six hundred slaves had been gathered for a Spanish slaver soon to arrive.

Ruiz promptly bought four hundred of these, paying for them with gold-dust taken from the Portuguese schooner.

Now Ruiz was not only a pirate, but a roysterer. Captain and crew were constantly under the influence of liquor, and the result was that only a part of the barrels in the hold were filled with fresh-water. "We were drawing from the last casks," says Drake, "before this discovery was made; and the horror of our situation sobered Captain Ruiz. He gave orders to hoist the precious remnant abaft the main grating, and made me calculate how long it would sustain the crew and cargo. I found that a half-gill a day would hold out to the Spanish Main; and it was decided that in order to save our cargo, we should allow the slaves a half-gill and the crew a gill each day. Then began a torture worse than death to the blacks. Pent in their close dungeons, to the number of nearly five hundred (many had already died), they suffered continual torment. Our crew and drivers were unwilling to allow even the half-gill per diem, and quarrelled fiercely over their own stinted rations. Our cargo had been stored on the platforms closer than I ever saw slaves stowed before or since. Instead of lowering buckets of water to them as was customary, it became necessary to pour the water in half-pint measures. Those farthest from the grating never got a drop, and became raving mad for drink. Presently diseases of various kinds added to their misery. Matters grew worse daily, for the dead were not thrown overboard, nor the living served with water, or even food, except the rotten yams that could be reached where they lay. At last Captain Ruiz ordered the hatches down, and swore he would make the run on our regular water-rations, and take the chances of his stock. That night we caroused and satisfied our thirst, whilst the negroes suffocated below. Next morning came a storm which drove us on our course a hundred knots. Two days afterward Ruiz and four of the men were taken suddenly ill with a disease that baffled my medical knowledge . . . and in six hours they were dead. The first mate went next, and then three others of the crew, and a black driver." It was discovered that the terrible conditions had "generated the plague." "I began to notice . . . a low heavy fog on deck almost like steam. It was a death-mist that I saw rising. At this time all but three of the men and myself had been attacked, and we abandoned the Gloria, in her long boat, taking the remnant of water, a sack of biscuit and a rum beaker, with what gold-dust and other valuables we could gather up. We left nine of our shipmates dead and five dying on the Gloria." Drake and the three eventually landed on Tortola, one of the Leeward Islands. This happened in the year 1826, or thereabouts.

This case was probably not the only one where water was forgotten, and there were many cases like that of the early Dutch slaver St. John, where rotten food and leaking water-casks placed both crew and slaves in such straits that the death-rate was terrible.

To give statistical figures of slave-storage in the days when the trade was not only legal, but as a Liverpool preacher styled it, "very genteel":— the measurements of slavers show that in the best ships each slave was so placed that he had from twenty-four to twenty-seven cubic feet of air-space in the hold during the eighteen or twenty hours he was chained there every day in pleasant weather. That, too, was in the dead humid air of the worst season of the torrid zone, as well as in pleasanter weather. For the sake of comparison, it may be recalled that by the law of New York the keepers of cheap lodging-houses are compelled to allow six hundred cubic feet air-space for each bed.

But to tell how closely the slaves were packed is merely to begin the story of their sufferings in the slaver's hold. Every one knows how wearisome it is to lie for any great length of time in one position, even on a well-made bed. We must needs turn over when we are awakened in the night. But the slaves were chained down naked on the planks of the decks and shelves—planks that were rough just as they came from the saw, and had cracks between them. No one could turn from side to side to rest the weary body. They must lie there on their backs for eighteen hours at a stretch, even in pleasant weather in port.

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Hard as that fate was, new tortures were added with the first jump of the ship over the waves. For she must roll to the pressure of the wind on the sails, so that those on the weather-side found their heels higher than their heads, and when the ship's angle increased under the weight of a smart breeze, the unfortunates sometimes sagged down to leeward, until they were stopped by the irons around ankle and wrist. They were literally suspended —crucified in their shackles.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion of the ship, for she was rarely steady when heeled by the wind. She had to roll, and as she did so the slaves sometimes slid to and fro, with naked bodies on the rough and splintery decks. There was never a voyage even in the best of ships where the slaves did not suffer tortures from mere contact with the slave-deck.

To the sufferings due to these causes were added other torments, when the weather was stormy. For then it was necessary to cover the hatches lest the waves that swept across the deck pour down and fill the ship. The slaves were confined in utter darkness, and the scant ventilation afforded by the hatchways was shut off. Serious as that was, still worse must be told. The negroes were made violently seasick more readily that white people even—they sometimes died in their convulsions. The heat and foul air quickly brought on more serious illness; but there the slaves were kept in their chains for days at a stretch, wholly helpless and wholly unattended.

"If ever there was anything on earth which, for revolting, filthy, heartless atrocity, might make the devil wonder and hell recognize its own likeness, then it was on any one of the decks of an old slaver." So wrote the devout Admiral Foote, after he had gazed into the hold of a slave-ship. It was asserted by other naval officers, who had had experience on the slave-coast, that they could detect the odor of a slaver farther than they could see her at night—even on a clear night. There were cases where the coast-guard went hunting slavers, guided literally and entirely by the nose. In certain states of the air the odor was unmistakable, five miles away down wind. And it should be kept in mind that such conditions as these prevailed on even the best ships commanded by captains who were, relatively speaking, humane—where the slaves were brought on deck as often as possible for an airing, and to permit the sailors to scrub and clean the decks.

For food the slaves had, usually, rice, beans and yams; but because the slavers were in the business to get rich as fast as possible, the slaves were fed on the scantiest possible allowance. The measure of water was small, because not enough could be carried in the overcrowded ships. Two meals were served each day on deck, if the weather permitted. The slaves were brought up in gangs and secured in rows to long chains, stretched fore and aft, or to iron rods, or the ship's rail, or to the rigging. After every meal each slave got half a pint of water. That was the pleasant-weather routine. In foul weather they were fed down on the slave-deck by certain of their own number, who were released for the purpose. At such times, however, feeding the slaves but added to their pains, for the men with the food had to crawl over the bodies of those in chains to reach the ones far from the hatches, and as the ship rolled and plunged, the steaming food was often spilled over the writhing wretches. As to the allowance of water, it was so often spilled that the presence of the water-carriers was but an aggravation. As said before, these conditions prevailed on the best of the slavers. I shall try to give some idea of what happened on the others through the careless or deliberate inhumanity of the officers—some idea only, because fully to portray the life there is utterly impossible.

Having been captured in the midst of fire and bloodshed, the slaves of the interior were hurried to the sea. *En route* they saw their relatives and friends hacked to pieces for lagging. They were herded in pens on the beach, where they saw other friends and relatives perish under harsh treatment. They were sold not by families, but by chance, and so members of one family went on board different ships, separated forever. Here they saw some of their numbers rejected for physical defects, and the rejected ones were often murdered before the eyes of the others. They were stowed in loathsome holds, bound to a region of which they could

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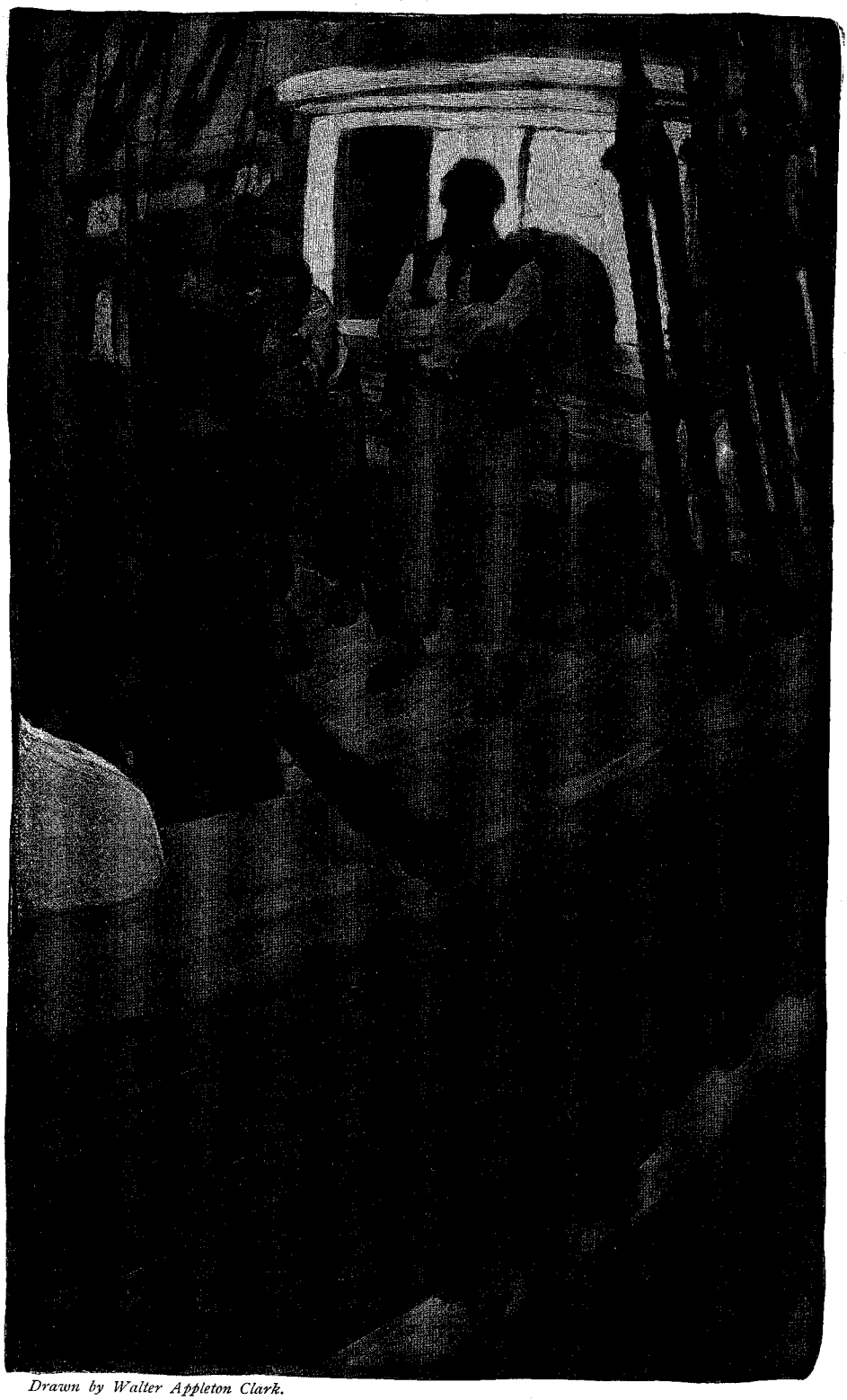

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

She . . . walked to the ship's side, and . . . dropped the body into the sea.—Page 310.

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know nothing, and of which they could imagine only the most fearsome evils.

"The ships," said Dr. Alexander Falconbridge, of the slaver Tartar, "were fitted up with a view of preventing slaves jumping overboard." There was a netting stretched above the rails, but an opening was left in one place that refuse might be dumped overboard, and through this many a slave, suffering from homesickness, plunged to his death. They stole rope-yarns that they might hang themselves. They refused to eat, that they might starve to death. The first care of the slavers was to prevent revolts, but little less was the vigilance needed to prevent suicide.

In connection with this vigilance we find further tortures. Because the slave often refused to eat, the tube-like instrument which surgeons use in feeding lockjaw patients was carried on almost every ship. Hot coals and red-hot irons were used by more cruel ship-masters to open the stubborn mouths, and lest this seem incredible, I must remind the reader that branding slaves was as common then as branding cattle is now, and that the civilization of even this age is not likely to end the torture of cattle for many years to come.

One of the most pitiful stories known to these annals is told in connection with the slaver habit of compelling his slaves to eat. There was a child, less than a year old, that could not eat the boiled rice prepared for it, and the captain decided that it was stubborn, rather than sick. Getting angry as the little one repeatedly turned its head from the food, he grabbed it from its mother's arms. He tied a twelve-pound stick of wood to its neck as a punishment, and thereafter flogged it with the cat at each meal-time until the fourth day, when, after the whipping, it died.

To make complete his work, the captain, whip in hand, then called the child's mother to pick up the little body and throw it over the rail. She refused at first, but, tortured by the cat, she took up the child, walked to the ship's side, and turning her head away dropped the body into the sea.

Of the truth of the story there is no doubt. It was told under oath before a committee of Parliament, and of all the tales of inhuman deeds perpetrated by the slavers, none had more effect in ridding the earth of the traffic than this.

Because of the persistent attempts of the slaves on one ship to kill themselves, the captain had the body of a slave who had hanged himself stretched out on deck and beheaded in the presence of the others. Then the body was thrown overboard, while the head was stowed away on the ship. The captain hoped the slaves would believe that the spirit of the dead one would return headless to its old home in Africa. But the slaves only smiled in contempt when the interpreter told them this. It was a heathen race. They had never learned the Christian's hope, but something had told them that the body, though it be "sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption," and they trusted implicitly the light that had been given to them.

From one point of view the picture of a gang of slaves when on deck for an airing was one of the most shocking known to the trade. For the slaver captain knew how much brooding over their wrongs tended to promote disease, and his chief object in bringing them on deck was to cheer them. He wanted them to sing and dance, and he saw that they did it too—he applied the lash not only to make them eat, but to make them sing. There they stood in rows and as the brawny slaver, whip in hand, paced to and fro, they sang their home-songs, and danced, each with his free foot slapping the deck. Never was a more pitiful mockery of mirth known to the history of the world. And that, too, was done under captains who were relatively humane.

What happened under the careless, and under those who found pleasure in the sufferings of the unfortunates, may be suggested only. That the cat was the common instrument of torture will be recalled without the saying. Another form of whip was a long tapering strip of walrus hide, which in the hands of an expert could raise a welt or bury itself a quarter of an inch into the flesh at every blow. Thumb-screws were carried on almost every ship, while some captains of an inventive turn of mind devised original tortures.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He applied the lash not only to make them eat, but to make them sing.—Page 310.

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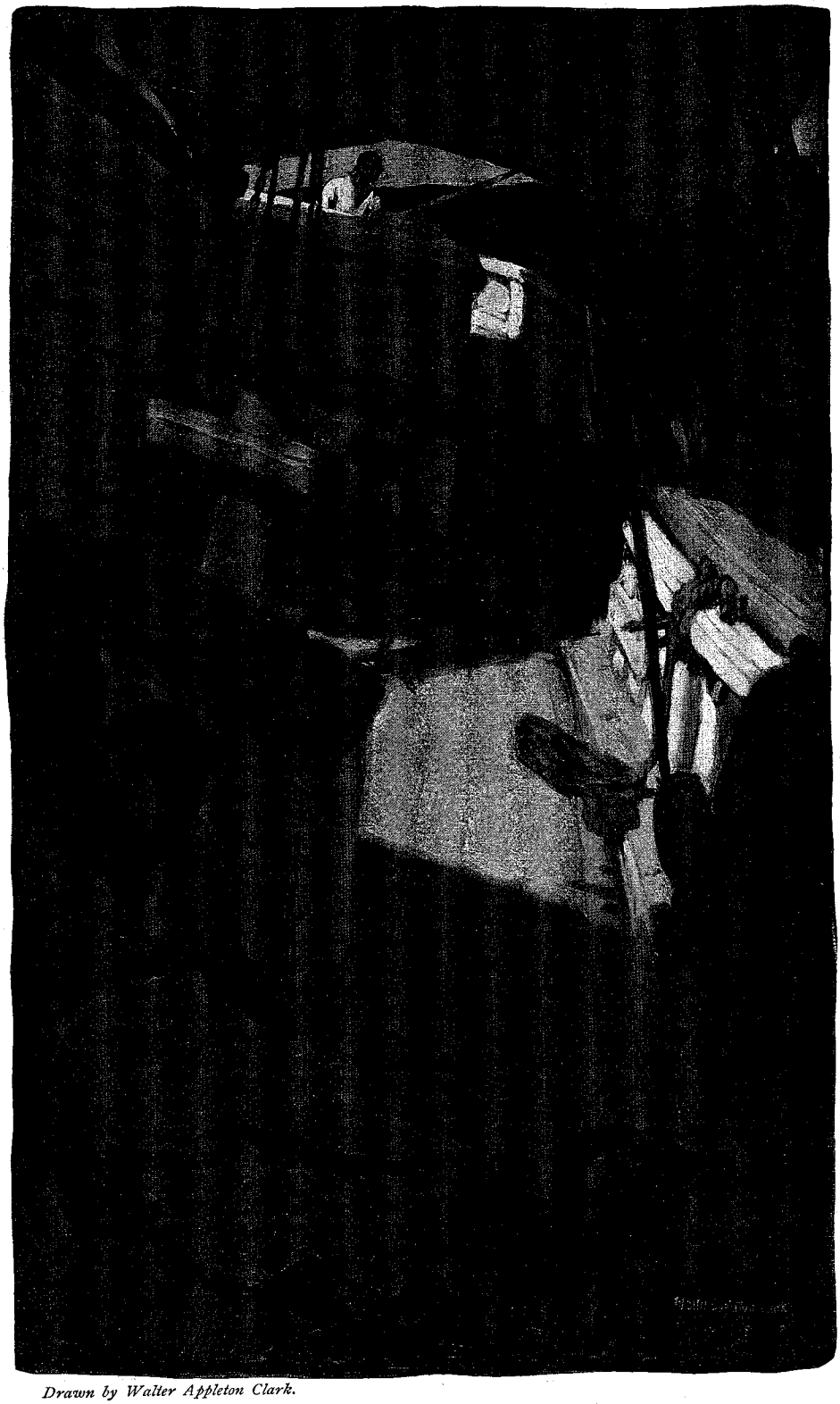

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Every soul on board but one man was blind.—Page 313.

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That every appeal to fear cultivates cruelty is shown very clearly in the history of the slave-trade. Every conceivable form of torture was adopted to repress and punish insurrections. In spite of the market value of the slaves, the leaders of insurrections were always executed. In one of the milder cases related in detail several slaves were hanged to the yard-arms. As it happened two or three of those hanged were shackled to mates who were not to be killed. The leg-irons, instead of being locked, were riveted fast. So to separate the two slaves, the ankle of the condemned was cut off above the iron before he was hoisted to the yard-arm.

The effect of the treatment received by the slaves has been told very often by means of figures, and in song and story. The slaver always considered the figures only—the per cent. of loss. A per cent. of loss was inevitable, he said, and so he loaded his ship to almost incredible limits, thinking thus to land still greater numbers, even if the crowding did raise this proportion. A time came when recuperating pens were built on the American coast for the reception of the negroes who were worn down by the Middle Passage. Diarrhœa and ophthalmia were the most common diseases generated by the foulness of the slaver hold. The diarrhœa carried off, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five per cent. when the trade was legal. The per cent. increased with the crowding, of course. Both diseases spread to the whites, and detestable as were the characters of most of the crews in the trade, one cannot help feeling pity, at least, for the men in the forecastle. The percentage of deaths there, and the suffering from the cruelty of the officers, were but little less than among the slaves.

The ophthalmia was particularly virulent in its attack on the whites. Whittier's poem, "The Slave Ship," will be recalled by the reader. It was founded on the story of the slaver Le Rodeur, that, with a crew of twenty-two men and one hundred and sixty slaves, sailed from Bonny in April, 1819. The slaves were the victims of melancholy to an unusual degree. So many jumped overboard and killed themselves that the captain resorted to tortures in the cases of those detected in trying to kill themselves. Then ophthalmia appeared and spread with such virulence that in a short time every soul on board but one man was blind. And then came one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of sea commerce. As the Rodeur was crawling along with this one man at the helm, another ship, with all sails set, was seen. That was a glad moment on the Rodeur, and she was quickly headed for the stranger, hoping to get men who could navigate the ship. Drawing near, the Rodeur's lone helmsman observed that the stranger was steering wildly, and that no one could be seen on board. But the moment the Rodeur had arrived within hailing distance men came to the stranger's rail, and in frantic tones said that every one on board had become blind, and begged for the help that the Rodeur had come to secure. The stranger was the Spanish slaver Leon. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on June 21st, when the remaining man, who had steered her into port, became blind also. The Leon was never heard of afterward.

But a more widespread physical evil was to come to the Americas with the slave-trade. "The coast fever of Africa, bad enough where it has its birth, came in these vessels," said Admiral Foote. "No fairer sky or healthier climate were there on earth than in the beautiful bay and amid the grand scenery of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. But it became the haunt of slavers, and the dead of Africa floated on the glittering waters, and were tumbled upon the sands of its harbor. The shipping found in the summer of 1849 that death had come with the slavers. Thirty or forty vessels were [soon] lying idly at their anchors because their crews had mostly perished. The pestilence swept along the coast of that empire with fearful malignity. Cuba, for the same crime, met the same retribution." The yellow fever, that has carried off hundreds of thousands of innocent victims, originated in the slave-trade.

The most remarkable story in the history of maritime insurance companies involves a British slaver the Zong, Captain Luke Collingwood. The Zong sailed from the island of St. Thomas on the African coast, on September 6, 1781, for Jamaica, with four hundred and forty slaves on board. Having made a fair passage for

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those days, Captain Collingwood found himself late in November off the south coast of Jamaica, but he had overrun his reckoning and supposed the land he saw was Hayti.

Meantime sixty slaves had died, and so many others were in a dying condition that Captain Collingwood became alarmed lest the voyage yield no profits. On casting about for some means of averting financial disaster, it occurred to him that the insurance companies were always compelled to pay for all cargo jettisoned—that is, thrown overboard in order to lighten the ship or to provide in any way for the safety of such cargo as was retained and for the safety of the ship. In short, if slaves died from disease, the loss would fall on the ship; if some were thrown overboard in order to provide for the safety of those retained, the insurers would have to pay for the jettisoned slaves.

Accordingly, Captain Collingwood brought on deck one hundred and thirty-two slaves, choosing those in the worst health, and deliberately threw them into the sea. Ten of the number, on seeing the water, got on their feet, in spite of cramp and weakness, and threw themselves overboard, but thirty resisted, struggling for life, and had to be more securely ironed before they could be disposed of.

When Captain Collingwood returned home his action was approved by the owners of the ship, but the insurance companies refused to pay for the jettisoned slaves. So suit was brought, and in the court of first resort the action of the captain was sustained and judgment was rendered against the insurers.

The truth is that by a fair interpretation of the laws of England, in 1781, the murder of the slaves was "a case of throwing over goods; for to this purpose and the purpose of insurance they are goods and property." The Solicitor-General, Mr. I. Lee, used the words quoted. The case was taken before Lord Mansfield on appeal, and he granted a new trial solely on the ground that "it is a very shocking case." Then the higher law prevailed.

On first consideration the student of slaver history is likely not only to find the stories of atrocious cruelty shocking; he is sure to ask how it was possible for a captain to use the slaves so when the profits of the trade were large enough to warrant smaller cargoes with ample supplies and decent quarters—when, in short, it was often short-sighted from a business point of view to crowd the ship so badly as to kill off from a fourth to a half of those purchased.

Ships might have been fitted and provisioned so that each slave could have had a comfortable hammock to sleep in, and a plenty of good food—a plenty of plum-duff, for that matter—without destroying the profits. In proof of this is the fact that the freight-rate, when slaves were carried for other people than the owners of the ship, was never more than one-fifth of the average profit on a slave. Thus, when slaves, in 1786, sold at £50 per head, the freight-rate was £3 5*s* 3¾*d* per head on the average for the whole year, with 10*s* added for maintenance.

Ship-owners in any other trade would have counted £1,000 a liberal price for the charter of a vessel fit to carry three hundred slaves as slaves were stowed at the end of the eighteenth century, when profits of from £20 to £26 per head were realized. With a profit of but £20 each, a hundred slaves would have paid the ship-owner twice what she could have earned in any other trade, and a hundred could have been carried in health and comfort. Slave-cargoes were, indeed, landed without the loss of one life. Captain Hugh Crow, a noted one-eyed slaver of Liverpool, was able to boast of doing this. Before him was Captain John Newton, with a similar record. Captain Newton was a very religious slaver, who eventually became a preacher and opposed the traffic. He wrote of his lucky voyage that he had had "some remarkable deliverances and answers to prayers" while it lasted, and that, "I had the pleasure to return thanks in the churches for an African voyage without the loss of a single man." He adds, "I question if it is not the only instance of the kind."

The atrocities of the trade were not necessary incidents of a profitable voyage, but greed merely worked itself out with viler aspects in that trade than in others known then or now. Aside from this, there was nothing to be said against the slave-trade that might not be said with equal truth against slave-owning.

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"WHOM THE WORLD CALLS IDLE"

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

He is brother-born to the wind. Its song in his heart implanted
Stirs and wakes when the morning breaks and the wide horizon burns:
He is brother-born to the sea, and visions of isles enchanted
Slowly rise to his dreaming eyes from the furrow his labor turns.
Child of fate, be it soon or late that his heart he learns to know,
Not his to say if he roam or stay when the summons bids him go:
Brother-born to the wind of morn, he must share its endless quest
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest!

The stretch of the open road, the challenge of heights unmounted,
The distant cry of the beasts that lie at the mouth of some latent lair,
The sweep of the pathless plain and the speeding of miles uncounted
When the rangers ride, with a star for guide, in the face of the battling air!
These are his whose fortune is, like the tireless tide's, to roam,
Brother-born to the wind of morn, with the whole wide world for home:
Child of the soil, he must turn from toil to the dim and dreamt-of west,
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest!

Song of the stately pines to the winds of northward highlands,
Song of the palms across the calms that sleep on the long lagoon,
Glamour of breathless dawns on the shores of southward islands,
And the mystical light that tells the night of the birth of the tardy moon:
These at the gate of his future fate, where the earthly questings end
And the shadows fall, he hath learned to call by the sacred name of friend,
These in the strife of his hapless life he hath learned to love the best
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest!

Then shall it be for us, who have dreamed no dream Elysian,
To cry the ban of our fellow-man who brings no grist to mill?
'Tis the verve of his viking sires that awakes the ploughboy's vision,
And the rover roil in the child of toil is the roil of the rover still!
What is it all, this thrill and thrall, that hath mapped his earthly plan,
Unless some gain we may not explain in the onward march of man?
Brother-born to the wind of morn, may his lot be not the best
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest?

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TITO

THE STORY OF THE COYOTE THAT LEARNED HOW

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

With Illustrations by the Author

VIII

THE lovely Hiawathan spring was touching all things in the fairy Badlands. Oh, why are they called Badlands? If Nature sat down deliberately on the eighth day of creation and said, "Now work is done, let's play. Let's make a place that shall combine everything that is finished and wonderful and beautiful. A paradise for man and bird and beast," it was surely then that she made these wild, fantastic hills, teeming with life, radiant with gayest flowers, varied with sylvan groves, bright with prairie sweeps and brimming lakes and streams. In foreground, offing, and distant hills that change at every step, we find some proof that Nature squandered here the riches that in other lands she used as sparingly as gold. With colorful sky above, and colorful land below, and the distance blocked by sculptured buttes that are built of precious stones and ores, and tinged as by a lasting and unspeakable sunset. And yet for all this ten times gorgeous wonderland enchanted, blind man has found no better name than one which says "*the road to it is hard.*"

The little hollow west of Chimney Butte was freshly grassed. The dangerous looking Spanish bayonets, that through the bygone winter had waged war with all things, now sent out their contribution to the peaceful triumph of the spring, in flowers that have stirred even the chilly scientists to name them "*Gloriosa;*" and the cactus, poisonous, most reptilian of herbs, surprised the world with a splendid bloom as little like itself as the pearl is like its mother shell-fish The sage and the greasewood lent their gold, and the sand anemone tinged the Badland hills like bluish snow: and in the air and earth and hills on every hand was felt the fecund promise of the spring. This was the end of the winter famine, the beginning of the summer feast, and this was the time by the All-Mother ordained when first the little coyotes should see the light of day.

A mother doesn't have to learn to love her helpless, squirming brood. They bring the love with them. Not much or little, not measurable, but perfect love. And in that dimly lighted warm abode she fondled them and licked them and cuddled them with heartful warmth of tenderness that was as much a new epoch in her life as in theirs.

But the pleasure of loving them was measured in the same measure as anxiety for their safety. In bygone days her care had been mainly for herself. All she had learned in her strange puppyhood, all she had picked up since, was bent to the main idea of self-preservation. Now she was ousted from her own affections by her brood. And her chief care was to keep their home concealed. And this was not very hard at first, for she left them only when she must, to supply her own wants.

She came and went with great care, and only after spying well the land so that none should see and find the place of her treasure. If it were possible for the little ones' idea of their mother and the cowboys' idea to be set side by side they would be found to have nothing in common, though both were right in their point of view. The ranchmen knew the coyote only as a pair of despicable, cruel jaws, borne around on tireless legs, steered by incredible cunning, and leaving behind a track of destruction. The little ones knew her as a loving, gentle, all-powerful guardian. For them her breast was soft and warm, and infinitely tender. She fed and warmed them, she was their wise and watchful keeper. She was always at hand

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with food when they hungered, with wisdom to foil the cunning of their foes, and with a heart of courage tried to crown her well-laid plans for them with absolute success.

A baby coyote is a shapeless, senseless, wriggling, and—to everyone but its mother—a most uninteresting little lump. But after its eyes are open, after it has developed its legs, after it has learned to play in the sun with its brothers, or run at the gentle call of its mother when she brings home game for it to feed on, the baby coyote becomes one of the cutest, dearest little rascals on earth. And when the nine that made up Coyotito's brood had reached this stage, it did not require the glamour of motherhood to make them objects of the greatest interest.

The summer was now on. The little ones were beginning to eat flesh meat, and Tito, with some assistance from Saddleback, was kept busy to supply both themselves and the brood. Sometimes she brought them a prairie-dog, at other times she would come home with a whole bunch of gophers and mice in her jaws. And once or twice, by the clever trick of relay chasing, she succeeded in getting one of the big northern jack-rabbits for the little folks at home.

After they had feasted they would lie around in the sun for a time. Tito would mount guard on a bank and scan the earth and air with her keen, brassy eye, lest any dangerous foe should find their happy-valley; and the merry pups played little games of tag or chased the butterflies or had apparently desperate encounters with each other, or tore and worried the bones and feathers that now lay about the threshold of the home. One, the least, for there is usually a runt, stayed near the mother and climbed at her back, or pulled at her tail. They made a lovely picture as they played, and the wrestling group in the middle seemed the focus of it all at first; but a keener, later look would have rested on the mother. Quiet, watchful, not without anxiety, but above all with a face full of motherly tenderness. Oh! she was so proud and happy, and she would sit there and watch them and silently love them till it was time to go home, or until some sign of distant danger showed. Then with a low growl she gave the signal and all disappeared from sight in a twinkling, after which she would set off to meet and turn the danger, or go on a fresh hunt for food.

IX

Wolver Jake had several plans for making a fortune, but each in turn was abandoned as soon as he found that it meant work. At one time or other most men of this kind see the chance of their lives in a poultry farm. They cherish the idea that somehow the poultry do all the work. And without troubling himself about the details, Jake devoted an unexpected windfall to the purchase of a dozen turkeys for his latest scheme. The turkeys were duly housed in one end of Jake's shanty, so as to be well guarded, and for a couple of days were the object of absorbing interest, and had the best of care—too much, really. But Jake's ardor waned about the third day; then the recurrent necessity for long celebrations at Medora and the ancient allurements of idle hours spent lying on the tops of sunny buttes and of days spent sponging on the hospitality of distant ranches swept away the last pretence of attention to his poultry farm. The turkeys were utterly neglected—left to forage for themselves; and each time that Jake returned to his uninviting shanty, after a few days' absence, he found fewer birds, till at last none but the old gobbler was left.

Jake cared little about the loss, but was filled with indignation against the thief.

He was now installed as wolver to the Broad-arrow outfit. That is he was supplied with poison, traps, and horses, and was also entitled to all he could make out of wolf bounties. A reliable man would have gotten pay in addition, for the ranchmen are generous, but Jake wasn't reliable.

Every wolver knows, of course, that his business naturally drops into several well-marked periods.

In the late winter and early spring—the love season—the hounds will not hunt a she-wolf. They will quit the trail of a he-wolf at this time to take up that of a she-wolf, but when they do overtake her, they, for some sentimental reason, invariably let

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her go in peace. In August and September the young coyotes and wolves are just beginning to run alone, and they are then easily trapped and poisoned. A month or so later the survivors have learned how to take care of themselves, but in the early summer the wolver knows that there are dens full of little ones all through the hills. Each den has from five to fifteen pups, and the only difficulty is to know the whereabouts of these family homes.

One way of finding the dens is to watch from some tall butte for a coyote carrying food to its brood. As this kind of wolving involved much lying still, it suited Jake very well So, equipped with a Broad-arrow horse and the boss's field-glasses, he put in week after week at den-hunting—that is, lying asleep in some possible lookout, with an occasional glance over the country when it seemed easier to do that than to lie still.

The coyotes had learned to avoid the open; they generally went homeward along the sheltered hollows, but this was not always possible, and one day, while exercising his arduous profession in the country west of Chimney Butte, Jake's glasses and glance fell by chance on a dark spot which moved along an open hill-side. It was gray and it looked like this: and even Jake knew that that meant coyote. If it had been a gray wolf it would have been so: with tail up. A fox would have looked so, the large ears and tail and the yellow color would have marked it; and a deer would have looked so. That dark shade from the front end meant something in his mouth — probably something being carried home—and that would mean a den of little ones.

He made careful note of the place and returned there next day to watch, selecting a high butte near where he had seen the coyote carrying the food. But all day passed, and he saw nothing. Next day, however, he descried a dark coyote—old Saddleback, carrying a large bird, and by the help of the glasses he made out that it was a turkey, and then he knew that the yard at home was quite empty and he also knew where the rest of them had gone, and vowed terrible vengeance when he should find the den. He followed Saddleback with his eyes as far as possible, and that was no great way, then went to the place to see if he could track him any farther; but he found no guiding signs, and he did not chance on the little hollow that was the playground of Tito's brood.

Meanwhile Saddleback came to the little hollow and gave the low call that always conjured from the earth the unruly procession of the nine riotous little pups, and they dashed at the turkey and pulled and worried till it was torn up, and each that got a piece ran to one side alone and silently proceeded to eat, seizing his portion in his jaws when another came near, and growling his tiny growl as he showed the brownish whites of his eyes in his effort to watch the intruder. Those that got the softer parts to feed on were well fed. But the three that did not turned all their energies on the frame of the gobbler, and over that there waged a battle royal. This way and that they tugged and tusselled, getting off occasional scraps, but really hindering each other feeding, till Tito glided in and deftly cut the turkey into three or four, when each dashed off with a prize over which he sat and cheered and smacked his lips and jammed his head down sideways to bring the backmost teeth to bear, while the baby runt scrambled into the home den, carrying in triumph his share—the Gobbler's grotesque head and neck.

X

JAKE felt that he had been grievously wronged, indeed ruined, by that coyote that stole his turkeys. He vowed he would skin them alive when he found the pups, and found pleasure in thinking about how he would do it. His attempt to follow Saddleback by trailing was a failure, and all his searching for the den was useless, but he had come prepared for any emergency. In case he found the den he had brought a pick and shovel; in case he did not he had brought a living white hen.

The hen he now took to a broad open place near where he had seen Saddleback and there he tethered her to a stick of

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wood that she could barely drag. Then he made himself comfortable on a lookout that was near and lay still to watch. The hen, of course, ran to the end of the string and then lay on the ground flopping stupidly. Presently the clog gave enough to ease the strain, she turned by mere chance in another direction, and so for a time stood up to look around.

The day went slowly by and Jake lazily stretched himself on the blanket in his spying place. Toward evening Tito came by, on a hunt; this was not surprising, for the den was only half a mile away. Tito had learned among other rules this, "Never show yourself on the skyline." In former days the coyotes used to trot along the tops of the ridges for the sake of the chance to watch both sides. But men and guns had taught Tito that in this way you are sure to be seen. She therefore made a practice of running along near the top, and once in awhile peeping over.

This was what she did that evening as she went out to hunt for the children's supper, and her keen eyes fell on the white hen, stupidly stalking about and turning up its eyes in a wise way each time a harmless turkey-buzzard came in sight against a huge white cloud.

Tito was puzzled. This was something new. It *looked* like game, but she feared to take any chances. She circled all around without showing herself, then decided that whatever it was, it was better let alone. As she passed on a faint whiff of smoke caught her attention. She followed cautiously, and under a butte far from the hen she found Jake's camp. His bed was there; his horse was picketed, and on the remains of the fire was a pot which gave out a smell, which she well knew about men camps—the smell of coffee. Tito felt uneasy at this proof that a man was staying so near her home, but she went off quietly on her hunt, keeping out of sight, and Jake knew nothing of her visit.

About sundown he took in his decoy hen, as owls were abundant, and went back to his camp.

XI

Next day the hen was again put out, and late that afternoon Saddleback came trotting by. As soon as his eye fell on the white hen he stopped short, his head on one side, and gazed. Then he circled to get the wind and went cautiously sneaking nearer—very cautiously—somewhat puzzled till he got a whiff that reminded him of the place where he had found those turkeys. The hen took alarm and tried to run away, but Saddleback made a rush, seized the hen so fiercely that the string was broken and away he dashed toward the home valley.

Jake had fallen asleep, but the squawk of the hen happened to awaken him, and he sat up in time to see her borne away in old Saddleback's jaws.

As soon as they were out of sight Jake took up the white-feather trail. At first it was easily followed, for the hen had shed plenty of plumes in her struggles, but once she was dead in Saddleback's jaws, very few feathers were dropped except where she was carried through the brush. But Jake was following quietly and certainly, for Saddleback had gone nearly in a straight line home to the little ones with the dangerous telltale prize. Once or twice there was a puzzling delay when the coyote had changed his course or gone over an open place, but one white feather was good for fifty yards, and when the daylight was gone Jake was not two hundred yards from the hollow, in which at that very moment were the nine little pups, having a perfectly delightful time with the hen pulling it to pieces, feasting and growling, sneezing the white feathers from their noses or coughing them from their throats.

If a puff of wind had now blown from them toward Jake, it might have carried a flurry of snowy plumes or even the merry cries of the little revellers, and the den would have been discovered at once. But, as luck would have it, the evening lull was on and all distant sounds were hidden by the crashing that Jake made in trying to trace his feather guides through the last thicket.

About this time Tito was returning home with a magpie that she had captured by watching till it went to feed within the ribs of a dead cow, when she ran across Jake's trail. Now a man on foot is always a suspicious character in this country. She followed the trail for a little to see where he was going, and

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that she knew at once from the scent. How it tells her no one can say, yet all hunters know that it does. And Tito marked that it was going straight toward her home. Thrilled with new fear she hid the bird she was carrying, then followed the trail of the man. Within a few minutes she could hear him in the thicket and Tito realized the terrible danger that was threatening. She went swiftly, quietly around to the den hollow, came on the heedless little roysterers, after giving the signal call, which prevented them taking alarm at her approach, but she must have had a shock when she saw how marked the hollow and the den were now, all drifted over with feathers white as snow. Then she gave the danger-call that sent them all to earth, and the little glade was still.

Her own nose was so thoroughly and always her guide that it was not likely she thought of the white feathers being the telltale. But now she realized that a man, one she knew of old as a treacherous character, one whose scent had always meant mischief to her, that had been associated with all her own troubles and the cause of nearly all her desperate danger, was close to her darlings—was tracking them down—in a few minutes would surely have them in his merciless power.

Oh! the wrench to the mother's heart at the thought of what she could foresee. But the warmth of the mother-love lent life to the mother-wit. Having sent the little ones out of sight, and by a sign conveyed to Saddleback her alarm, she swiftly came back to the man, then she crossed before him, thinking, in her half-reasoning way, that the man *must* be following a foot-scent just as she herself would do, but would of course, take the stronger line of tracks she was now laying. She did not realize that the failing daylight made any difference. Then she trotted to one side and to make doubly sure of being followed, she uttered the fiercest challenge she could, just as many a time she had done to make the dogs pursue her.

Grrr—wow—wow—wa—a—a—a—h, and stood still. Then ran a little nearer and did it again, and then again much nearer and repeated her bark. She was so determined that the wolver should follow her.

Of course the wolver could see nothing of the coyote, for the shades were falling. He had to give up the hunt anyway. His understanding of the details was as different as possible from that the mother coyote had, and yet it came to the same thing. He recognized that the coyote's bark was the voice of the distressed mother, trying to call him away. So he knew the brood must be close at hand and all he now had to do was return in the morning and complete his search. So he made his way back to his camp.

XII

SADDLEBACK thought they had won the victory. He felt secure, because the foot-scent that he might have supposed the man to be following would be stale by morning. Tito did not feel so safe. That two-legged beast was close to her home and her little ones—had barely been turned aside—might come back yet.

The wolver watered and repicketed his horse, kindled the fire anew, made his coffee and ate his evening meal, then smoked awhile before lying down to sleep, thinking occasionally of the little woolly scalps he expected to gather in the morning.

He was about to roll up in his blanket when, out of the dark distance, there sounded the evening cry of the coyote; the rolling challenge of more than one voice. Jake grinned in fiendish glee and said: "There you are—all right. Howl some more. I'll see you in the morning."

It was the ordinary, or rather *one* of the ordinary, camp-calls of the coyote; it was sounded once, and then all was still. Jake soon forgot it in his loggish slumber.

The callers were Tito and Saddleback, the challenge was not an empty bluff. It had a distinct purpose behind it—to know for sure whether the enemy had any dogs with him, and because there was no responsive bark Tito knew that he had none.

Then Tito waited for an hour or so till the flickering fire had gone dead, and the only sound of life about the camp was the cropping of the grass by the picketed

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Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Tito and Her Brood.—Page 318.

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horse. Tito crept near softly, so softly that the horse did not see her till she was within twenty feet, then he gave a start that swung the tightened picket-rope up into the air, and snorted gently. Tito went quietly forward, and opening her wide gape took the rope in, almost under her ears, between the great scissor-like back teeth, then chewed it for a few seconds. The fibres quickly frayed and, aided by the strain the nervous horse still kept up, the last of the strands gave way and the horse was free. He was not much alarmed; he knew the smell of coyote, and after jumping three steps and walking six, he stopped.

The sounding thumps of his hoofs on the ground awoke the sleeper. He looked up, but, seeing the horse standing there, he went calmly off to sleep again, supposing that all went well.

Tito had sneaked away, but she now returned like a shadow; avoided the sleeper, but came around, sniffed doubtfully at the coffee, and then puzzled over a tin can; while Saddleback examined the frying-pan full of "camp-sinkers" and then scattered both cakes and pan with dirt. The bridle hung on a low bush; the coyotes did not know what it was, but just for luck they cut it into several pieces, then, taking the sacks that held Jake's bacon and flour, they carried them far away and buried them in the sand.

Having done all the mischief she could, Tito, followed by her mate, now set off for a wooded gully some miles away, where was a hole that had been made first by a chipmunk, but enlarged by several other animals, including a fox that had tried to dig out its occupants. Tito stopped and looked at many possible places before she settled on this. Then she set to work to dig. Saddleback had followed in a half-comprehending way, till he saw what she was doing. Then when she, tired with digging, came out, he went into the hole, and after snuffing about went on with the work, throwing out the earth between his hind legs; and when it was piled up behind he would come out and push it yet farther away.

And so they worked for hours, not a word said, and yet with a sufficient comprehension of the object in view to work in relief of each other. And by the time the morning came they had a den big enough to do for their home, in case they must move, though it would not compare with the one in the grassy hollow.

XIII

It was nearly sunrise before the wolver awoke. With the true instinct of a plainsman he turned to look for the horse. *It was gone.* What his ship is to the sailor, what wings are to the bird, what money is to the merchant, the horse is to the plainsman. Without it he is helpless, lost at sea, wing broken, crippled in business. Afoot on the plains is the sum of earthly terrors. Even Jake realized this, and ere his foggy wits had fully felt the shock he sighted the steed afar on a flat, grazing and stepping ever farther from the camp. At a second glance Jake noticed that the horse was trailing the rope. If the rope had been left behind Jake would have known that it was hopeless to try to catch him; he would have finished his den hunt, and found the little coyotes, but, with the trailing rope, there was a good chance of catching the horse; so Jake set out to try.

Of all maddening things there is nothing worse than to be almost, but not quite, able to catch your horse. Do what he might Jake could not get quite near enough to seize that short rope, and the horse led him on and on until at last they were well on the homeward trail.

Now Jake was afoot anyhow, so seeing no better plan he set out to follow that horse right back to the ranch.

But when about seven miles were covered Jake succeeded in catching him. He rigged up a rough hackamore with the rope and rode barebacked in fifteen minutes over the three miles that lay between him and the sheep-ranch, giving vent all the way to his pent-up feelings in cruel abuse of that horse. Of course it didn't do any good, and he knew that, but he considered it was heaps of satisfaction.

Here Jake got a meal and borrowed a saddle, and a mongrel hound that could run a trail, and returned late in the afternoon to finish his den-hunt. Had he known it he now could have found it

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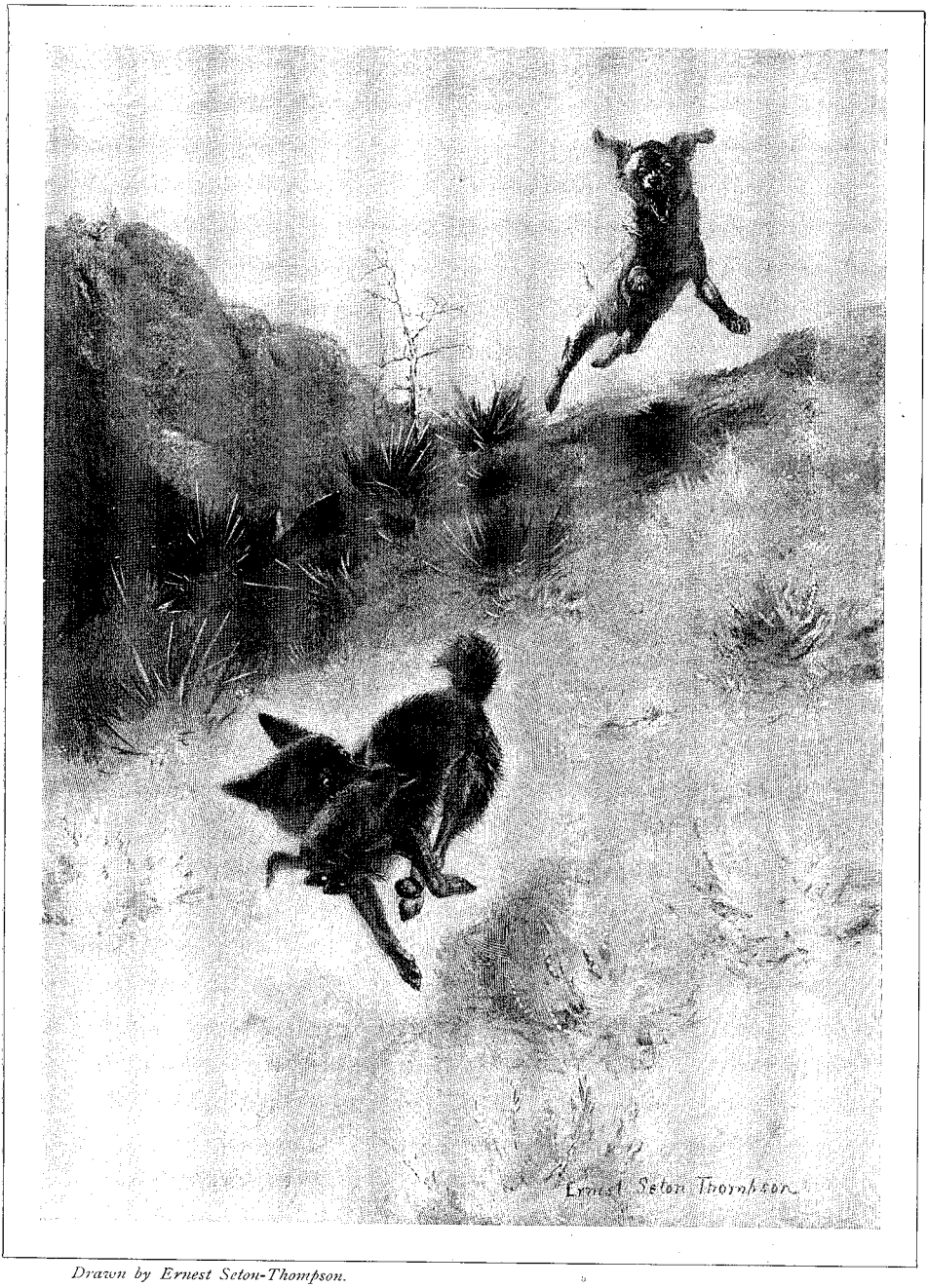

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Tito's Race for Life. --Page 324.

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without the aid of the cur, for it was really close at hand when he took up the feather-trail where last he had left it. Within one hundred yards he rose to the top of the little ridge; then just over it, almost face to face, he came on a coyote, carrying in its mouth a large rabbit. The coyote leaped just at the same moment that Jake fired his revolver, and the dog broke into a fierce yelling and dashed off in pursuit, while Jake blazed and blazed away, without effect, and wondered why the coyote should still hang on to that rabbit as she ran for her life with the dog yelling at her heels. Jake followed as far as he could and fired at each chance, but scored no hit. So when they had vanished among the buttes he left the dog to follow or come back as he pleased while he returned to the den, which of course was plain enough now. Jake knew that the pups were there yet. Had he not seen the mother bringing a rabbit for them?

So he set to work with pick and shovel all the rest of that day. There were plenty of signs that the den had inhabitants, and, duly encouraged, he dug on, and after several hours of the hardest work he had ever done, he came to the end of the den—*only to find it empty*. After cursing his luck at the first shock of disgust he put on his strong leather glove and groped about in the nest. He felt something firm and drew it out. It was the head and neck of his own turkey gobbler, and that was all he got for his pains.

XIV

TITO had not been idle during the time that the enemy was horse-hunting. Whatever Saddleback might have done, Tito would live in no fool's paradise. Having finished the new den she trotted back to the little valley of feathers, and the first young one that came to meet her at the door of this home was a broad-headed one much like herself. She seized him by the neck and set off, carrying him across country toward the new den, a couple of miles away. Every little while she had to put her offspring down to rest and give it a chance to breathe. This made the moving slow, and the labor of transporting the pups occupied all that day. For Saddleback was not allowed to carry any of them, probably because he was too rough.

Beginning with the biggest and brightest, they were carried away one at a time, and late in the afternoon only the runt was left. Tito had not only worked at digging all night; she had also trotted over thirty miles, half of it with a heavy baby to carry. But she did not rest. She was just coming out of the den carrying her youngest in her mouth, when over the very edge of this hollow appeared the mongrel hound and a little way behind him Wolver Jake.

Away went Tito holding the baby tight, and away went the dog behind her.

Bang! bang! bang! said the revolver.

But not a shot touched her. Then over the ridge they dashed where the revolver could not reach her, and sped across a flat, the tired coyote and her baby and the big fierce hound behind her bounding his hardest. Had she been fresh and unweighted she could soon have left the clumsy cur that now was barking furiously on her track, and rather gaining than losing in the race. But she put forth all her strength, careered along a slope, where she gained a little, then down across a brushy flat where the cruel bushes robbed her of all she had gained. But again into the open they came, and the wolver laboring far behind got sight of them and fired again and again with his revolver, and only stirred the dust, but still it made her dodge and lose time and it also spurred the dog. The hunter saw the coyote, his old acquaintance of the bob-tail, carrying still, as he thought, the jack-rabbit she had been bringing to her brood, and wondered at her strange persistence. "Why doesn't she drop that weight when flying for her life?" But on she went and gamely bore her load over the hills—the man cursing his luck that he had not brought his horse and the mongrel bounding in deadly earnest but thirty feet behind her. Then suddenly in front of Tito yawned a little cut-bank gully. Tired and weighted she dared not try the leap; she skirted around, but the dog was fresh; he cleared it easily, and the mother's start was cut down by half, but on she went, straining to hold the little one high above the scratching

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brush and the dangerous bayonet-spikes. But straining too much, for the helpless cub was choking in his mother's grip. She must lay him down or strangle him—with such a weight she could not much longer keep out of reach. She tried to give the howl for help, but her voice was muffled by the cub, now struggling for breath, and as she tried to ease her grip on him a sudden wrench jerked him from her mouth into the grass—into the power of the merciless hound. Tito was far smaller than the dog. Ordinarily she would have held him in fear, but her little one—her baby—was the only thought now, and as the brute sprang forward to tear it in his wicked jaws she leaped between and stood facing him with all her mane erect, her teeth exposed, and plainly showed her resolve to save her young one at any price. The dog wasn't brave, only confident that he was bigger and had the man behind him. But the man was far away, and balked in his first rush at the trembling little coyote, that tried to hide in the grass, the cur hesitated a moment and Tito howled the long howl for help—the muster call,

"*Yap Yap Yap Yah Yah Yah–h–h–h–h*
Yap Yap Yap Yah Yah Yah–h–h–h–h,"

and made the buttes around re-echo so that Jake could not tell where it came from, but someone else there was that heard and did know whence it came. The dog's courage revived on hearing something like a faraway shout. Again he sprang at the little one, but again the mother balked him with her own body, and then they closed in deadly struggle. "Oh! if Saddleback would only come," but no one came and now she had no further chance to call. Weight is everything in a closing fight, and Tito soon went down, bravely fighting to the last, but clearly worsted, and the hound's courage grew with the sight of victory, and all he thought of now was to finish her and then kill her helpless baby in its turn. He had no ears or eyes for any other thing, till out of the nearest sage there flashed a streak of gray, and in a trice the big-voiced coward was hurled back by a foe almost as heavy as himself. Hurled back, with a crippled shoulder—dash—chop—and stanch old Saddleback sprang on him again. Tito struggled to her feet, and they closed on him together. His courage fled at once when he saw the odds, and all he wanted now was safe escape—escape from Saddleback whose speed is like the wind—escape from Tito whose baby's life was at stake. Not twenty jumps away did he get—not breath enough had he to howl for help to his master in the distant hills—not fifteen yards away from her little one that he meant to tear, they tore him all to bits.

And Tito lifted the rescued young one, and travelling as slowly as they wished they reached the new-made den. There the family safely reunited far away from danger of further attack by Wolver Jake or his kind.

And there they lived in peace till their mother had finished their training, and everyone of them grew up wise in the ancient learning of the plains—wise in the later wisdom that the ranchers' war has forced upon them, and not only they but their children's children, too. The buffalo herds have gone; they have succumbed to the rifles of the hunters. The antelope droves are nearly gone; hound and lead were too much for them. The blacktail bands have dwindled before axe and fence. The ancient dwellers of the Badlands have faded like snow, under the new conditions, but the coyotes are no more in fear of extinction. Their morning and evening song still sounds from the level buttes, as it did long years ago when every plain was a teeming land of game. They have learned the deadly secrets of traps and poisons. They know how to baffle the gunner and hound, they have matched their wits with the hunter's wits. They have learned how to prosper in a land of man-made plenty, in spite of the worst that man can do, and it was Tito that taught them how.

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THE CHICKAMAUGA CRISIS

By Jacob D. Cox

IT is very evident that at the close of September, 1863, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton had become satisfied that a radical change must be made in the organization of the Western armies. The plan of sending separate armies to co-operate, as Rosecrans's and Burnside's had been expected to do, was in itself vicious. It is, after a fashion, an attempt of two to ride a horse without one of them riding behind. Each will form a plan for his own army, as indeed he ought to do, and when one of them thinks the time has come for help from the other, that other may be out of reach or committed to operations which cannot readily be dropped. It is almost axiomatic that in any one theatre of operations there must be one head to direct. In the present case it ought to have been evident to the authorities at Washington that as soon as Burnside occupied East Tennessee, both distance and the peculiar conditions of his problem would forbid any efficient co-operation with Rosecrans. The latter was the junior in rank and knew that, whatever might be Burnside's generosity, there were many possible contingencies in such a campaign in which the War Department might find it the easy solution of a difficulty to direct the senior officer to assume the command of both armies. So long as matters went well, Rosecrans had little or no communication with Burnside ; but as soon as the enemy began to show a bold front, he became impatient for assistance. The perplexities of his own situation made him blind to those of Burnside. This is human nature, and was, no doubt, true of both in varying degrees. Halleck, at Washington, was in no true sense a commander of the armies. He had given peremptory orders to advance in June, and again in July, but when asked whether this relieved the subordinate of responsibility and took away his discretion, could make no distinct answer. The unpleasant relations thus created necessarily affected the whole campaign. Halleck hesitated to advise a halt when he learned that Longstreet had gone to reinforce Bragg, and Rosecrans dreaded the blame of halting without such suggestion. So the battle had to be fought and the ill consequences had to be repaired afterward as best they could.

The official correspondence of the summer shows a constantly growing faith in Grant. His great success at Vicksburg gave him fame and prestige, but there was besides this a specific effect produced on the President and the War Department by his unceasing activity, his unflagging zeal, his undismayed courage. He was as little inclined to stop as they at Washington were inclined to have him. He was as ready to move as they were to ask it, and anticipated their wish. He took what was given him and did the best he could with it. The result was that the tone adopted toward him was very different from that used with any other commander. It was confidently assumed that he was doing all that was possible, and there was no disposition to worry him with suggestions or orders.

When the operations in the Mississippi Valley were reduced to secondary importance by the surrender of Vicksburg, it was certain that Grant would be called to conduct one of the great armies which must still make war upon the rebellion. In a visit to New Orleans to consult with Banks, he had been lamed by a fractious horse and was disabled for some days. As soon as he was able to ride in an ambulance he was on duty, and was assured by General Halleck that plenty of work would be cut out for him as soon as he was fully recovered. At the beginning of October he was ordered to take steamboat and go to Cairo, where he would find special instructions. This despatch reached him on the 9th, and the same day he sailed for Cairo, arriving there on the 16th, when he learned that an officer of the War Department would

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meet him at Louisville. Hastening to Louisville by rail, he met Mr. Stanton himself on the way, who had travelled *incognito* from Washington. The Secretary of War produced the formal orders which had been drawn at the War Department creating the Division of the Mississippi, which included Rosecrans's, Burnside's, and Grant's departments, and put the latter in supreme command of all. The order was drawn in two forms, one relieving Rosecrans and putting Thomas in command of the Department of the Cumberland, and the other omitting this. After consultation with Mr. Stanton the order relieving Rosecrans was issued and Grant published his own assumption of command. His staff had accompanied him, on a hint contained in an earlier despatch, and after a day spent with the Secretary of War (October 18–19) he immediately proceeded to Chattanooga. He was hardly able to mount a horse, and when on foot had to get about on crutches.

It has been commonly assumed that the choice whether he would remove Rosecrans was submitted to Grant as a personal question affecting his relations with his subordinates, and that he decided it on the ground of his dislike of Rosecrans. The records of the official correspondence seem to me to show the fact rather to be that Rosecrans's removal was thought best by the Secretary, the doubt being whether Grant would prefer to retain him instead of meeting the embarrassments incident to so important a change in the organization of the beleaguered army. Grant was always disposed to work with the tools he had, and through his whole military career showed himself averse to meddling much with the organization of his army. He had strong likes and dislikes, but was very reticent of his expression of them. He would quietly take advantage of vacancies or of circumstances to put men where he wanted them, but very rarely made a sweeping reorganization. If anyone crossed him or became antagonistic without open insubordination, he would bear with it till an opportunity came to get rid of the offender. He hated verbal quarrelling, never used violent language, but formed his judgments and bided his time for acting on them. This sometimes looked like a lack of frankness, and there were times when a warm but honest altercation would have cleared the air and removed misunderstandings. It was really due to a sort of shyness which was curiously blended with remarkable faith in himself. From behind his wall of taciturnity he was on the alert to see what was within sight, and to form opinions of men and things that rooted fast and became part of his mental constitution. He sometimes unbent and would talk with apparent freedom and ease; but, so far as I observed, it was in the way of narrative or anecdote, and almost never in the form of discussion or comparison of views. It used to be said that during the Vicksburg campaign he liked to have Sherman and McPherson meet at his tent, and would manage to set them to discussing the military situation. Sherman would be brilliant and trenchant; McPherson would be politely critical and intellectual; Rawlins would break in occasionally with some blunt and vigorous opinion of his own; Grant sat impassable and dumb in his camp-chair, smoking; but the lively discussion stimulated his strong common sense and gave him more assured confidence in the judgments and conclusions he reached. He sometimes enjoyed, with a spice of real humor, the mistaken assumption of fluent men that reticent ones lack brains. I will venture to illustrate it by an anecdote of a date subsequent to the war. One day during his presidency he came into the room where his Cabinet was assembling, quietly laughing to himself. "I have just read," said he, "one of the best anecdotes I have ever met. It was that John Adams, after he had been President, was one day taking a party out to dinner, at his home in Quincy, when one of his guests noticed a portrait over the door and said, 'You have a fine portrait of Washington there, Mr. Adams.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and that old wooden head made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut,'" and Grant laughed again with uncommon enjoyment. The apocryphal story gained a permanent interest in Grant's mouth, for though he showed no consciousness that it could have any application to himself, he evidently thought that keeping the mouth shut was not enough in itself to insure fortune, and at

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any rate was not displeased at finding such a ground of sympathy with the Father of his country. Grant's telling the story seemed to me, under the circumstances, infinitely more amusing than the original.

During the month which followed the battle of Chickamauga, Rosecrans had elaborated his report of the campaign. On October 15th he ordered General Garfield to proceed to Washington with it and to explain personally to the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief the details of the actual condition of the army, its lines of communication, the scarcity of supplies, and especially of forage for horses and mules, with all other matters which would assist the War Department in fully appreciating the situation. Garfield's term as member of Congress began with the 4th of March preceding, but the active session would not commence until the first Monday of December. There was some doubt as to the status of army officers who were elected to Congress. General Frank P. Blair had been elected, as well as Garfield, and it was in Blair's case that the issue was made by those who objected to the legality of what they called a duplication of offices. Later in the session of Congress it was settled that the two commissions were incompatible, and that one must choose between them. Blair resigned his seat in Washington and returned to Sherman's army. Garfield, who had found camp life a cause of oft-recurring and severe disease of his digestive system, resigned his army commission and retained his place in Congress. When he left Rosecrans, however, he was still hopeful that the two duties might be found consistent, and looked forward to further military employment.

On his way to Nashville, Garfield made a careful inspection of the road to Jasper and Bridgeport, and reported it with recommendations for the improvement of the transportation service. He arrived at Nashville on October 19th and was met by the rumor that the Secretary of War and General Grant were at Louisville, and that Grant would come down the road by special train next day. He telegraphed the news to Rosecrans with the significant question, What does it mean? Rosecrans knew what it meant, for Grant's order assuming command and relieving him had been earlier telegraphed to him, and he had already penned his dignified and appropriate farewell order to the Army of the Cumberland.

Mr. Stanton awaited Garfield's coming at Louisville, and there was a full and frank interview between them. The order relieving Rosecrans ended Garfield's official connection with him, and, even if it had not been so, it would have been his duty to make no concealments in answering the earnest and eager cross-questioning of the Secretary. Mr. Stanton had not only had dispatches full of information from General Meigs, who now also met him at Louisville, but his assistant, Mr. Charles A. Dana, had gone early to Chattanooga, had been present at the battle of Chickamauga, and had there some perilous experiences of his own. Dana was still with Rosecrans and had sent to the Secretary a series of cipher dispatches giving a vivid interior view of affairs and of men. The talented journalist had known how to give his communications the most lively effect, and they had great weight with the Secretary. They were not always quite just, for they were written at speed, under the spell of first impressions, and necessarily under the influence of army acquaintances in whom he had confidence. There is, however, no evidence that he was predisposed to judge harshly of Rosecrans, and the unfavorable conclusions he reached were echoed in Mr. Stanton's words and acts.* The Secretary of War was consequently prepared to show such knowledge of the battle of Chickamauga and the events which followed it, that it would be impossible for Garfield to avoid mention of incidents which bore unfavorably upon Rosecrans. He might have been silent if Mr. Stanton had not known so well how to question him, but when he found how full the information of the Secretary was, his duty as a military subordinate coincided with his duty as a responsible member of Congress, and he discussed without reserve the battle and its results. Mr. Stanton also questioned General Steedman, who was on his way home, and wrote to his assistant

* Since this was written Mr. Dana has published his Recollections, based on his dispatches, but the omissions make it still important to read the originals.

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in Washington, for the information of the President, that his interviews with these officers more than confirmed the worst that had reached him from other sources as to the conduct of Rosecrans, and the strongest things he had heard of the credit due to Thomas.

Garfield came from Louisville to Cincinnati, where I was on duty at head-quarters of my district, and found me, as may easily be believed, full of intensest interest in the campaign. I had been kept informed of all that directly affected Burnside, my immediate chief, but my old acquaintance with Rosecrans and sincere personal regard for him made me desire much more complete information touching his campaign than was given the public. Garfield's own relations to it were hardly less interesting to me, and our intimacy was such that our thoughts, at that time, were common property. He spent a day with me and we talked far into the night, going over the chief points of the campaign and his interview with Mr. Stanton. His friendship for Rosecrans amounted to warm affection and very strong personal liking, yet I found he had reached the same judgment of his mental qualities and his capacity as a commander which I had formed at an earlier day. Rosecrans's perceptions were acute and often intuitively clear and able. His fertility was great. He lacked poise, however, and the steadiness of will necessary to handle great affairs successfully. Then there was the fatal defect of the liability to be swept away by excitement and to lose all efficient control of himself and of others in the very crisis when complete self-possession is the essential quality of a great general.

We sat alone in my room, face to face, at midnight as Garfield described to me the scene on the 20th of September on the battle-field, when, through the gap in the line made by the withdrawal of Wood's division, the Confederates poured. He pictured the astonishment of all who witnessed it, the doubt as to the evidence of their own senses, the effort of Sheridan farther to the right to change front and strike the enemy in flank, the hesitation of the men, the wavering, and then the breaking of the right wing into a panic-stricken rout, each man running for life to the Dry Valley road, thinking only how he might reach Chattanooga before the enemy should overtake him; officers and men swept along in that most hopeless of mobs, a disorganized army. He described the effort of Rosecrans and the staff to rally the fugitives and to bring a battery into action under a shower of flying bullets and crashing shells. It failed, for men were as deaf to reason in their mad panic as would be a drove of stampeded cattle. What was needed was a fresh and well-organized division to cover the rout, to hold back the enemy, and to give time for rallying the fugitives. But no such division was at hand, and the rush to the rear could not be stayed. The enemy was already between the head-quarters group and Brannan's division, which Wood had joined, and these, throwing back the right flank, were presenting a new front toward the west, where Longstreet, preventing his men from pursuing too far, turned his energies to the effort to break the curved line of which Thomas at the Snodgrass house was the centre.

The staff and orderlies gathered about Rosecrans and tried to make their way out of the press. With the conviction that nothing more could be done, mental and physical weakness seemed to overcome the General. He rode silently along, abstracted, as if he neither saw nor heard. Garfield went to him and suggested that he be allowed to try to make his way by Rossville to Thomas, the sound of whose battle seemed to indicate that he was not yet broken. Rosecrans assented listlessly and mechanically. As Garfield told it to me he leaned forward, bringing his excited face close to mine, and his hand came heavily down upon my knee as, in whispered tones, he described the collapse of nerve and of will that had befallen his chief. The words burned themselves into my memory.

Garfield called for volunteers to accompany him, but only a single orderly with his personal aide-de-camp followed him, and he made his way to the right, passed through the gap at Rossville, saw Granger, who was preparing to move Steedman's division to the front, and rode on to join Thomas, running the gantlet of the enemy's fire as he passed near them on the Kelley farm. He never tired of telling of

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the calm and quiet heroism of Thomas, holding his position on the horseshoe ridge till night put an end to the fighting, and then retiring in perfect order to the Rossville gap, to which he was ordered. This part of the story has been made familiar to all.

An eye-witness has told how, when Rosecrans reached Chattanooga, he had to be helped from his horse. His nerves were exhausted by the strain he had undergone, and only gradually recovered from the shock. His first dispatch to Washington was the announcement that his army had met with a serious disaster, the extent of which he could not himself tell. The most alarming feature of the news was that he was himself a dozen miles from the battle-field and had evidently lost all control of events. The truth turned out to be that two divisions would include all the troops that were broken, viz., Sheridan's, two brigades of Davis's, and one of Van Cleve's, while seven other divisions stood firm and Thomas assumed command of them. As these retired in order, and as the enemy had suffered more in killed and wounded than our army, Bragg was entitled to claim a victory only because the field was left in his hands with large numbers of wounded and numerous trophies of cannon. It was then claimed by some of our best officers (and it is still an open question) that, if Rosecrans had been with Thomas, and, calling to him Granger's troops, had resumed the offensive, the chances were in our favor, and Bragg might have been the one to retreat.

Unfortunately there was no doubt that the General was defeated, whether his army was or not. The most cursory study of the map showed that the only practicable road by which the army could be supplied was along the river from Bridgeport. Lookout Mountain commanded this, and not to hold Lookout was practically to announce a purpose to retreat into middle Tennessee. Dana informed the Secretary of War that Garfield and Granger had urged Rosecrans to hold the mountain, but that he would not listen to it.

The problem which the President and Secretary of War pondered most anxiously was the capacity and fitness of Rosecrans to conduct the new campaign. Would he rise energetically to the height of the great task, or would he sink into the paralysis of will which so long followed the battle of Stone's River? Dana's dispatches were studied for the light they threw on this question, more than for all the other interesting details they contained. For the first three or four days they teemed with impressions of the battle itself and the cause of the disaster to the right wing. Then came the assurance that Chattanooga was safe and could withstand a regular siege. Next, in logical order as in time, was the attempt to look into the future and to estimate the commander by the way he grappled with the difficulties of the situation. On the 27th of September Dana discussed at some length the army feeling toward the corps and division commanders who had been involved in the rout, and the embarrassment of Rosecrans in dealing with the subject. "The defects of his character," he wrote, "complicate the difficulty. He abounds in friendliness, approbativeness, and is greatly lacking in firmness and steadiness of will. He is a temporizing man, and dreads so heavy an alternative as is now presented." On the 12th of October he returned to the subject of Rosecrans's characteristics, mentioning his refusal to listen to the urgent reasons why he should hold Lookout Mountain to protect his supply line. "Rosecrans," he said, "who is sometimes as obstinate and inaccessible to reason as at others he is irresolute, vacillating, and inconclusive, rejected all their arguments, and the mountain was given up." Picturing the starvation of the horses and mules and the danger of it for the soldiers, he added: "In the midst of this the commanding General devotes that part of the time which is not employed in pleasant gossip to the composition of a long report to prove that the Government is to blame for his failure. It is my duty to declare that, while few persons exhibit more estimable social qualities, I have never seen a public man, possessing talent, with less administrative power, less clearness and steadiness in difficulty, and greater practical incapacity than General Rosecrans. He has inventive fertility and knowledge, but he has no strength of will and no concentration of purpose. His mind scatters. There is no system in the

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use of his busy days and restless nights, no courage against individuals in his composition, and, with great love of command, he is a feeble commander."

It needs no proof that such a report would have great influence at Washington, and if it at all harmonized with the drift of impressions caused by the inaction and the wrangling of the summer, it would be decisive. It was with it in his pocket that Mr. Stanton had cross-questioned Garfield, and drew out answers which, as he said, corroborated it. The same correspondence had set forth the universal faith in Thomas's imperturbable steadiness and courage, and the abiding trust in him which had possessed the whole army. The natural and the almost necessary outcome of it all was that Thomas should be placed in command of the Department and Army of the Cumberland, and Grant in supreme control of the active operations in the whole valley of the Mississippi. As to Rosecrans's removal, Grant did not bring it about; he only acquiesced in it—willingly, no doubt, but without initiative or suggestion on his part.*

It may be well to say here a word upon the subsequent relations of Garfield and Rosecrans. In the next winter a joint resolution was offered in Congress thanking General Thomas and the officers and men under his command for their conduct in the battle of Chickamauga. The established etiquette in such matters is to name the general commanding the army, whose services are recognized, and not his subordinates; these are included in the phrase "officers and men under his command." To omit Rosecrans's name and to substitute Thomas's was equivalent to a public condemnation of the former. Garfield had been promoted to be major-general for his conduct in the battle, and it was popularly understood that this meant his special act in volunteering to make his way to Thomas after Rosecrans and the staff were swept along the Dry Valley road in the rout. The promotion was recognized as a censure, by implication, on his chief. As Garfield was now Chairman of the Committee of the House of Representatives on Military Affairs, he was placed in a peculiarly embarrassing position. His sincere liking for Rosecrans made him wish to spare him the humiliation involved in the passage of such a resolution, and his generosity was the more stimulated by the knowledge that his own promotion had been used to emphasize the shortcoming of his friend. He could not argue that on the battle-field itself there had been no faults committed, but he was very earnest in insisting that the general strategy of the campaign had been admirable, and the result in securing Chattanooga as a fortified base for future operations had been glorious. He therefore moved to amend the resolution by inserting Rosecrans's name and modifying the rest so as to make it apply to the campaign and its results. He supported this in an eloquent speech which dwelt upon the admirable parts of Rosecrans's generalship and skilfully avoided the question of personal conduct on the field. He carried the House with him, but a joint resolution must pass the Senate also, and it never came to a vote in that body.

When, in 1880, Garfield was elected President, and in the midst of a heated campaign had to run the gantlet of personal attacks infinitely worse than the picket fire under which he had galloped across the Kelley farm, a letter was produced which he had written to Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in June, 1863, when he was urging Rosecrans to terminate the inglorious delays at Murfreesboro by marching on Tullahoma. In his letter to Mr. Chase he had expressed in warmest terms his personal affection for Rosecrans, but had also condemned the summer's delays as unnecessary and contrary to military principles. In the violence of partisan discussion the letter was seized upon as evidence of a breach of faith toward his chief, who was now acting with the political party opposed to Garfield's election. The letter was a personal one, written in private friendship to Mr. Chase, with whom Garfield had kept up an occasional correspondence since the beginning of the war. I had done the like, for Mr. Chase had admitted us both to his intimacy when he was Governor of Ohio. It cannot for a moment be maintained that military subordination is inconsistent with temperate and respectful criticism

* "Grant's Personal Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 18.

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(for such this was) of a superior, in private communications to a friend. But it was argued that the relation of chief of staff involved another kind of confidence. It unquestionably involved the duty of observing and maintaining perfectly every confidence actually reposed in him. But the public acts of the chief were anything but confidential. They were in the face of all the world, and these only were the subject of his private and friendly criticism. That criticism he had, moreover, expressed to Rosecrans himself as distinctly as he wrote it to Mr. Chase, and had declared it publicly in the written consultation or council of war to which the corps and division commanders were called.

But Garfield was also at that time a member of Congress, having duties to the President, the Cabinet, and his colleagues and fellow-members growing out of that relation. Rosecrans not only knew this, but was supposed by many to have invited Garfield to take the staff appointment partly by reason of it. Under all the circumstances, therefore, the ground of complaint becomes shadowy and disappears. Rosecrans, however, was made to think he had suffered a wrong. He forgot the generosity with which Garfield had saved him from humiliation in the session of 1863–64, and said bitter things which put an end to the friendly relations which had till then been maintained.

To return to Chattanooga in October, 1863; one thing remained to be done before a new campaign could begin. A better mode of supplying the army must be found. Thomas had answered Grant's injunction to hold Chattanooga at all hazards by saying: "I will hold the town till we starve." The memorable words have been interpreted as a dauntless assurance of stubborn defence; but they more truly meant that the actual peril was not from the enemy, but from hunger. Rosecrans had begun to feel the necessity of opening a new route to Bridgeport before he was relieved, and on the very day he laid down the command he had directed Brigadier-General W. F. Smith (sent to him since the battle, to be chief engineer of his army) to examine the river-banks in the vicinity of Williams Island, six or seven miles below the town, by the river, and to report upon the feasibility of laying a pontoon bridge there which could be protected. The expectation had been that Hooker would concentrate his two corps at Bridgeport, make his own crossing of the Tennessee, and push forward to the hills commanding Lookout Valley.

Hooker had shown no eagerness to take the laboring oar in this business, and excused his delay in concentrating at Bridgeport by the lack of wagons. General Smith's reconnoissance satisfied him that Brown's ferry, a little above the island, would admirably serve the purpose. A roadway to the river on each side already existed. On the south side were a gorge and a brook, which sheltered the landing there, and would cover and hide troops moving toward the top of the ridge commanding Lookout Valley. Smith reported his discovery to Thomas and suggested that pontoons be built in Chattanooga and used to convey a force by night to the ferry, where they might be met by Hooker coming from below. Thomas approved the plan, and as soon as Grant arrived he inspected the ground in company with Thomas and Smith, and ordered it to be executed. The boats were completed by the end of a week, and on the night of the 26th of October the expedition started under the command of General Smith in person. Brigadier-Generals Hazen and Turchin and Colonel T. R. Stanley of the Eighteenth Ohio* were assigned to command the three detachments of troops and boats assigned to the duty, and reported to Smith. Covered by the darkness and in absolute silence they were to float down the stream which flowed around Mocassin Point in a great curve under the base of Lookout, on which batteries commanded long reaches of the river both above and below. Reaching the ferry on the enemy's side they would land and carry the picket posts with a rush, Hazen to move to the left and seize the ridge facing the mountain, and Turchin to do the like toward the right, facing down stream. Colonel Stanley's detachment had charge of the boats, which were fitted with rowlocks and oars, and these were to do the ferrying when the proper place was reached. Each boat

*Colonel Stanley had been one of my associates in the Ohio Senate in the winter of 1860–61. On the origin and development of the plan and its complete execution, see reports of General Smith and others, Official Records xxxi, pt. 1., pp. 77–137.

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contained a corporal and four men as a crew, and twenty-five armed soldiers. They were fifty in number, besides two flat-boats to be used as a ferry to cross the artillery. The whole force consisted of five thousand men and three batteries of artillery. The boats carried about a third of the whole, and the principal columns marched by the road on the north bank to the place assigned and were concealed in the forest. The plan worked beautifully. Starting at three o'clock in the morning of the 27th, the darkness of the night and a slight fog hid the boats from the Confederate pickets. The oars were used only to keep the boats in proper position in the current, and great care was taken to move silently. • Colonel Stanley took the lead with General Hazen in one of the flat-boats, having a good guide. The landing on the south bank was found, and the troops drove off the enemy's picket, which was taken completely by surprise. The boats were swiftly pulled to the north bank, where the troops which marched by the road were already in position. The ferrying was hurried with a will, and before the Confederates had time to bring any considerable force to oppose, strong positions were taken covering the ferry; these were covered by an abatis of slashed forest trees and entrenched. The surprise had been complete, and the success had been perfect.

Hooker crossed the river on the bridge at Bridgeport, and on the morning of the 28th marched, by way of Running Waters and Whitesides, to Wauhatchie. The enemy made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to dislodge him; his position was made strongly defensible, Bragg did not again venture to disturb it, and the easy lines of supply for Chattanooga were opened. The subsistence problem was solved.

One of the first questions which General Grant had to decide was that of the continuance of the three separate departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. It was very undesirable to concentrate the ordinary administrative work of these departments at his own head-quarters. It would overburden him with business routine which need not go beyond a department commander. He needed to be free to give his strength to the conduct of military affairs in the field. It was also convenient to have the active army under a triple division of principal parts. All these reasons led him to a prompt determination to preserve the department organizations if the War Department would consent. The very day of his arrival at Chattanooga (October 23d) he recommended Sherman for the Department of the Tennessee, and the continuance of the others. His wish was approved at Washington, and acted upon, so, from this time to the end of the war, the organization in the West remained what he now made it.

Before reaching Chattanooga, Grant had telegraphed to Burnside, and had received from him a detailed statement of the numbers and positions of his troops. Burnside also laid before him the dearth of supplies and short stock of ammunition, with the great need of clothing. The problem of supplies for him was as difficult as for the Cumberland army, and was not so soon solved. It grew more serious still when the siege of Knoxville interrupted for a month all communication with a base in Kentucky, in middle Tennessee, or at Chattanooga.

In reply to an inquiry from General Grant, Burnside, on the 22d, gave his opinion as to the relative importance of positions in East Tennessee, pointing out that unless communication with Kentucky were to be wholly abandoned, the valley must be held nearly or quite to the Virginia line; Knoxville would be the central position, and Loudon would be the intermediate one between him and Chattanooga. In a dispatch to the President, of the same date, Burnside said that his command had been on half rations of everything but fresh beef ever since his arrival in the valley. He also explained that he was improving the wagon-road along the line of projected railway down the south fork of the Cumberland, so that sections of it could be laid with rails and the wagoning gradually shortened. He had been able to make an arrangement with the railroad company in Kentucky to assume the cost of the extension of the line from the northward, and by using his military power to call out negro

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laborers, and to provide the engineering supervision, was making considerable progress without any money appropriations from Congress for this specific purpose. The Quartermaster's department had taken issue with the General as to his authority to do this, but the President and Secretary of War sanctioned his acts, and would not allow him to be interfered with. The work stopped when he was relieved of command; but so long as he was in power, his clear apprehension of the vital necessity of a railway line to feed and clothe his army kept him persistent and indomitable in his purpose. The withdrawal of the enemy southward from Chattanooga, and the conversion of that place into a great military depot in the spring, superseded Burnside's plan, but he had been right in concluding that East Tennessee could not be held if the troops depended upon supply by wagon trains.

Grant had hardly reached Chattanooga when Halleck informed him that it was pretty certain that Ewell's corps of twenty or twenty-five thousand men had gone from Lee's army toward East Tennessee by way of southwestern Virginia. There thus seemed to be strong confirmation of rumors which Burnside had before reported. Before the end of the month there were also signs of a concentration south of Loudon, and the question became a pressing one, what line of action should be prescribed for Burnside if the Confederates should thus attack him from both ends of the valley. He did not credit the rumor as to Ewell's corps, but began to think that a large detachment from Bragg's army would attack him from the south. It is curious to find the report rife that Longstreet would march against Burnside, even before Bragg had issued orders to that effect. Burnside himself proposed to take up the pontoon bridge at Loudon and move it to Knoxville, for both the Holston and the little Tennessee were now unfordable, and would protect his flank against small expeditions of the enemy. His plan was to hold all the country he could, and to concentrate at Knoxville and stand a siege whenever the enemy should prove too strong for him in the open field. Grant was not yet persuaded that this was best, and wanted the line of the Hiawassee held for the present, so that Burnside should draw nearer to Thomas rather than increase the distance before the Cumberland army should be prepared for active work in the field.

Bragg's order to Longstreet to march against Burnside was issued on November 4th. Railway transportation was provided for the first stages of the movement, but it was not efficiently used. Longstreet had no confidence in the result of the expedition, as his correspondence with Bragg very plainly shows. Stevenson's division of Hardee's corps was at Sweetwater, the end of the railway at that time, and about a day's march from the crossing of the Holston at Loudon. Ten days had been wasted in getting Longstreet's corps to Sweetwater, and Bragg and he each charged the other with the responsibility for it. Longstreet asserted that he had been given no control over the railway, and Bragg insisted that the control was ample. Then the former had urged that Stevenson's division should be attached to his command, saying this was his understanding at the start. Bragg replied that he never had any such intention, and that Stevenson could not be spared. Longstreet retorted that with his present force it would be unreasonable to expect great results.

Meanwhile Sherman was hastening to Chattanooga, and the chances for making the diversion against Burnside profitable to the Confederate cause were rapidly diminishing. They soon vanished entirely, and Grant's great opportunity came instead. Longstreet's corps consisted of nine brigades of infantry in two strong divisions under Major-General McLaws and Brigadier-General Jenkins, two battalions of artillery, aggregating nine batteries, and a cavalry corps of three divisions and three batteries of artillery under Major-General Wheeler. Besides these troops a force was collected in the upper Holston valley to operate from the northeast in conjunction with Longstreet and under his command. At its head was Major-General Ransom, and it consisted of three brigades of infantry and three of cavalry, with six batteries of artillery. The column with Longstreet numbered 14,000 infantry and artillery, and about 6,000 cavalry. It was strengthened when

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before Knoxville by Buckner's division, about 3,300 strong. Ransom's forces numbered 7,500. On November 22d, Bragg wrote to Longstreet that nearly 11,000 reinforcements were moving to his assistance, but of what these were made up (except Buckner's division) does not clearly appear.

The information Halleck collected at Washington indicated that Longstreet's column was a strong one, possibly numbering 40,000, but he urged that Burnside should not retreat. The national forces in East Tennessee consisted, first, of the troops under General Willcox at Cumberland Gap and the vicinity, 4,400; the Ninth Corps, Brigadier-General Potter commanding, 6,350; part of the Twenty-third Corps, 7,800, with two bodies of cavalry numbering 7,400. Willcox's troops and part of the cavalry were ordered to hold in check the Confederates under Ransom; one brigade of cavalry under Colonel Byrd was posted at Kingston to keep up communication with Chattanooga, and the rest was available to meet Longstreet, either in the field or behind entrenchments at Knoxville, as Grant should direct.

Longstreet's army was considerably overrated in the information received from Washington, but not unnaturally. It was assumed that he had with him all three divisions of his corps, and it was not known that Walker's division was detached. It had also been known that Stevenson's division was at Sweetwater two or three weeks before Longstreet assembled his forces there, and it seemed certain that it was the advance-guard of his whole command. Indeed, Longstreet himself supposed so, and complained because it was not allowed to remain with him. Concluding, therefore, that Burnside could not safely meet Longstreet in the field, Grant proposed that he should hold the Confederates in check, retreating slowly. He believed that in a week from the time Longstreet showed himself at the Holston river he could assume the aggressive against Bragg so vigorously as to bring Longstreet back at speed and relieve Burnside of the pressure. Bragg also expected this, and had ordered that the railway connection should be maintained as far as possible, looking for a crushing blow at Burnside and a quick reassembling of his forces. The delays between the 4th and 14th of November had been fatal to this plan, and it would have been the part of wisdom to abandon it frankly.

Neither the authorities at Washington nor Grant gave Burnside credit, at first, for the cheerful courage with which he was ready to take the losing side of the game, if need be, and thus give a glorious opportunity to the co-operating army. His chivalrous self-forgetfulness in such matters was perfect, when it was likely to lead to the success of the larger cause he had at heart. To reach a more perfect understanding than could be had by correspondence, Grant sent Colonel J. H. Wilson, of his staff, to Knoxville to consult personally with Burnside. This officer was accompanied by Mr. Dana, and their despatches to Grant and to the Secretary of War give a clear and vivid picture of the situation. Burnside plainly saw the importance of making his stand at Knoxville, and proposed to fortify that place so that he could stand a siege there. He proposed to draw back slowly from the Holston at Loudon, tolling Longstreet on and getting him beyond supporting distance of Bragg. When Grant should have disposed of the weakened enemy in his front, he could easily drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee into Virginia. Grant approved, without qualification, the course taken by Burnside. During the siege which followed there was a good deal of solicitude about Burnside, but it should be remembered, in justice to him, that his own confidence never faltered and was fully justified by the result.

Prior to the visit of Wilson and Dana he had sent his engineer, Captain O. M. Poe, to Loudon to remove the pontoon bridge before the occupation of the south bank of the Holston by the enemy should make it impossible to save it. The bridge had been made of unusually large and heavy boats, and it was a difficult task to haul them out of the water and drag them half a mile to the railway. The south end of the bridge was loosened and the whole swung with the current against the right bank, when the dismantling and removal of the boats was successfully accomplished under the eyes of a cavalry force of the enemy which watched the performance

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from the opposite bank. The bridge was carried to Knoxville and laid across the Holston there. Its size and weight proved to be great points in its favor for this special use, and it was of inestimable value during the partial investment of the town.

On November 13th Longstreet brought up his own pontoons and laid a bridge near Loudon, and the next day began a vigorous advance upon Knoxville. Burnside had matured his plans, and opposed the advance of Longstreet with one division, Hartranft's, of the Ninth Corps, and another, White's of the Twenty-third Corps. He was weak in cavalry, however, and could only meet Wheeler's corps with a single division under Brigadier-General Sanders. Burnside had secured Sanders's promotion from Mr. Stanton when the Secretary was at Louisville in October, in recognition of the ability and gallantry shown in the expedition to East Tennessee in June, and his other services during the campaign. By giving Shackelford charge of the cavalry operating in the upper valley, and putting Sanders in command of that resisting Wheeler, Burnside was sure of vigor and courage in the leadership of both divisions. Longstreet kept Wheeler on the left bank of the Holston, directing him to overwhelm Sanders and move directly opposite Knoxville, taking the city by surprise if possible. But Sanders opposed a stubborn resistance, falling back deliberately, and held the hills south of Knoxville near the river. Wheeler was thus baffled, and returned to Longstreet on November 17th. The absence of his cavalry had been a mistake, as it turned out; for the Confederate infantry, after crossing at Loudon to the right bank, had not been able to push Burnside back as fast as Bragg's plans required, nor had they succeeded at all in getting in the rear of the national forces.

As soon as it was definitely known at Knoxville that Longstreet was over the Holston, Burnside went to the front at Lenoir's to take command in person. He left General Parke as chief-of-staff in general charge of affairs at head-quarters, with Captain Poe in charge of the engineer work of preparing lines of defence connecting the forts already planned and partly constructed. Wilson and Dana stayed in Knoxville till the 15th, and then rode rapidly to the westward, passing around Longstreet's columns and rejoining Grant at Chattanooga on the night of the 17th, with latest assurances from Burnside that he would hold Knoxville stubbornly. Longstreet's tactics were to move one of his infantry divisions directly at Burnside's position, while with the other he turned its flank and sought to get in the rear. Burnside met the plan by the analogous one of alternate withdrawals of a division, one holding the enemy at bay, while the other took post in *echelon* in the rear and opposed the flanking column till a concentration could be made.

At Campbell's Station Longstreet attacked with vigor, determined to finish matters with the force before him. Ferrero's division of the Ninth Corps had now joined. Hartranft repulsed an attack by McLaws, whilst the trains and the division of Ferrero passed on, and Ferrero took a strong position half a mile in the rear, covering the junction of roads. White then retired and came into line on Ferrero's left. When these were solidly in place, Hartranft took an opportune moment to withdraw, and came into line on the left of White. The manœuvres were perfectly performed, and the fighting of our troops had been everything that could be desired, meeting and matching Longstreet's veterans in a way to establish the soldierly reputation of all. The comparatively new organization of the Twenty-third Corps proved itself equal to the best, and Burnside declared that he could desire no better soldiers. The same tactics were continued through the day, and Burnside followed the hard labor and the fighting of the day with a night march which brought him to Knoxville on the morning of the 17th. He had personally handled his little army through the day with coolness and success, and had raised to enthusiasm the confidence and devotion of his men. Each side had a casualty list of about three hundred.

Wheeler had marched back along the left bank of the Holston, half way to Lenoir's, and crossed at Louisville, joining Longstreet again near Knoxville on the 17th, as has been already stated. He now took the advance and pressed sharply in upon the town. General Sanders had been recalled by Burnside from the south, and

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entering Knoxville by the pontoon bridge, passed out to the westward on the Loudon road, meeting the enemy as he advanced, and gradually falling back to a position a mile beyond the lines, where he made a stubborn stand and held Wheeler at bay till night closed the combat. From the fortified points about the city the cavalry engagement had been in full view, and the heroism of Sanders and his men was in the presence of a cloud of witnesses. They made little barricades of rail piles, and though these were frequently sent flying by the cannon-balls and shells with which Alexander's artillery pounded them all day, they held at nightfall the line Sanders had been directed to hold in the morning, and had not given back an inch.

Knoxville was so situated that its outline was a sort of parallelogram of high ground, averaging a hundred and fifty feet or more above the river which ran along the town on the south. Two creeks ran through the town in little valleys, and in the northern suburbs, where the land was much lower than the town, it had been practicable, by damming these streams, to make inundations which covered a considerable part of the northern front and added very materially to the defences. At the four corners of the parallelogram, enclosed works had been planned for use by small garrisons, and these had been partly constructed. Captain Poe, the chief-engineer, had staked out infantry lines connecting these forts, with epaulements for artillery at intervals, and work had been hastened during the days from the 13th of November, as soon as Burnside's plan of holding the city had been approved. When the troops approached the city on the morning of the 17th, the position for every brigade and every battery had been assigned, and officers were in waiting to lead each to its place. All the infantry was put in line, except Reilly's brigade of the Twenty-third Corps, which was placed in reserve in the streets of the town.

The most important of the forts was at the northwest angle of the works, upon a commanding hill. It was afterward called Fort Sanders, in honor of the cavalry commander who lost his life in front of its western face.

As soon as the infantry took position, the men were set industriously to work to strengthen the defences. The first infantry trench between the forts had been a mere rifle-pit, two and one-half feet deep, with the dirt heaped up in front as it was thrown out, to raise a parapet. Every hour made the line stronger, and work on it was continued till nearly every part of it was a good cover against artillery fire. The critical time was during the 18th of November, when as yet there was practically no cover between the forts. The cavalry was ordered to oppose the most determined resistance to the establishment of close investing lines by the enemy, and Sanders set his men a most inspiring example. He was a classmate of Captain Poe at West Point, and on the night of the 17th he shared Poe's blanket. Before dawn he went to the front, and passed from one to another of the little barricades held by his dismounted troopers. The Confederates increased the vigor of their attacks, and if any of our men were driven back by the hot fire, Sanders would walk deliberately up to the rail-pile and stand erect and exposed till his men rallied to him. For hours he did this, and his life seemed to be charmed, but about the middle of the afternoon he was mortally wounded, and the screen he had so resolutely interposed between the enemy and our infantry digging in the trenches was rolled aside. The time thus gained had been precious, though it was bought at so high a price. The lines were already safe against a *coup de main*.

Longstreet's principal lines were north of Knoxville, beyond the railway and the station buildings. He also occupied a line of hills, but pushed forward strong skirmish lines and detachments to cover the making of intrenchments closer to the town. There were frequent bickering combats, but no general engagement. The enemy made efforts to destroy the pontoon bridge by sending down logs and rafts from above. These were met by an iron cable-boom stretched across the river above the bridge, borne on wooden floats to keep it at the surface. Several efforts were made to drive Burnside's men from the hills covering the town on the south side of the river, but

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they were defeated, and communication was kept up with the valley of the French Broad River, and supplies enough were brought in to make it certain that Burnside could not be starved out, although the rations were reduced to the smallest quantity and the fewest elements which would support life.

A week passed thus, Burnside being shut off from all communication with the outer world. The 25th of November came with the almost miraculous storming of Missionary Ridge by the army under Grant at Chattanooga. Bragg retreated southward, and Longstreet had no longer a possibility of rejoining him. Yet Burnside knew nothing of it, and did not dream of the more than complete justification his slow defensive campaign was having in the rout and demoralization of the Confederate army in Georgia during Longstreet's absence. The latter was now forced to attack the fortifications or to raise the siege of Knoxville. He knew at least by rumor (what Burnside was ignorant of) not only the defeat of Bragg, but that a force was already moving from Grant's army to the relief of Knoxville. Bragg had also sent to him a staff-officer with exhortations to prompt action. For a day or two Longstreet tried to attract Burnside's attention to the south of the river and to other parts of the lines, and then on the 28th prepared a desperate assault upon the great salient of Fort Sanders.

The artillery in the fort was under the command of Lieutenant Samuel N. Benjamin, Second United States Artillery, whose battery of twenty-pounder Parrotts had done good service at South Mountain and Antietam. The infantry was of Ferrero's division of the Ninth Corps. There was a slight abatis in front of the fort, and on the suggestion of Mr. Hoxie, an officer of the railway, some old telegraph-wire, left at the depot, was used by Captain Poe to make an entanglement by fastening it between the small stumps of a grove which had been felled along the slope northwest of the bastion at the salient. Longstreet's plan of assault was to attack the northwest angle of the fort with two columns of regiments, consisting of Wofford's and Humphrey's brigades of McLaw's division. Anderson's brigade was to attack the infantry trench a little east of the fort. Longstreet's instructions were to make the assault at break of day on the 29th. The columns were to move silently and swiftly without firing, and endeavor to carry the parapet by the bayonet. The determined advance of the enemy's rifle-pits by his skirmishers on the night of the 28th gave warning of what was to be expected. The morning of the 29th was damp and foggy, but the watchful pickets detected the formation of the enemy's columns. About six o'clock the Confederate batteries opened a heavy fire on the fort, which did not reply, ammunition being too precious to be wasted. In about twenty minutes the cannonade ceased and the columns moved to the assault. The fire of our lines was concentrated upon them and they lost heavily, but they kept on, somewhat disordered by the entanglement as well as by their losses, and came to the ditch. No doubt its depth and the high face of the parapet surprised them, for they had no scaling ladders. They jumped into the ditch and tried to scramble up the slope of the earthwork. Some got to the top, only to be shot down or captured. The guns flanking the ditch raked it with double charges of canister. Shells were lighted and thrown as hand-grenades into the practically helpless crowd below. Those who had not entered the ditch soon wavered and fell back, at first sullenly and slowly, then in despair running for life to cover. Those who remained and could walk surrendered, and were marched to the southwest angle of the fort, where they were brought within the lines.

The remnants of the broken columns were rallied behind their outer lines, but no effort was made to renew the assault. They had done all that was possible for flesh and blood. The casualties in the assault had been about a thousand, while within the fortifications, only thirteen killed and wounded were reported. Buckner's division had joined Longstreet a day or two before the assault, but took no active part in it. Their absence from Missionary Ridge still further reduced Bragg's army, while it did not give to Longstreet any practical benefit. The division of the Confederate forces had thus proved to be a great military mistake. Its only chance had been in a swift attack upon Burnside

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and a prompt return, and this chance had vanished with the delays in the railroad transportation of Longstreet's men to Sweetwater. Prudence dictated that the expedition should be abandoned on the 13th of November; but the fear of seeming vacillating, a weakness of second-rate minds as great as vacillation itself, had made Bragg order the column forward. Burnside's well-conducted retreat, on the other hand, had lured Longstreet forward, and the patient endurance of a siege had kept the enemy in front of Knoxville and even led to the further depletion of Bragg by the detachment of Buckner, giving to Grant the very opportunity he desired. The good fortunes of the national commander culminated at Missionary Ridge. Soldiers believe in good luck as much as in genius, and follow a leader whose star is in the ascendant with a confidence which is the guaranty of victory. Great opportunities, however, come to all. The difference between a great soldier and an inferior one, is that the great man uses his opportunities to the full, and so fortune seems to be in league with him.

When Grant had driven Bragg back on Dalton the latter could realize what he had lost by his errors. It was now impossible for Longstreet to rejoin him. It was even doubtful if Wheeler's cavalry could do so. The whole national army was between the widely separated Confederate wings, and nothing was left to Longstreet but a humiliating march back to Lee by way of the upper Holston and the head-waters of the James River. Pride delayed it, and the depth of winter favored the delay; but it was a foregone conclusion from the hour that Wood's and Sheridan's divisions crowned Missionary Ridge.

THE SEA-GULL INLAND

By Joseph Russell Taylor

Cold inland hills and misty corn,
What thunder round your feet was born,
What foam of breakers on the sand
Glimmered, a hundred leagues inland?

Pale shallows where the swallows dipped,
What was the point of white that slipped,
A beating twinkle of silver, blown
By hill and phantom meadow alone?

Muskingum, hushed for rain all day,
My melancholy river gray,
I saw the flashing breakers rolled
Under the sunset, gold on gold.

O for the full orchestral tone
And the ocean's organ-thunder blown!
Alas, the sparrow tinkling dim
By shallows where the swallows skim!

Cold ghostly hills and inland corn,
Muskingum banks, remote, forlorn,
A long-winged spirit beat from me
A hundred leagues away to sea.

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TO THE BREAKS OF SANDY

By John Fox, Jr.

DOWN in the southwestern corner of Virginia, and just over the Kentucky line, are the Gap and "The Gap"—the one made by nature and the other by man. One is a ragged gash down through the Cumberland Mountains, from peak to water level, and the other is a new little, queer little town, on a pretty plateau which is girdled by two running streams that loop and come together like the framework of an ancient lute. Northeast the Range runs, unbroken by nature and undisturbed by man, until it crumbles at the Breaks of Sandy, seventy miles away. There the bass leaps from rushing waters, and there, as nowhere else this side of the Rockies, is the face of nature wild and shy.

It was midsummer, the hour was noon, and we were bound for the Breaks of Sandy, seventy miles away.

No similar aggregate of man, trap, and beast had ever before penetrated those mountain wilds. The wagon was high-seated and the team was spiked, with Rock and Ridgling as wheel horses, Diavolo as leader, and Dolly, a half-thoroughbred, galloping behind under Sam, the black cook, and a wild Western saddle, with high pommels, heavily hooded stirrups, hand-worked leather, and multitudinous straps and shaking rawhide strings; and running alongside, Tiger, bull-terrier. Any man who was at Andover, Cornell, or Harvard during certain years will, if he sees these lines, remember Tiger.

As for the men—there was Josh, ex-captain of a Kentucky Horse Guard, ex-captain of the volunteer police force back at "The Gap," and, like Henry Clay, always captain whenever and wherever there was anything to be done and more than one man was needed to do it; now, one of the later-day pioneers who went back over the Cumberland, not many years ago, to reclaim a certain wild little corner of old Virginia, and then, as now, the first man and the leading lawyer of the same. There was another Kentuckian, fresh from the Bluegrass—Little Willie, as he was styled on this trip—being six feet three in his bare feet, carrying one hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle; champion heavyweight with his fists in college (he could never get anybody to fight with him), centre rush in football, with this grewsome record of broken bones: collar-bone, one leg, one knee three times, and three teeth smashed—smashed by biting through his nose guard against each other when he set his jaws to break through a hostile line. Also, Willie was ex-bugler of a military school, singer of coon songs unrivalled, and with other accomplishments for which there is no space here to record. There was Dan, boy-manager of a mighty coal company, good fellow, and of importance to the dog-lover as the master of Tiger. I include Tiger here, because he was so little less than human. There are no words to describe Tiger. He was prepared for Yale at Andover, went to Cornell in a pet, took a post-graduate course at Harvard, and, getting indifference and world-weariness there, followed his master to pioneer in the Cumberland. Tiger has a white collar, white-tipped tail, white feet; his body is short, strong, close-knit, tawny, ringed; and his peculiar distinctions are intelligence, character, magnetism. All through the mountains Tiger has run his fifty miles a day behind Dolly, the thoroughbred; so that, in a radius of a hundred miles there is nobody who does not know that dog. Still, he never walks unless it is necessary, and his particular oscillation is between the mines and "The Gap," ten miles apart. Being a coal magnate, he has an annual pass and he always takes the train—alone if he pleases—changing cars three times and paying no attention until his stations are called. Sometimes he is too weary to go to a station, so he sits down on the track and waits for the train. I have known the engineer of a heavily laden freight

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Along Roads Scarcely Wide Enough for One Wagon.—Page 342.

train to slacken up when he saw Tiger trotting ahead between the rails, and stop to take him aboard, did Tiger but nod on him. I have never seen man, woman, or child, of respectable antecedents, whom that dog didn't love, and nobody, regardless of antecedents, who didn't love that dog.

Being such, we rattled out of "The Gap" that midsummer noon. Northward, through the Gap, a cloud of dun smoke hung over the Hades of coke ovens that Dan had planted in the hills. On the right was the Ridge, heavy with beds of ore. Straight ahead was a furnace, from which the coke rose as pale blue smoke and the ore gave out a stream of molten iron. Farther on, mountains to the right and mountains to the left came together at a little gap, and toward that point we rattled up Powell's valley—smiling back at the sun; furnace, ore-mine, coke-cloud, and other ugly signs of civilization dropping behind us fast, and our eyes set toward one green lovely spot that was a shrine of things primeval.

In the wagon we had a tent, and things to eat, and a wooden box that looked like a typewriter case, under lock and key, and eloquently inscribed:

"Glass, 2 gal." It is a great way to carry the indispensable—in a wagon—and I recommend it to fishermen.

At the foot of the first mountain was a spring and we stopped to water the horses and unlock that case. Twenty yards above, and to one side of the road, a mountaineer was hanging over the fence, looking down at us.

"Have a drink?" said Josh.

"Yes," he drawled, "if ye'll fetch it up."

"Come an' get it," said Josh, shortly.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"Sort o' puny."

We drank.

"Have a drink?" said Josh once more.

"If ye'll fetch it up."

Josh drove the cork home with the muscular base of his thumb.

"I'm damned if I do."

Dan whistled to Diavolo, and we speculated. It was queer conduct in the mountaineer—why didn't he come down?

"I don't know," said Dan.

"He really came down for a drink," I said, knowing the mountaineer's independence, "and he wanted to prove to himself and to us that he didn't."

"A smart Alec," said Little Willie.

"A plain damn fool," said Josh.

Half an hour later we were on top of the mountain, in the little gap where the mountains came together. Below us the valley started on its long, rich sweep southward, and beyond were the grim shoulders of Black Mountains, which we were to brush now and then on our way to the "Breaks."

There Dan put Tiger out of the wagon and made him walk. After three plaintive

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whines to his master to show cause for such an outrage, Tiger dropped nose and eyes to the ground and jogged along with such human sullenness that Willie was led to speak to him. Tiger paid no attention. I called him and Dan called him. Tiger never so much as lifted eye or ear, and Willie watched him, wondering.

"Why, that dog's got a grouch," he said at last, delightedly. "I tell you he's got a grouch." It was Willie's first observation of Tiger. Of course he had a "grouch" as distinctly as a child who is old enough to show petulance with dignity. And having made us feel sufficiently mean, Tiger dropped quite behind, as though to say: "I'm gettin' kind o' tired o' this. Now 'It's come here, Tiger,' and 'Stick in the mud, Tiger,' and straightway again 'Tiger, come here.' I don't like it. I'd go home if it weren't for Dolly and this nigger here, whom I reckon I've got to watch. But I'll stick in the mud." And he did.

At dusk we passed through Norton, where Talt Hall, desperado, killed his thirteenth and last man, and on along a rocky, muddy, Stygian-black road to Wise Court House, where our police guard from "The Gap," with Josh as Captain, guarded Talt for one month to keep his Kentucky clan from rescuing him. And there we told Dan and the big Kentuckian how banker, broker, lawyer, and doctor left his business and his home, cut port-holes in the court-house, put the town under martial law, and, with twenty men with Winchesters in the rude box that enclosed the scaffold, and a cordon of a hundred more in a circle outside, to keep back a thousand mountaineers, thus made possible the first hanging that the county had ever known. And how, later, in the same way we hung old Doc Taylor, Hall's enemy—Swedenborgian preacher, herb doctor, revenue officer, and desperado—the "Red Fox of the Mountains," who wore moccasins with the heels forward, so that no one could tell which way he had gone; who preached his own funeral sermon, was hung in a suit of white, made by his wife of damask tablecloth—as an emblem of the purple and fine linen he was to put on above—and who had his body kept up for three days, saying that he would arise and go about preaching. He never rose, but his ghost still traverses lonely paths of the Cumberland. The two listeners were much interested, for, in truth, that police guard of gentlemen who hewed strictly to the line of the law, who patrolled the streets of "The Gap" with billy, whistle, and pistol, knocking down toughs, lugging them to the calaboose, appearing in court against them next morning, and maintaining a fund for the prosecution of them in the higher courts, was as unique and successful an experiment in civilization as any borderland has ever known.

Next day we ran the crests of long ridges and struck good roads, and it was then that we spiked Rock and Ridgling, with Diavolo as leader.

"Tool 'em!" shouted Willie, and we "tooled" joyously. A coach-horn was all that we lacked, and we did not lack that long. Willie evolved one from his unaided throat, in some mysterious way that he could not explain, but he did the tooting about as well as it is ever done with a horn. It was hot, and the natives stared. They took us for the advance-guard of a circus.

"Where are you goin' to show?" they shouted. We crossed ridges, too, tooling recklessly about the edges of precipices and along roads scarcely wide enough for one wagon—Dan swinging to the brake with one hand and holding Josh in the driver's seat with the other—Willie and I speculating, meanwhile, how much higher the hind wheel could go from the ground before the wagon would overturn. It was great fun, and dangerous.

"Hank Monks is not in it," said Willie.

The brake required both of Dan's hands just then and Josh flew out into space and landed on his shoulder, some ten feet down the mountain, unhurt.

Rock, though it was his first work under harness, was steady as a plough-horse. Ridgling now and then would snort and plunge and paw, getting one foot over the wagon tongue. Diavolo, like his master, was a born leader, or we should have had trouble indeed.

That night we struck another county-seat, where the court-house had been a brick bone of contention for many, many years—two localities claiming the elsewhere undisputed honor, for the reason

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that they alone had the only two level acres in the county on which a court-house could stand. A bitter fight it was, and they do say that not many years ago, in a similar conflict, the opposing factions met to decide the question with fist and skull—one hundred and fifty picked men on each side—a direct and curious survival of the ancient wager of battle. The women prevented the fight. Over in Kentucky there would have been a bloody feud. At that town we had but fitful sleep. Certain little demons of the dark, which shall be nameless, marked us, as they always mark fresh victims, for their own.

"I'll bet they look over the register every night," said Willie—baring a red-splotched brawny arm next morning.

"Wingless victory!" he said further.

And then on. Wilder and ever wilder, next day, grew the hills and woods and the slitting chasms between them. First one hind wheel dished—we braced it with hickory saplings. Then the other—we braced that. The harness broke—Dan mended that. A horse cast a shoe—Josh shod him then and there. These two were always tinkering, and were happy. Inefficiency made Willie and me miserable—it was plain that we were to be hewers of wood and drawers of water on that trip, and we were.

"Yes," he drawled, "if ye'll fetch it up."—Page 341.

And still wilder and ever wilder was the face of Nature, which turned primeval—turned Greek. Willie swore he could see the fleeting shapes of nymphs in the dancing sunlight and shadows under the beeches. Where the cane-rushes shivered and shook along the bank of a creek it was a satyr chasing a dryad through them; and once—it may have been the tinkle of water—but I was sure I heard her laugh float from a dark little ravine high above, where she had fled to hide. No wonder! We were approaching the most isolated spot, perhaps, this side of the Rockies. If this be hard to believe, listen. Once we stopped at a cabin, and Sam, the black cook, went in for a drink of water. A little girl saw him and was thrown almost into convulsions of terror. She had never seen a negro before. Her mother had told her, doubtless, that the bad man would get her some day and she thought Sam was the devil and that he had come for her. And this in Virginia. I knew there were many white people in Virginia, and all throughout the Cumberland, who had never seen a black man, and why they hate him as they do has always been a mystery, especially as they often grant him social equality, even to the point of eating at the same table with him, though the mountaineer who establishes certain relations with the race that is still tolerated in the South, brings himself into lasting disgrace. Perhaps the hostility reaches back to the time when the poor white saw him a fatal enemy, as a slave, to the white man who must work with his hands. And yet, to say that this competition with the black man, along with a hatred of his aristocratic master, was the reason for the universal Union sentiment of the Southern mountaineer

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during the war is absurd. Competition ceased nearly a century ago. Negro and aristocrat were forgotten—were long unknown. No historian seems to have guessed that the mountaineer was loyal because of 1776. The fight for the old flag in 1812 and the Mexican War helped, but 1776 was enough to keep him loyal to this day; for to-day, in life, character, customs, speech, and conviction, he is practically what he was then. But a change is coming now, and down in a little hollow we saw, suddenly, a startling sign—a frame house with an upper balcony, and, moving along that balcony, a tall figure in a pink ungirded Mother Hubbard. And, mother of all that is modern, we saw against the doorway below her—a bicycle. We took dinner there and the girl gave me her card. It read:

AMANDA TOLLIVER,

EXECUTRIX TO JOSIAH TOLLIVER

Only that was not her name. She owned coal lands, was a woman of judgment and business, and realizing that she could not develop them alone had advertised for a partner in coal, and, I was told, in love as well. Anyhow there were numerous pictures of young men around, and I have a faint suspicion that as we swung over the brow of the hill we might have been taken for suitors four. She had been to school at the county-seat where we spent the first night, and had thus swung into the stream of Progress. She had live gold fish in a glass tank and jugs with plants growing out of the mouth and out of holes in the sides. And she had a carpet in the parlor and fire-screens of red calico and red plush albums, a birthday book, and, of course, a cottage organ. It was all prophetic, I suppose, and the inevitable American way toward higher things; and it was at once sad and hopeful.

Just over the hill, humanity disappeared again and Nature turned primeval—turned Greek again. And again nymphs and river gods began their play. Pretty soon a dryad took human shape in some blackberry bushes, and Little Willie proceeded to take mythological shape as a faun. We moderns jollied him on the metamorphosis.

The Breaks were just ahead. Somewhere through the green thickness of poplar, oak, and maple, the river lashed and boiled between gray bowlders, eddied and danced and laughed through deep pools, or leaped in waves over long ripples, and we turned toward the low, far sound of its waters. A slip of a bare-footed girl stepped from the bushes and ran down the wood-path, and Willie checked her to engage in unnecessary small talk and to ask questions whereof he knew the answers as well as she—all leading to the final one.

"What's your name?" Unlike her hill-sisters, the girl was not shy.

"Melissa."

Shades of Hymettus, but it was fitting. There were blackberry-stains about her red lips. Her eyes had the gloom of deep woods and shone from the darkness of her tumbled hair—tumbled it was, like an oat-field I had seen that morning after a wind and rain storm had swept it all night long.

"Melissa!" Willie said softly, once, twice, three times; and his throat gurgled with poetic delight in the maid and the name. I think he would have said "Prithee" and addressed her some more, but just then a homespun mother veered about the corner of a log cabin, and Melissa fled. Willie thought he had scared her.

"On the way to the Breaks," he said—"my first." We hurried the stricken youth on and pitched camp below the cabin, and on a minnow branch that slipped past low willows and under rhododendrons and dropped in happy waterfalls into the Breaks, where began a vertical turreted ledge, hundreds of feet high, that ran majestically on—miles on.

There Willie at once developed unwonted vim. We needed milk and butter and eggs, so he left me to hew wood and draw water while he strode back to the cabin, and Melissa after them; and he made contracts for the same daily—he would go for them himself—and hired all Melissa's little brothers and sisters to pick blackberries for us.

Then came the first supper in the woods and draughts from the typewriter case,

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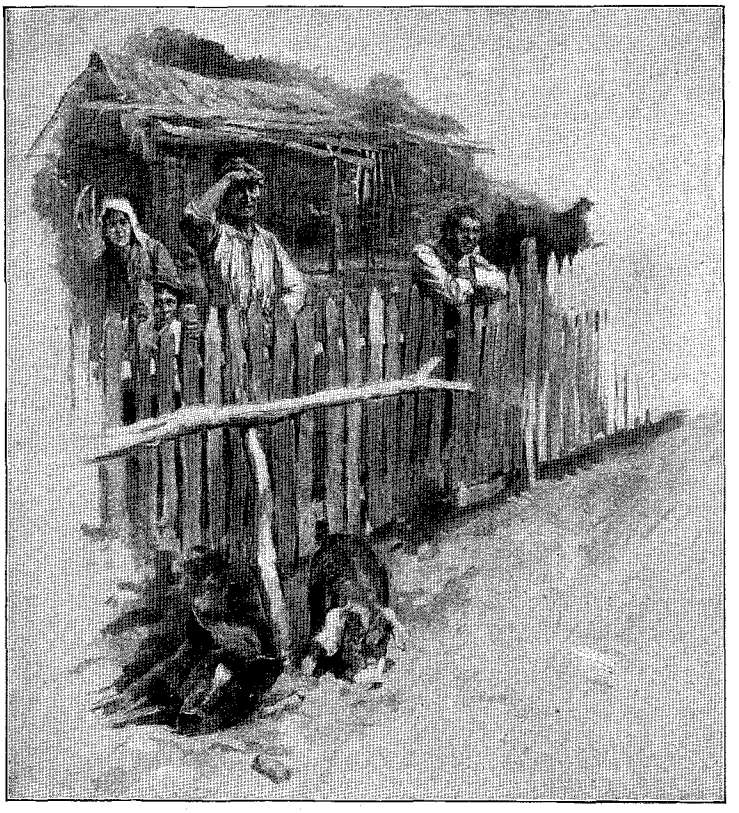

They Took Us for the Advance-guard of a Circus.—Page 342.

the label of which Willie proceeded to alter, because the level of the fluid was sinking, and as a tribute to Melissa.

"Glass—1 gal."

It takes little to make humor in the woods. Followed sweet pipes under the stars, thickening multitudinously straight overhead, where alone we could see them.

Something was troubling Josh that night and I could see that he hesitated about delivering himself—but he did.

"Have you fellows—er—ever noticed—er—that when men get out in the woods they—er—at once begin to swear?" Each one of us had noticed that fact. Josh looked severely at me and severely at Dan and at Willie—not observing that we were looking severely at him.

"Well," he said, with characteristic decision, "I think you ought to stop it."

There was a triangular howl of derision.

"We?" I said.

"We!" said Dan.

"*We!*" yelled Willie.

Josh laughed—he had not heard the rattling fire of picturesque expletives that we had been turning loose on Rock and Ridgling since we left the Gap.

However, we each agreed to be watchful—of the others.

By and by Willie knocked the ashes from his pipe and picked up a pail—the mother's pail in which he had brought the milk down to camp.

"I reckon they'll need this," he said, thoughtfully. "Don't you think they'll need this?" I was sure they would, and as Willie's colossal shoulders disappeared through the bushes we chuckled, and at the fire Sam, the black cook, snickered respectfully. Willie did not know the lark habits of the mountaineer. We could have told him that Melissa was in bed, but we wickedly didn't. He was soon back, and looking glum. We chuckled some more.

That night a snake ran across my breast—I suppose it was a snake—a toad

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beat a tattoo on Willie's broad chest, a horse got tangled in the guy-ropes, Josh and Dan swore sleepily, and long before the sun flashed down into our eyes a mountaineer, Melissa's black-headed sire, brought us minnows which he had insisted on catching without help. Willie wondered at his anxious spirit of lonely accommodation, but it was no secret to the rest of us. The chances were 1,000 to 1 that he was a moonshiner, and that he had a "still" within a mile of our camp—perhaps within a hundred yards; for moonshine stills are always located on little running streams like the one into which we dipped our heads that morning.

After breakfast we went down that shaded little stream into the Breaks, where, æons ago, the majestic Cumberland met its volcanic conqueror, and, after a heaving conflict, was tumbled head and shoulders to the lower earth, to let the pent-up waters rush through its shattered ribs, and where the Big Sandy grinds through them to-day, with a roar of freedom that once must have shaken the stars. It was ideal—sun, wind, rock, and stream. The water was a bit milky; there were eddies and pools, in sunlight and in shadow, and our bait, for a wonder, was perfect—chubs, active cold-water chubs and military minnows—sucker-shaped little fellows, with one brilliant crimson streak from gill to base of tail. And we did steady, faithful work—all of us—including Tiger, who, as Willie said, was a "fisher-dog to beat the band." But is there any older and sadder tale for the sportsman than to learn, when he has reached one happy hunting-ground, that the game is on another, miles away? Thus the Indian's idea of Heaven sprang! For years and years Josh and I had been planning to get to the Breaks. For years we had fished the three forks of the Cumberland, over in Kentucky, with brilliant success, and the man who had been to the Breaks always smiled indulgently when we told our tales, and told, in answer, the marvellous things possible in the wonderful Breaks. Now we were at the Breaks, and no sooner there than we were ready, in great disgust, to get away. We investigated. There had been a drought, two years before, and the mountaineers had sledged the bass under the rocks and had slaughtered them. There had been sawmills up the river and up its tributaries, and there had been dynamiting. We found catfish a-plenty, but we were not after catfish. We wanted that king of mountain waters, the black bass, and we wanted him to run from one pound to five pounds in weight and to fight, like the devil that he is, in the clear cold waters of the Cumberland. Nobody showed disappointment more bitter than Tiger. To say that Tiger was eager and expectant is to underrate that game little sport's intelligence and his power to catch moods from his master. At first he sat on the rocks, with every shining tooth in his head a finished cameo of expectant delight, and he watched the lines shaking in the eddies as he would watch a hole for a rat, or another dog for a fight. When the line started cutting through the water and the musical hum of the reel rose, Tiger knew as well as his master just what was happening.

"Let him run, Dan," he would gurgle, delightedly. We all knew plainly that that was what he said. "Give him plenty of line. Don't strike yet—not yet. Don't you know how he's just running for a rock. Now he's swallowing the minnow—head first. Off he goes again—now's your time, man, now—wow!"

When the strike came and the line got taut and the rod bent, Tiger would begin to leap and bark at the water's edge. As Dan reeled in and the fish would flash into the air, Tiger would get frantic. When his master played a bass and the fish cut darting circles forward and back, with the tip of the rod as a centre for geometrical evolutions, Tiger would have sprung into the water, if he had not known better. And when the bass was on the rocks Tiger sprang for him and brought him to his master, avoiding the hook as a wary lad will look out for the sharp horns of a mud-cat. But the bass were all little fellows, and Tiger gurgled his disgust most plainly.

That night Josh and I comforted ourselves, and made Dan and Willie unhappy, with tales of what we had done in the waters of the Cumberland—sixty bass in one day—four four-pounders in two hours, not to mention one little whale that drew the scales down to the five-pound notch three hours after I had him from the water. We recalled—he and I—how we

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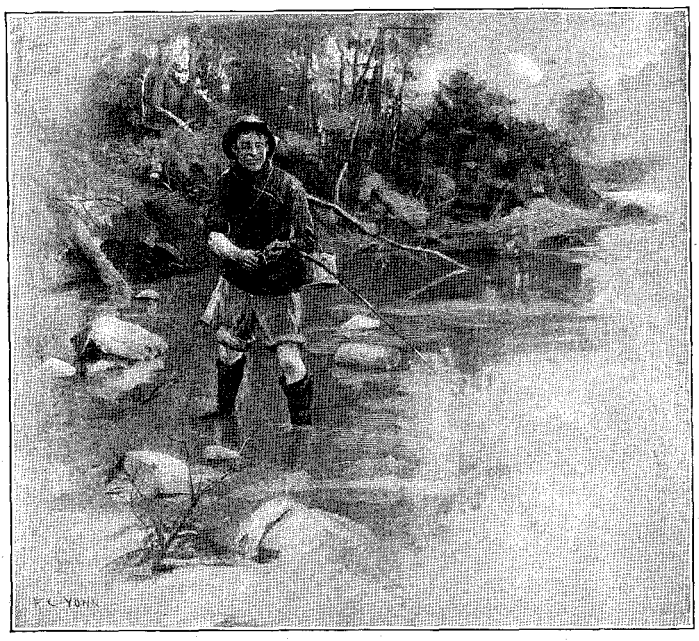

At the Breaks.

had paddled, dragged, and lifted a clumsy canoe, for four days, down the wild and beautiful Clinch (sometimes we had to go ahead and build canals through the ripples), shooting happy, blood-stirring rapids, but catching no fish, and how, down that river, we had foolishly done it again. This was the third time we had been enticed away from the Cumberland, and then and there we resolved to run after the gods of strange streams no more. Fish stories followed. Dan recalled how Cecil Rhodes got his start in South Africa, illustrating thereby the speed of the shark. Rhodes was poor, but he brought to a speculator news of the Franco-Prussian War in a London newspaper of a date five days later than the speculator's mail. The two got a corner on some commodity and made large money. Rhodes had got his paper from the belly of a shore-cast shark that had beaten the mail steamer by five round days. That was good, and Willie thereupon told a tale that he knew to be *true*.

"You know how rapidly a bass grows?"

We did not know.

"You know how a bass will rise in the same hole year after year?"

That we did know.

"Well, I caught a yearling once, and I bet a man that he would grow six inches in a year. To test it, I tied a little tin whistle to his tail. A year later we went and fished for him. The second day I caught him." Willie knocked the top-ashes from his pipe and puffed silently.

"Well?" we said.

Willie edged away out of reach, speaking softly.

"That tin whistle had grown to a fog-horn." We spared him, and he quickly turned to a poetico-scientific dissertation on birds and flowers in the Bluegrass and in the mountains, surprising us. He knew, positively, what even the great Mr. Burroughs did not seem to know a few years ago, that the shrike—the butcher-bird—impales mice as well as his feathered fellows on thorns, having found a nest in a thorn-tree up in the Bluegrass which was a ghastly, aërial, Indian-like burying-place for two mice and twenty song sparrows. So, next day, Willie and I turned unavailingly to Melissa, whom we saw but once speeding through the weeds along the creek bank for home and, with success, to Nature; while the indefatigable Josh and Dan and Tiger whipped the all but responseless waters once more.

We reached camp at sunset—dispirited all. Tiger refused to be comforted until

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we turned loose two big cat-fish in a pool of the minnow branch and gave him permission to bring them out. With a happy wow Tiger sprang for the outsticking point of a horn and with a mad yelp sprang clear of the water. With one rub of his pricked nose against the bank he jumped again. Wherever the surface of the water rippled he made a dash, nosing under the grassy clumps where the fish tried to hide. Twice he got one clear of the water, but it was hard to hold to the slippery, leathery skins. In ten minutes he laid both, gasping, on the bank.

Next morning we struck camp. Willie said he would go on ahead and let down the fence—which was near Melissa's cabin. He was sitting on the fence, with a disconsolate pipe between his teeth, when we rattled and shook over the stony way up the creek—sitting alone. Yet he confessed. He had had a brief farewell with Melissa. What did she say?

"She said she was sorry we were going," said modest Willie, but he did not say what he said; and he lifted the lid of the typewriter case, the label of which was slowly emptying to a sad and empty lie.

"Thus pass the flowers," he said, with a last backward look to the log cabin and the black-haired, blackberry-stained figure watching at the corner. "Such is life—a lick and a promise, and then no more." The wagon passed under the hill, and Melissa, the maid of the Breaks, had come and Melissa had gone forever.

Only next day, however—for such, too, is life—the aching void in Willie's imagination, and what he was pleased to call his heart, was nicely filled again.

That night we struck the confluence of Russell's Fork and the Pound, where, under wide sycamores, the meeting of swift waters had lifted from the river-beds a high beach of white sand and had considerately overspread it with piles of dry driftwood. The place was ideal—why not try it there? The freedom of gypsies was ours, and we did. There was no rain in the sky, so we pitched no tent, but slept on the sand, under the leaves of the sycamore, and by the light of the fire we solaced ourselves with the cheery game of "draw." It was a happy night, in spite of Willie's disappointment with the game. He played with sorrow, and to his cost. He was accustomed to table stakes; he did not know how to act on a modest fifty-cent limit, being denied the noble privilege of "bluff."

"I was playing once with a fellow I knew slightly," he said, reminiscently and as though for self-comfort, "and with two others whom I didn't know at all. The money got down between me and one of the strangers, and when the other stranger dealt the last hand my suspicions were aroused. I picked up my hand. He had dealt me a full house—three aces and a pair. I made up my mind that he had dealt his confederate four of a kind, and do you know what I did? I discarded the pair and actually caught the remaining ace. When it came to a show-down he had four deuces. I scooped in all the gold, pushed over to my acquaintance what he had lost—in their presence—and left the table." Perhaps it was just as well that we denied Willie his own game, and thus kept him shorn of his strength.

Next day was hard, faithful, fruitless—Josh and I fishing up-stream and Dan and Willie wading down the "Pound"—and we came in at dark, each pair with a few three-quarter pound bass, only Willie having had a bigger catch. They had struck a mill, Dan said, which Willie entered—reappearing at once and silently setting his rod, and going back again, to reappear no more. Dan found him in there with his catch—a mountain maid, fairer even than Melissa, and *she was running the mill.*

Dan had hard work to get him away, but Willie came with a silent purpose that he unveiled at the camp-fire—when he put his rod together. He was done fishing for fish, the proper study of mankind being man; his proper study, next day, would be the maid of the mill, and he had forged his plan. He would hire a mule, put on jean trousers, a slouch hat, and a homespun shirt, buy a bag of corn, and go to the mill. When that bag was ground, he would go out and buy another. All his life he had wanted to learn the milling business, and while we fished he would learn. But we had had enough, and were stern. We would move on from those hard-fished, fishless waters next day. In silent acquiescence

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Willie made for the wooden box and its fluid consolation, and when he was through with label and jug the tale of the altered title was doubly true.

"No gal."

It takes very little to make humor in the woods.

We did move on, but so strong is hope and so powerful the ancient hunting instinct in us all, that we stopped again and fished again, with the same result, in the Pound. Something was wrong. Human effort could do no more. So, after sleep on a high hill, through a windstorm, it was home with us, and with unalterable decision this time we started, climbing hills, sliding down them, tooling around the edge of steep cliffs—sunbaked, bewhiskered, and happy, in spite of the days of hard, hard luck.

Tiger rode on the camp-chest just in front of me. Going up a hill the wagon jolted, and the dog slipped and fell between the wheels. The hind wheel, I saw, would pass over the dog's body, and if Tiger had been a child, I couldn't have been more numb with horror. The wheel ran squarely over him, crushing him into the sand. The little fellow gave one short, brave, surprised yelp. Then he sprang up and trotted after us—unhurt. It was a miracle, easier to believe for the reason that that particular hind wheel was a wheel of kindly magic. Only an hour before, it had run squarely over a little haversack in which were a bottle, a pipe, and other fragile things, and not a thing was broken. I do not believe it would have been possible to so arrange the contents and let the wheel run over it as harmlessly again.

Another night, another hot day, and another, and we were tooling down into the beautiful little valley, toward the sunset and "The Gap"—toward razor, bathtub, dinner, Willie's guitar and darkey songs, and a sound, sweet sleep in each man's own bed—through dreams of green hills, gray walls, sharp peaks, and clear, swift waters, from which no fish flashed to seductive fly or crimson-streaked minnow. But with all the memories, no more of the Breaks for Josh or Dan or for me; and no more, doubtless, for Willie, though Melissa be there waiting for him, and though the other maid, with the light of mountain waters in her eyes, be dreaming of him at her mill.

After the gods of strange streams we would run no more.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE STATE

By Charles Warren

"YOU talk of the corruption of our legislatures, the influence of the lobby. The papers are full of such charges. You yourselves make them lightly in your own houses, to your neighbors. You deplore the fact that so many dishonest men can be elected to the Legislature. That is all very well. But what do you say of the men who make them dishonest? What do you say of the great corporations which put the temptation in the way of the weak, well-meaning, poor man who is sent by his constituents to the State House? What do you say of the so-called honest business men who unite to employ the lobbyist in order to gain, perhaps a town division, perhaps an electric railroad franchise, or in order to defeat a bill which may destroy the pleasure or beauty in their estates? What do you say to your city counsel and your city officials who dangle political advantages before some ambitious representative in order to push through some city job? I tell you I am sick, sick and tired of hearing our legislators assailed as corrupt, as yielding to bribes. Supposing we are—what then? Who makes us so? It is not a novel sentiment; but I, for one, consider the briber more guilty than the bribed.

"It is easier perhaps for you gentlemen to assail us than to assail your own business associates, but I tell you, if you want to find the real corruption in its most insidious form, go right among the men you meet every day on the Street, the men who are responsible for the municipal, the corporate, the business concerns that come up and waylay us night and day at the State House."

Robert Clinton stopped suddenly as he realized for the first time his monopoly of the entire conversation and the hush which had spread round the table. Up to this moment Mrs. Noble's dinner-party had not been strikingly successful; for the hostess had an unfortunate faculty for assembling in her hospitable house many interesting persons, and yet for seating them in the most ill-assorted combinations. And so it was that Eleanor Randall, after having introduced and immediately exhausted thirty-four distinct subjects of conversation with the young broker who had taken her down to dinner, was relieved to hear a manly and resonant voice ring out above the monotonous hum.

"Who is that strong-willed looking man, Mr. Train?" she asked, looking up the table with interest; "I didn't meet him before dinner."

"I think it is Clinton," replied Train, "the lawyer who is making all this fuss up at the Legislature. I don't know him, but I believe the fellows on the Street think he is more or less an ass. He's trying to advertise himself, I rather think. They tell me he hadn't much of a practice. Are you going to Miss Stanwood's ball Friday?"

Miss Randall turned impatiently away, and looked again at Clinton. He was not a handsome man; but his smooth-shaven, clearly cut features were so glowing with enthusiastic expression that he compelled attention, as he emphasized his remarks every now and then with a firm, bulldog-like thrust of his head. As she listened intently to what he was saying, she felt that she had never heard a man whose words carried so vivid a sense of absolute conviction on the speaker's part. To many older persons at the dinner, young Clinton's remarks were crude, and evoked a tolerating smile; but to her they opened a new field of interest in public affairs.

Then someone said to him, "It is all very well, Mr. Clinton, for you to make general remarks about corporate corruption. That is what some newspapers are doing all the time. But the real question is, is there any more definite proof of this than there is of the charge that most of our legislators are for sale? For my part I don't believe in either. I believe the whole thing is vastly exaggerated. What cases of bribery have you yourself actually known of?"

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Clinton paused a moment before replying. "I must apologize," he said, turning to Mrs. Noble, "for introducing here and now so serious a subject. I do not feel that this is the place for a political speech."

Mrs. Noble smiled around the table in an impersonal and indefinite manner; and a few of the guests murmured an unintelligible dissent, apparently expecting Clinton to continue. Mr. Train, however, muttered,

"Why doesn't Clinton keep to the stump and not inflict himself on an innocent dinner-party? Politics are a bore, don't you think so?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Randall, rather rudely, and again she listened to Clinton as he answered, earnestly,

"I don't agree with you in thinking matters exaggerated. I won't speak of the ordinary methods of corruption. I won't speak of the influence of the lobby upon many a good-natured, weak old grocer or farmer who comes up to the capital, friendless, obliged to live at a hotel, having few resources, knowing little where to spend his time or gain his pleasures. That form of corruption is too well known. I won't speak either of the contributions made by certain corporations in this State, in various elaborate and concealed ways, to the campaign fund of certain aspirants to the Legislature. Contributions are not made out of pure goodwill, we all know. But what do you say to the following instances where the corruption is hard to trace, but none the less existent? I know of a vote changed by the appointment of the legislator's cousin as a motorman on a certain street railway. I know that in this session a legislator whose mother had an accident suit against a certain railroad voted 'nay' on one vote, and before the next vote was taken, that suit was settled for a handsome sum. The sum may or may not have been more than was due. Who knows? The man voted 'yea' on the next vote."

One or two of the women around the table had begun to lose their interest in the subject and had relapsed into exchange of light commonplaces with their neighbors. Clinton perceived, however, that a stately, fair-haired girl at the other end of the table was still gazing intently at him, and he continued, "I know of a man on whose store was a heavy mortgage, overdue. After a certain vote that mortgage was assigned by the mortgagee to a man who occasionally did minor work in a prominent gas company. It has never been foreclosed. I know of a hack journalist who in the middle of the session found time to write a history of the House of Representatives. There might ordinarily be a possible sale of fifteen hundred copies to old legislators of such a book. It would interest no other persons. A bill affecting the estates of a number of wealthy men, our 'leading citizens,' in a certain street, was introduced. The journalist was doubtful how to vote. Finally he voted against it. I have heard from his publishers that the sale of his book amounts to ten thousand copies. Curious, isn't it? I could tell my own experience, but I don't wish to obtrude myself at all into this."

Clinton stopped suddenly, for he noticed that the hostess was signalling for the retirement of the feminine portion of the party.

When the ladies were gathered in the music-room Miss Randall said: "Why haven't I ever met your Mr. Clinton before, and who is he? Tell me about him."

One or two of the ladies laughed at her evident interest, and Mrs. Noble said, lightly:

"My dear Eleanor, he is what I call a brilliant bore; he's not much of a society man and goes out little, but I captured him for to-night because they tell me he will make his mark; although Mr. Noble says that no man with a conscience like his can make anything except mistakes."

"What has Mr. Clinton done?" asked Miss Randall.

"Well, now, you've got me," Mrs. Noble laughingly said. "I'm sure I don't know what he's done and I shouldn't understand it if I did. I only know Mr. Noble says he's created a great stir up at the State House over some kind of a bill, or whatever they call it."

"I wish you'd introduce Mr. Clinton to me," said Miss Randall, still serious.

"Why, certainly, I will," replied Mrs.

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Noble, "and from the looks of the others I think it will be a great relief if you will undertake the mission of absorbing his attention. And you won't have to do that simply by what you say, my dear—that is, if he isn't blind."

When the men came in from their smoke, Mrs. Noble disengaged Robert Clinton from the crowd, and much to his surprise led him up to the young, fair-haired girl whose gaze he had noticed at the table. After mumbling a hasty and indistinct introduction she left them together.

"Now, Mr. Clinton," said Eleanor Randall, "you just said you wouldn't talk about your own experience to the general dinner-party, perhaps you will to me, alone. Tell me what it has been?"

Clinton paused and then he said, abruptly, "Do you know anything about politics? Do you genuinely want to know what I have to say, or are you merely saying this in order to start conversation?"

"No, not at all," said the girl, rather amazed at the calm, almost rough, frankness of his remark. "I want to know whether you have ever had the temptations you speak of put in your way."

"I have," Clinton replied, slowly.

"Well, tell me about them," she said.

Clinton paused again, and, after looking searchingly at his companion, he said, soberly, "I was elected to the Legislature last fall by my town for the first time. I did not know much about the details of public affairs. But I had a few pretty decided ideas as to some public questions. Some of my ideas proved right and some wrong. On one matter I hope I have never changed. I made up my mind from the beginning that I would have nothing to do with any measure that was tainted or touched in any way, even by suspicion, with deceit or bargaining or corruption. I am a poor man, with little or no personal influence or pull. I have a small practice at the law. But by some chance I happened to have been placed by the Speaker on a rather important committee. The most important bill of the session, a bill to amend the charter of a great business corporation, came up for consideration by that committee. After a long discussion and hearings the committee was practically a tie, with my vote as the deciding one. I was in doubt at first, but I gradually became convinced that the franchise asked for was purely a gambling operation and that the terms of it were an outrage on the people of this State. I haven't the faintest idea whether you understand a word of what I am saying—" Clinton suddenly said, interrupting his long, confidential story.

"I think I do," his companion said; "at any rate tell me what you have done."

"Well," Clinton continued, "whatever the merits of the bill were, or rather are, because it is still pending, I began to hear reports that members of the Legislature were not likely to consider the bill on its merits, and that other inducements were being held out to them. I could get hold of nothing definite. And I felt sure that the promoters of the bill would not dare to approach me in any way. I was wrong in that belief. I was sitting in my office late one afternoon about a month ago, feeling a good deal depressed about business and worried over my proper course on one or two other matters at the State House, when a gentleman came in, and, to make a long matter short, informed me that he desired to retain me in behalf of a certain large water company in a neighboring city. I knew several of the directors of the company slightly, but not well enough not to make the offer most surprising as well as flattering. The matter was a very important one, meaning a great amount of work and large fees. It was a case involving the price that the city should pay for the water-works which it had taken. I considered it for a few days, and decided to take it up, and was given a large retainer. Within a week I found out that the controlling stockholders and practically the sole owners of the company were the President and the General Manager of the company which I was fighting at the State House. I felt there was but one thing for me to do. It may have been foolish, and I won't attempt to conceal the fact that it meant a good deal of sacrifice, but I wrote to the water company, resigning from their case and returning the retainer. In a few days I heard that another member of my committee at the State House, who was depended on to vote "nay" in committee, had taken up the case; and a week ago,

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when a vote was taken in committee, he voted "aye," giving the necessary majority to report the bill.

"Now, that is my own experience. Am I wrong in saying that corruption may be insidious?"

"You are giving me an entirely new idea of the questions that confront you men. It is interesting indeed," said Miss Randall. "But what are you doing now about this bill that you speak of?"

"I am fairly confident," replied Clinton, "that I can defeat it. I have some proof, though not as direct as I could wish, of bribery. I am working night and day to get more certain evidence of the methods that are being employed to tempt our weaker members, and, God willing, I shall succeed." As he said this, Clinton raised his voice in his earnestness, and several persons across the room looked up and smiled in a somewhat scornful way.

"And this measure is really a bad one?" Miss Randall asked. Clinton almost seemed to forget that he was talking to a young girl, for he dashed into a long description of the iniquities of the bill, until he was finally cut short by the girl's sudden remark:

"But it is all horrible. It is terrible to think what a lot of evil a few rich men can do in this way. But tell me, why did you speak of it to-night at this dinner? What can any of us do about it?"

"What can be done?" repeated Clinton. "Much. If you are a stockholder, vote against the officers of any company using these methods. If you know the men personally, have no relations with them. It is remarkable how a man as an official or as a member of a company will do acts which he would not dream of doing in his own personal business. But dishonesty is dishonesty everywhere. If you meet with dishonesty even in your dearest friends it is your duty, the duty which you owe to the State, not to overlook it, not to avoid the trouble of correcting it, but to see that the law is enforced."

"I can understand your view as a man," said Miss Randall, "but what can a woman do? Can she help it?"

"A woman can always help," Clinton replied, seriously. "She can learn of these things, and impress her opinion on the men she knows, the men she can influence—her callers, her brothers, her father, her husband."

"But what a bore she would be thought," the girl said, laughingly. "Did a woman ever try to influence you in such a thing? Did a woman ever affect your life or your acts in that way?"

"No," Clinton said. "I can't say that any woman ever has. But who knows what could be done?"

Just then Eleanor Randall, noticing that the other members of the dinner-party were preparing to leave, rose, and, putting out her hand to the young man, said, "What you have told me I am really interested in. If you're not too tired of the subject why won't you call some afternoon and give a poor, ignorant girl a little more idea of how we are governed? Any afternoon after five I am at home, at 317 Lawrence Avenue, you know."

Clinton looked pleased, and accepted her invitation with eagerness. Just as he was taking his leave she said, "By the way, what was that bill you've been telling me about?"

"Oh," he replied, "you probably won't remember, but if you want to know, it is a bill to amend the charter of the General Pneumatic Power Company."

As he said this he thought that the girl looked startled, and seemed about to say something; but before she could reply a number of other ladies had swept her away toward the hostess, and Clinton did not see her again.

As he walked down the street, after the dinner, with a number of men, he said to one of them, "Harry, what was the name of that girl I was talking to after dinner? She asked me to call, but Mrs. Noble introduced her so indistinctly that I couldn't catch her name."

"Well," said Harry Follard, "I thought you were treading on rather dangerous ground during dinner when I saw her looking curiously at you; but I was nearly paralyzed when I saw you delivering oration after oration at her after dinner. You don't mean to say that you didn't know who she was! Why, that's a good joke on you!"

"What's the joke?" asked Clinton. "I don't see it."

"Why, that's Nellie Randall, old Nick

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Randall's daughter. There can't be much love lost between you and him as President of the General Pneumatic Power Company."

"Good heavens! what an ass I've made of myself!" groaned Clinton. And all the way to his rooms he regretted deeply his stupidity in not having ascertained the girl's name earlier in the evening. He felt heartily sorry that he should have given pain so unwittingly to any woman by making what she would undoubtedly consider a vicious assault upon her father. For she could not but believe that he had known all the while who she was. And yet he hoped faintly that she might have still believed him gentleman enough not to be capable of doing such a thing, and that she might have still supposed him to be ignorant of her relationship. He might never see the girl again; yet until he did see her, he would have a very uncomfortable feeling. Then he suddenly remembered that he had eagerly accepted her invitation to call. That, of course, was out of the question now; on the other hand, he certainly owed her some kind of an apology. Altogether, the situation was certainly disagreeable.

When he reached his room, however, he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind by dashing vigorously at the preparation of the speech which he was soon to deliver. The speech was to be his great effort against the Power Bill. There was to be no mincing of language. The attack was to be bold—so direct that no one could fail to understand its meaning. He did not underestimate the forces against him. He knew that many believed in the bill on its merits. He knew that others would never vote against it until after the clearest proofs of corruption. There was the chief difficulty. Evidence of bribery enough to satisfy his own mind he had in plenty. But would it satisfy others more prejudiced in favor of the company? If he only had one bit of clear, direct proof, he felt that his position would be impregnable. He was too clear-headed, too canny, to make charges of corruption without having the evidence to sustain them. That was one of the easiest methods for a newly fledged representative to gain a flitting newspaper notoriety. He had seen it done often by ambitious politicians—charges made, pressed earnestly, an investigation ordered, a joint investigating committee from the Senate and from the House appointed, hearings held, excited openings made by the politician, weak, inconclusive evidence introduced, the charges not sustained, a committee report whitewashing the corporation, the corporation posing in the rôle of a triumphant martyr, its bill receiving the support due to injured virtue, the collapse and premature retirement from public life of the representative. Clinton had no desire to follow that well-worn path. He realized that in his case there must be no failure. His political future depended on the soundness of the position taken by him in his speech, and upon the success which should attend his attack. He mentally writhed, however, at his inability to make the charges of what he was morally certain were facts, or rather at the inadvisability of his so doing.

It was hard for Eleanor Randall that night to explain to herself just what her real feelings were. The shock of the discovery that all Mr. Clinton's charges, all his passionate array of the evils done and proposed to be done by this corporation, referred to something in which her own father was intimately concerned was very great. Believing implicitly in her father, in his benevolence, his honesty, and his honor, she was at first angry that anyone should have had the presumption to assail them. The idea, however, that Clinton had known of her relationship never entered her mind. But even granting his mistake, which she took for granted, she could not at first conceive how anyone could believe that her father would be engaged in any such enterprise as Clinton had represented the company to be. When the first burst of soreness and of wrath began to die away, she was forced to admit to herself, however unwillingly, that Mr. Clinton's tones, his words, his facts, at least sounded true. Had she been perfectly frank with herself, Eleanor Randall would have confessed that she had never before in her life been so deeply impressed by the views of any man. For the first time the girl was beginning to realize the rough trials that lay before men—not the kind she met at parties, but

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men who were doing something in the world—their weaknesses, the enthusiasms of those who felt that there was something for them still to do—all these things, which had hitherto been as strange and unknown to her girl's life as the habits of the dwellers in Mars, had been partially revealed to her that night. Of Robert Clinton personally as a man she was thinking little. But for what he had said and was doing she felt a great longing to see him again. Of course, Clinton was all wrong as to her father. She could make that perfectly clear if he should call—and yet, would it be so easy for her to contradict him? She knew, only too well, what the effect would be if she should approach her father upon any business question. She had tried once or twice, only to be met with a jesting rebuff which implied positively that such things were not for girls.

It took Robert Clinton just three days to make up his mind to call on Miss Randall. It was evident that he must call at least once, and offer the proper apology for his words. It was just as evident that, for the present, that call must be the last. It would not at all do for him to be seen or known as a frequent caller at the house of the President of the company of which he was supposed to be the bitter enemy. When he finally went up the steps of 317 Lawrence Avenue, he did so with a good deal more nervousness than when he made his maiden speech in the House. He was shown into the reception-room. In a few minutes Miss Randall came in and greeted him as easily and gracefully as when she had first met him at Mrs. Noble's, the preceding Monday. Noticing, perhaps, his slight feeling of constraint, she said, "Won't you come into the library? There is a fire there which is most grateful this cool April day." Clinton followed her into the comfortable-looking room lighted by an open wood-fire. It was evidently Mr. Randall's den. As Clinton's eyes lighted on the large square table heaped with books and confused masses of papers, Miss Randall said, "You must excuse the looks of the room. Papa has been at home all day with a bad attack of neuralgia and has been working here. He's only just gone out, and I know he'll be sorry not to see you."

Clinton hesitated a minute; then he said, "I don't think he will, Miss Randall. You must know why, after our talk the other night. Before I say another word I must beg your pardon for what must have seemed outrageous impertinence on my part. My only excuse is my stupidity in not asking Mrs. Noble to repeat your name to me when we were introduced." Miss Randall stopped him, with a smile.

"Don't say anything about it, Mr. Clinton. It gave me a refreshing chance to hear a man say frankly what he believed to be true. I think I can convince you that some of your remarks were not true."

"I hope you can," said Clinton. In a few minutes their conversation almost resembled a mere continuance of that which had been broken off at the dinner. They then drifted on to the subject of painting, in which Clinton found, to his pleasure, that Miss Randall was as interested as he himself was. She happened to mention a book on modern French art. He had never read it. She volunteered to go upstairs for her copy and let him see it. While she was gone Clinton wandered aimlessly around the room for a minute or so. Then he picked up a book from the square table and looked idly at it. As he laid it down he glanced at a pile of papers lying before him across which was carelessly thrown a pen-holder. The top paper with some writing on it in red ink unconsciously attracted his attention, and before he realized what he had done he had read a line upon it at its head. As he did so he almost staggered back against the revolving chair behind the table. The words that he had read were burning deep into his brain. He felt a curious lump in his throat, and gasped as if it was hard for him to breathe. He tried to look away from the table, but that sheet of paper fascinated his gaze like a snake. Every impulse in him seemed to urge him to go back to his chair by the fire, but his legs refused to stir. He stepped toward the table again, and, giving a quick look around the room, took up the sheet of paper. The words that he had read were as follows: "*Legislative Expense for the G. P. P. Co.*" He knew the handwriting. It was Nicholas Randall's. He put the paper back upon the table and went to the door. He heard

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no sound in the hall, and, rapidly darting to the table, he seized the paper and eagerly ran his eye over the page.

"*Legislative Expense for the G. P. P. Co.*"

Cowan	$175 00
Dalrymple	140 00
Murphy	75 00
McGlashen	280 00
Peters	350 00
Follingsbee	1,200 00
Fulton	800 00
S., B., R., K., G.	250 00

He needed no key to its meaning. The few words and figures written in red ink burned and burned. Follingsbee was one of the lawyers of the Pneumatic Company. The other names were those of fellow-members of the Legislature, three of Senators, four of Representatives. Clinton tried to put the paper down upon the table, but it seemed to stick to his fingers. He began to fold it in the middle, and then stopped. He walked to the end of the room with it and listened; but he heard no one. He walked back to the table still holding it. As he gazed at it, his whole future seemed to lie written on it. He saw the triumph of himself, of his party, the defeat of the bill, the waves of popular enthusiasm and newspaper praise which would carry forward anyone who should expose such a transaction; he saw his re-election, his possible accession to still higher offices, and then—he saw himself branded in his own mind as a thief, as a betrayer of his trust in the house of a friend, of the disgrace of a young girl and her family. He looked again at the paper and every thought was swept away, except that he held in his hand the one thing for which he had worked for weeks, the one thing which was certain to establish his career. It would be the easiest thing in the world to take that small sheet of paper. Was it not his duty to protect the interests of the State by taking it and making it public? What were anyone's private interests compared to the people's welfare? Then he heard Miss Randall's footstep on the staircase outside. His hand trembled so that the paper nearly fell upon the floor. Grasping the paper tightly, he moved around the table toward his chair by the fire. He heard her descend quickly. He hesitated a second, and then with a gasp he laid the paper back upon the table, face downward, so that he should not be obliged to see the writing on it. It seemed now but a blank sheet. Then he fell back into his chair, his heart throbbing violently from the strain of his emotion.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Randall as she entered the room, "but I can't find that book."

Clinton looked up and his face was very flushed, as if he had been looking long at the fire. "Oh, don't trouble at all about it," he said as he rose. He wished he could hold his eyes away from that piece of paper, but they kept wandering toward the table.

"But I want you to read it. I tell you what I'll do. I'll write the title down for you and you can get it from the library; I know you'll be interested after what you've said." Miss Randall looked carelessly around, picked up a pencil, and then, seeing the blank sheet of paper near the edge of the table, "Ah, here's a piece of paper," she said, and, drawing it toward her, she wrote the title and the name of the author upon it. Clinton tried to speak, but found that he could not utter a word of protest. He tried to reach for another sheet of paper, but instead he stood motionless. He watched her write. He waited to see if she would look upon the other side. He watched her hand the sheet just as it was to him. He involuntarily held out his hand, took the paper, looked mechanically at the words she had written, held it extended toward her; and then, with a rapid motion, folded it twice and placed it in his breast-pocket. He had tried his best to struggle, but the fates seemed against him. Robert Clinton never knew how he passed through the rest of that call or what was said by him or by Eleanor Randall. He only remembered that he talked rapidly and wildly on anything that came into his mind.

On leaving the house his one idea was to reach his office, to lock the door, and to formulate some plan of action.

The die was cast. He had had his temptation—a different kind from that put before others—and like the others he had gone down before it. It was all done now, however, and the only thing was to make the most of it. Still he had one consolation. Unlike the case of the others, what he was doing was not for himself alone;

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it was for the Public, the State as well. He had sacrificed his honor, but he had done so for the People. Must there not be some circumstances under which it would be right for a man not only to lay down his life, but also his honor, for his country? He tried to persuade himself of the strength of these arguments, but underneath whatever he said to himself by way of justification or palliation there lay a little, uneasy feeling that he was deceiving himself—that in reality it was the desire for personal advancement alone which had influenced him. This he tried to drive away by persuading himself that he had not taken the paper, but that Eleanor Randall had freely and of her own accord given it to him. His well-trained legal mind would not allow such an argument even a minute's resting-place. Had he not himself recently argued a case of fraudulent delivery of a note, the circumstances of which differed little from this?

But after all had been said, after all arguments had been gone over, the one great fact remained. The deed was done. He locked the fateful sheet of paper carefully in his safe.

While Mr. Randall was driving in his closed carriage that afternoon he remembered that he had carelessly left exposed upon his library-table a bit of memoranda which he had jotted down that morning as a calculation. Upon his return he hurried to look for the paper, and not finding it inquired anxiously of his butler and of his family if they had seen a piece of paper lying on his table. He could hardly conceal his consternation when Eleanor Randall replied after a moment's thought that she had written for Mr. Robert Clinton a book title on what she had supposed to be a blank sheet of paper—she hoped that was not it and that it was not very important. Mr. Randall succeeded in controlling himself.

"Oh, not very," he stammered. When his daughter left the room he fell back in his chair and gazed helplessly into the fire. That bit of paper in the hands of Robert Clinton meant ruin to him and to his company. Would the young man make use of it? Of course he would. Mr. Randall knew well what a fool he should consider Clinton if he did not use it. The galling thing about the whole affair was that it was due to Randall's own carelessness. That was going to be the hard matter to explain to the directors of the company.

The next morning Clinton had decided upon his course of action. He would deliver his speech a day earlier than he had intended, and would incorporate in it this damning piece of evidence. First, however, he would give the guilty President of the General Pneumatic Power one chance to save his reputation. About ten o'clock he walked into the building where the company's offices were situated.

"Is Mr. Randall in?" he asked of a clerk in the outer office.

"Yes, sir, but he is very busy and can't see anyone now," was the reply.

"Tell him Mr. Robert Clinton wants to see him at once," Clinton answered, roughly. Hardly had he spoken when the door to Mr. Randall's private office opened and Nicholas Randall appeared.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Clinton," he said. "Come right in." As the door closed he said, "Well, now, what can I do for you?" Clinton hesitated; there was no need, however, for any preliminary circumlocution.

"What can you do for me? You can withdraw the Pneumatic Power Bill from before the Legislature," he said, sternly.

"And why should I do that?" asked Mr. Randall, suavely.

"Because it is an outrage on the people of this State, a steal and a gamble."

"And is that all the reason why I should withdraw it, my young friend?"

"No, sir; it is not all the reason. The chief reason is because I shall make you do so," Clinton said, still calm and stern.

"Aren't you possibly a little confident of your powers?" Randall quietly replied. "How will you make us?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, if you insist," cried Clinton, raising his voice slightly, "by means of that," and he took out of his pocket the sheet of paper with the words in red ink upon it. Randall made a visible effort to control himself, and succeeded, while his voice became still more soothing.

"I don't think you will make use of that, my friend," he said.

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"Not make use of it?"

"No, I do not think you will make that public," persisted Randall.

"Not make it public? do you think I care for your reputation or your company?" Clinton asked, excitedly.

"No, but I think you care for your own reputation."

"H'mph," muttered Clinton.

"I believe, Clinton, you're an honest man. In fact, I know you are. I believe you'll remain one. I honor you for it. I know you've stood one professional test, which I shouldn't expect to apply to many members of the bar and see them refuse the offer made to you. I wish you were fighting for us instead of against us. But I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that you will never fight unless you can do so fairly. And you know, as well as anyone, that after the manner in which you obtained that paper, these are neither fair nor honest means."

"It doesn't lie in the mouth of the President of the General Pneumatic Power Company to prate about fair or honest means," Clinton replied, with some warmth, as he flushed at Mr. Randall's accusation.

"However that may be, Clinton," was the reply, "I am confident you'll not make any use of any piece of evidence obtained by fraud—yes, sir," as he saw Clinton rise as if to interrupt him, "by fraud," and he brought his hand sharply upon his desk.

"I give you until ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Mr. Randall, to withdraw that bill," Clinton replied; "after that the ill-fame of you and your company shall ring through every town and city in this State. In this fight, if in no other, the People's interests shall be protected. Good-morning, sir." Clinton walked out the door. Mr. Randall sat back in his chair.

"I think I know my man," he murmured to himself, "and I do not believe he will use that piece of paper."

Clinton returned to his office feeling triumphant and yet at the same time distinctly uncomfortable. He tried to work at a brief; but could not drive his recollection of that interview out of his mind. Mr. Randall had said, "I know you are an honest man. I honor you for it. I believe you will remain one." Clinton ran over again and again the arguments with which he had securely propped the course of action that he had fixed upon. He probably to this day does not fully understand the reasons which prompted him to write the following letter; but at five o'clock that afternoon he took up his pen and wrote these words:

NICHOLAS RANDALL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I herewith enclose a sheet of paper with the name of a French work written in pencil on the back which was given me by Miss Randall yesterday afternoon apparently in the belief that it was a sheet of blank paper. I find that the other side contains certain memoranda which I presume relate to some business matter of yours and which may be of some value to you. As the paper was delivered to me undoubtedly by mistake, I take pleasure in returning the same to you, having copied off simply that which relates to the aforesaid French book.

Yours truly,
ROBERT CLINTON.

Then he went to his safe, took out a folded sheet of paper, and without reading it again enclosed it with the letter in an envelope, addressed the letter to 317 Lawrence Avenue rather than to Mr. Randall's business address, walked to the mail-shute, and dropped it in. As he did so he gave a bitter laugh. "That's the beginning of the end of my political career," he said to himself.

Fortune, however, was playing a tricksy game with Robert Clinton. It happened that the next morning Mr. Randall woke up suffering so greatly with neuralgia in his forehead and eyes that it was manifestly impossible for him to go to his office. On ringing up his private clerk he found that the clerk also was detained at home by illness. And so it happened that for the first time in his life he asked his daughter to help him in his business and to open and read to him his morning mail, both that which came to his house and that sent down from the office.

After having read to him a large number of business letters containing technical expressions which she little understood, Eleanor Randall took up one letter and noticed, with great surprise and some curiosity, that it bore on the outside the words, "Return in 3 days to Robert Clinton, Attorney-at-Law, 783 City Bank Build-

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ing." Wondering what communication he could have with her father, she opened it quickly and took out first a sheet of paper on which she recognized her own handwriting. As she unfolded it she saw there was writing on the other side, and supposing Clinton had written on the back, she read what was there. At first, she did not realize what the words meant. Then she took out the accompanying letter from the envelope and started to read it to her father. Mr. Randall, who had been moving uneasily in his chair as twinges of pain would seize him, had paid but little attention to the last few letters read to him. But the moment Eleanor let fall the first words of this letter he suddenly straightened up in his chair, and saying, roughly, "That's enough. I'll take care of that letter," he seized the letter and its enclosed paper out of her hand. As he took the latter, however, she had a chance to look again rapidly at the words and figures in red ink.

"You needn't bother any longer, Eleanor," her father said, in a voice that seemed to her to tremble a little, "I'll attend to the rest. You can go now."

When she returned to her own room, somewhat dazed by what had taken place, she ran over in her mind what was written on the paper. And then gradually there began to steal into her mind a faint idea of its significance. At first she would not admit that the possible meaning could be the true one. It was too terrible. "*Legislative expenses.*" That could mean any number of things. The names of men with figures attached, that might mean several things. But taken in connection with Mr. Clinton's conversation, with the statements which he had earnestly made and which she had as vigorously refused to accept, their probable meaning, nay their actual meaning, became only too clear. Why should her father have been so excited at recovering it if it were only a piece of a wholly innocent business transaction?

But if by any possibility it should have been the direct piece of evidence of which he had spoken so longingly, why had Mr. Clinton sent it back? Why had he not kept it and made forceful use of it?

Something, however, down deep in her heart told her that the man of whom she was thinking was too honest to have taken advantage of the unconscious confidence she had placed in him when she unwittingly gave him the fateful sheet.

Before lunch-time she had made up her mind as to the facts, terrible as they were to her in their revelation of the part her own father was playing.

In the afternoon in the solitude again of her own room, as she sat trying to gain any comfort possible, there suddenly flashed into her mind the question she had asked of Clinton, "What can any of us do about it?"

He had said, and she was surprised to find how clearly and precisely his very words came back to her, "If you meet with dishonesty, even in your dearest friends, it is your duty, the duty which you owe to the State, not to overlook it—but to see that the law is enforced." And he had said, she also recalled, that a woman even could have some influence against the evils he was describing. "Her duty." A woman might well have a duty in a case like this. What was her duty? Clinton could not, or rather was too honest, too generous, to take advantage of this chance to preserve the public welfare. The chance now lay in her hands. Was it her duty to sacrifice her own father? What could she do? Or to whom could she go? As these thoughts passed through her mind she suddenly remembered that the present Governor of the State had been twice a guest at her house, at dinner a year ago. Might he not help her to do what was right?

On Monday morning Robert Clinton made his great speech in the House of Representatives against the Pneumatic Power Bill. It was eloquent, powerful, scathing, unanswerable; but to the disappointment of the sensational newspapers he made no direct charges of bribery against the company. He was complimented on his masterly effort by many prominent business men; and the leading journals praised it highly.

The lobbyists and the supporters of the bill, however, did not seem at all worried.

After that the course of the bill was so rapid and bewildering as to puzzle everyone. On Monday a vote was taken and the bill passed the House by a moderate

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but safe majority. The result in the Senate was a foregone conclusion. Clinton accepted the result as definitive of his political career. He had staked all on winning the fight, and knew too well the temper of his constituents to believe that they would renominate him.

On Monday afternoon the Executive Messenger announced to the Private Secretary of the Governor that a lady who did not wish to give her name desired to see the Governor. The Private Secretary went into the outer lobby, and after a few minutes' conversation admitted a lady darkly veiled into the Executive Chamber, thus avoiding the crowd of newspaper reporters and importunate callers awaiting their chance in his own room. The lady's conference lasted twenty minutes. Then the Private Secretary was told that the Governor desired to see him.

"Will you kindly show this lady out by my private staircase, Mr. Mason," the Governor said. Mr. Mason bowed, and looked curiously at the handsome girl with the pale face and tense lips who stood watching the Governor's face.

When he returned, the Governor was pacing up and down the room. "Most extraordinary, a most extraordinary affair!" he was muttering; then seeing the Private Secretary, he said, "Mr. Mason, will you write to Nicholas Randall, the President of the General Pneumatic Power Company, and ask him to call at the Executive Chamber to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock."

Later that afternoon the Pneumatic Power Bill passed on second reading and was ordered to a third reading in the Senate.

At ten o'clock the next morning the Governor was in close consultation with two leading Senators, one an opponent, one a supporter, of the bill.

At eleven o'clock the professional politicians hanging around the lobbies were much excited at seeing the tall form of Mr. Nicholas Randall coming down the corridor and passing on into the Executive Chamber. Several members of the Legislature exchanged glances full of meaning. Two newspaper reporters hastened to dash off copy.

When Randall had received the note from the Private Secretary, he, of course, had formed no idea of what the Governor desired to see him for. He came up to the State House jubilant at the success of his bill and confident of its future. The Governor's first words, however, chilled him, and later filled him with anger and terror. After three-quarters of an hour Randall came out of the Executive Chamber, pale, wild-eyed, and uncertain in his gait. He refused to say a word to the numerous reporters and legislators who surrounded him and besieged him with questions. Even to Senator Vogel, who was the leading supporter of the bill, he shook his head, when the Senator said, "Well, Nick, what did the Governor have to say?"

The following, in short, was what the Governor had had to say during that interview. He had told Randall that the General Pneumatic Power Bill must be withdrawn; that Randall might frame any excuse he desired for the withdrawal, but the withdrawal must occur; that although he, the Governor, was not of the same political faith as Randall, he had, up to yesterday, intended to give his signature to the bill; that, however, since yesterday, certain uncontrovertible facts had been brought to his attention, such evidence of bribery and corruption as would compel him to veto the bill if it should come to him for his signature; that he had promised the person who divulged the facts to conceal that person's name; that the disclosure had only been made by that person from the strongest sense of public duty and at the greatest sacrifice of personal feeling; that he, the Governor, would respect his pledge so far as it was compatible with his official oath, but that, if Mr. Randall insisted on pressing the bill, he would, in his veto, state the facts which had been disclosed to him, and that he would lay the matter before the Legislature for investigation and before the Attorney-General for prosecution; that the evidence involved Mr. Randall himself as well as others; that he was well aware that this particular bit of evidence could not be obtained in a criminal court because Mr. Randall was not obliged to incriminate himself. If it were not for this fact the Governor would feel that he was failing in his duty not to press the matter at once criminally; that, however, he did not sup-

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pose that Mr. Randall would desire an investigation to be made of all the facts, even if this particular bit of evidence could not be produced.

At this point Mr. Randall, who had listened with difficulty to what the Governor had been saying, had broken out in uncontrollable anger. "You need not try to shield your informant, Governor. I know him. It is that d——d scoundrel, Clinton."

The Governor had looked at him a moment in surprise. "My informant was not Mr. Clinton," he had replied, "neither was he any member of the Legislature. How much Mr. Clinton knows I have no idea, nor do I care. The evidence given to me comes from an entirely different source—such a source, Mr. Randall," he had continued, with impressive severity, "that I advise you from the bottom of my soul to believe in my informant's knowledge of the true facts—such a source that I advise you most earnestly to withdraw your bill before it is too late to save your reputation and to protect your family name. Your bill, I am told, comes up for a third reading at two o'clock this afternoon. You have two hours in which to consult your directors, your counsel, and your own conscience. Good-day, sir."

Randall hastened to the office of the company and locked himself in his private office. From what quarter this blow had come he could not conceive. It was perfectly plain to him, however, that there was but one course to pursue.

A little after two o'clock that afternoon the members of the Senate were given one of the greatest surprises in their existence when Senator Vogel rose from his seat, and dryly stated that, at the request of the General Pneumatic Power Company, House Bill No. 137 was withdrawn from the present consideration of the honorable Senate owing to a change in the plans of the company which rendered the passage of the bill in its present state unnecessary.

The rumor of this ran through the corridors of the State House. The lobbyists could not believe it possible. The newspaper men were all at sea.

Word was brought to Robert Clinton in the House of Representatives. He sat still as if stunned. He was aroused by a fellow-member who hastened up to congratulate him on this outcome of his fight. "But this isn't due to me," stammered Clinton.

"You'll get the credit of it all right," was the hearty reply.

That evening was a sober one in the Randall household. Mr. Randall had come home morose and irritable, and did not say a word during dinner. Although his wife was most curious to hear whether the bill in which her husband was so greatly interested had passed, she thought it wiser in his present frame of mind not to ask any questions.

After dinner Eleanor Randall took up the paper and read, in large type, the following headlines:

THE PNEUMATIC BILL PUNCTURED.—SHELVED AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMPANY.—THE REAL REASON UNKNOWN.—RUMORS OF BRIBERY AGAIN AFLOAT.—THE GOVERNOR HAD A HAND IN THIS.

Eleanor Randall leaned back in her chair and gave a little sigh, as she said to herself, "A woman can do her duty sometimes as well as a man. But he'll never know." And although she was filled with sorrow for her father's disappointment, and extremely desirous that the part she had taken should not be discovered by him, the "he" in her thoughts was Robert Clinton and not Nicholas Randall.

The General Pneumatic Power Bill was not brought up again during that session of the Legislature. It became an issue in the campaign of the succeeding fall, and Robert Clinton, speaking through his district upon that issue, was re-elected to the Legislature with ease. So large a number of opponents of the bill were also elected that the company clearly saw the futility of bringing it forward again; so that, as a political question, it was never revived.

Eight years after, Mrs. Henry Follard was taken down to dinner at Mrs. Noble's by the newly elected Governor—Governor Robert Clinton.

"You don't remember me, I fear," she said to him, "and yet it was at this house that we met." Governor Clinton looked searchingly at her.

"Pardon me," he said, "I confess I did not at first. But do you think I could forget permanently Miss Eleanor Randall?

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Do you think I could forget the first girl who ever pretended to be really interested in my life work?"

"I think you were very successful in forgetting," Eleanor Follard replied, slowly; "you never called again."

The Governor paused, started to speak, then waited for several minutes. At last he said, very slowly and very seriously, "No—I—never—called—again."

"And why didn't you?" she asked, a little puzzled at his solemnity. "It was not very flattering to me."

"I wish I could tell you," he said, "but you will never know why. I can only say that it was not from choice that I stayed away. It was from fate. But," he added, "if you will allow me now I shall only be too glad to make up for neglected opportunities."

Eleanor Follard laughed. "I am at home, Governor," she said, "every afternoon after five. And now tell me about yourself, and how you have reached your present position since I last saw you." The Governor still looked preoccupied. Thoughts of the temptation, so long past, were surging in his mind.

"Do you remember that bill which I was fighting when I last saw you?" he replied, with hesitation.

"Yes, I think I do," said Eleanor Follard, becoming in turn serious.

"Well, that was my starting-point. The curious and unaccountable withdrawal of that bill by your father was somehow attributed to my efforts. I really had nothing to do with it, you know, or rather you don't know, because I suppose you had little knowledge of such things in those days." Eleanor Follard smiled a little bitterly.

"I think I knew a little about it," she said.

"Yes, I remember now. I believe that night eight years ago I did enlighten you in an unconsciously harsh way."

"Do you remember something else you said that night?" she suddenly asked. "Do you remember telling me that a woman might have an influence in public matters?"

"Yes," said the Governor.

"Do you remember my asking you if any woman had ever affected your life or your political actions?"

"I think I do," was the answer, "and I believe I had to admit that no woman had done so."

"Well, Governor," Mrs. Follard said, lightly, "eight years have passed. Can you say the same thing now?"

Governor Clinton thought a moment. "Yes," he replied, "it may seem ungracious, but I cannot recall that any woman has ever had anything to do with my political career."

In after days, when Eleanor Follard noticed the respect, honor, and love in which the Governor was held by everyone, she found herself thinking, with mingled feelings of pride and of regret, "And I made that man!"

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A PERSONAL RETROSPECT OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

By W. D. Howells

IN some former papers printed elsewhere I have spoken of my earliest meetings with Lowell at Cambridge when I came to New England on a literary pilgrimage from the West in 1860. I saw him more and more after I went to live in Cambridge in 1866; and I now wish to record what I knew of him during the years that passed between this date and that of his death. If the portrait I shall try to paint does not seem a faithful likeness to others who knew him, I shall only claim that so he looked to me, at this moment and at that. If I do not keep myself quite out of the picture, what painter ever did?

I

IT was in the summer of 1865 that I came home from my consular post at Venice, and went out from Boston to see Lowell at Elmwood and give him an inkstand that I had brought him from Italy. The bronze lobster, whose back opened and disclosed an inkpot and a sand-box, was quite ugly; but I thought it beautiful then, and if Lowell thought otherwise he never did anything to let me know it. He put the thing in the middle of his writing-table (he nearly always wrote on a pasteboard pad resting upon his knees) and there it remained as long as I knew the place—a matter of twenty-five years; but in all that time I suppose the inkpot continued as dry as the sand-box.

My visit was in the heat of August, which is as fervid in Cambridge as it can well be anywhere, and I still have a sense of his study windows lifted to the summer night, and the crickets and grasshoppers crying in at them from the lawns and the gardens outside. Other people went away from Cambridge in the summer to the sea and to the mountains, but Lowell always stayed at Elmwood, in an impassioned love for his home and for his town. I must have found him there in the afternoon, and he must have made me sup with him (dinner was at two o'clock) and then go with him for a night of talk in his study. He liked to have someone help him idle the time away, and keep him as long as possible from his work; and no doubt I was impersonally serving his turn in this way, aside from any pleasure he might have had in my company as someone he had always been kind to, and as a fresh arrival from the Italy dear to us both.

He lighted his pipe, and from the depths of his easy-chair invited my shy youth to all the ease it was capable of in his presence. It was not much; I loved him, and he had given me reason to think that he was fond of me, but I was always aware in him of an older and closer and stricter civilization, an unbroken tradition, a more authoritative status. His democracy was more of the head and mine more of the heart, and his denied the equality which mine affirmed. But his nature was so noble and his reason so tolerant that whenever in our long acquaintance I found it well to come to open rebellion, as I more than once did, he admitted my right of insurrection, and never resented the outbreak. He even suffered being taxed with inconsistency, and where he saw that he had not been quite just he would take punishment for his error, with a contrition that was sometimes humorous and always touching.

Just then it was the dark hour before the dawn with Italy, and he was interested but not much encouraged by what I could tell him of the feeling in Venice against the Austrians. He seemed to reserve a like scepticism concerning the fine things I was hoping for the Italians in literature, and he confessed an interest in the facts

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treated which in the retrospect, I am aware, was more tolerant than participant of my enthusiasm. That was always Lowell's attitude toward the opinions of people he liked, when he could not go their lengths with them, and nothing was more characteristic of his affectionate nature and his just intelligence. He was a man of the most strenuous convictions, but he loved many sorts of people whose convictions he disagreed with, and he suffered even prejudices counter to his if they were not ignoble. In the whimsicalities of others he delighted as much as in his own.

II

Our associations with Italy held over until the next day, when after breakfast he went with me toward Boston as far as "the village"; for so he liked to speak of Cambridge in the custom of his younger days when wide tracts of meadows separated Harvard Square from his home at Elmwood. We stood on the platform of the horse-car together, and when I objected to his paying my fare in the American fashion, he allowed that the Italian usage of each paying for himself was the politer way. He would not commit himself about my returning to Venice (for I had not given up my place yet, and was away on leave), but he intimated his distrust of the flattering conditions of life abroad. He said it was charming to be treated *da signore*, but he seemed to doubt whether it was well; and in this, as in all other things, he showed his final fealty to the American ideal.

It was that serious and great moment after the successful close of the Civil War when the republican consciousness was more robust in us than ever before or since; but I cannot recall any reference to the historical interest of the time in Lowell's talk. It had been all about literature and about travel; and now, with the suggestion of the word village, it began to be a little about his youth. I have said before how reluctant he was to let his youth go from him; and perhaps the touch with my juniority had made him realize how near he was to fifty, and set him thinking of the past which had sorrows in it to age him beyond his years. He would never speak of these, though he often spoke of the past. He told once of having been a brief journey when he was six years old, with his father, and of driving up to the gate of Elmwood in the evening, and his father saying, "Ah, this is a pleasant place! I wonder who lives here—what little boy!" At another time he pointed out a certain window in his study, and said he could see himself standing by it when he could only get his chin on the window-sill. His memories of the house, and of everything belonging to it, were very tender; but he could laugh over an escapade of his youth when he helped his fellow-students pull down his father's fences, in the pure zeal of good-comradeship.

III

My fortunes took me to New York, and I spent most of the winter of 1865–66 writing in the office of *The Nation*. I contributed several sketches of Italian travel to that paper; and one of these brought me a precious letter from Lowell. He praised my sketch, which he said he had read without the least notion who had written it, and he wanted me to feel the full value of such an impersonal pleasure in it. At the same time he did not fail to tell me that he disliked some pseudo-cynical verses of mine which he had read in another place; and I believe it was then that he bade me "sweat the Heine out of" me, "as men sweat the mercury out of their bones."

When I was asked to be assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and came on to Boston to talk the matter over with the publishers, I went out to Cambridge and consulted Lowell. He strongly urged me to take the position (I thought myself hopefully placed in New York on *The Nation*); and at the same time he seemed to have it on his heart to say that he had recommended someone else for it, never, he owned, having thought of me.

He was most cordial, but after I came to live in Cambridge (where the magazine was printed, and I could more conveniently look over the proofs), he did not call on me for more than a month, and seemed quite to have forgotten me. We

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met one night at Mr. Norton's, for one of the Dante readings, and he took no special notice of me till I happened to say something that offered him a chance to give me a little humorous snub. I was speaking of a paper in the magazine on the Claudian Emissary, and I demanded (no doubt a little too airily) something like "Who in the world ever heard of the Claudian Emissary?" "*You are in Cambridge*, Mr. Howells," Lowell answered, and laughed at my confusion. Having put me down, he seemed to soften toward me, and at parting he said, with a light of half-mocking tenderness in his beautiful eyes, "Good-night, fellow-townsman." "I hardly knew we were fellow-townsmen," I returned. He liked that, apparently, and said he had been meaning to call upon me, and that he was coming very soon.

He was as good as his word, and after that hardly a week of any kind of weather passed but he mounted the steps to the door of the little house in which I lived, two miles away from him, and asked me to walk. These walks continued, I suppose, until Lowell went abroad for a winter in the early seventies. They took us all over Cambridge, which he knew and loved every inch of, and led us afield through the straggling, unhandsome outskirts, bedrabbled with squalid Irish neighborhoods, and fraying off into marshes and salt meadows. He liked to indulge an excess of admiration for the local landscape, and though I never heard him profess a preference for the Charles River flats to the finest Alpine scenery, I could well believe he would do so under provocation of a fit listener's surprise. He had always so much of the boy in him that he liked to tease the over-serious or over-sincere. He liked to tease and he liked to mock, especially his juniors, if any touch of affectation or any little exuberance of manner gave him the chance; when he once came to fetch me, and the young mistress of the house entered with a certain excessive elasticity, he sprang from his seat, and minced toward her, with a burlesque of her buoyant carriage —which made her laugh. When he had given us his heart in trust of ours, he used us like a younger brother and sister, or like his own children. He included our children in his affection, and he enjoyed our fondness for them as if it were something that had come back to him from his own youth. I think he had also a sort of artistic, a sort of ethical pleasure in it, as being of the good tradition, of the old honest, simple material, from which pleasing effects in literature and civilization were wrought. He liked giving the children books, and writing tricksy fancies in these, where he masked as a fairy prince; and as long as he lived he remembered his early kindness for them.

IV

In those walks of ours I believe he did most of the talking, and from his talk then and at other times there remains to me an impression of his growing conservatism. I had in fact come into his life when it had spent its impulse toward positive reform, and I was to be witness of its increasing tendency toward the negative sort. He was quite past the storm and stress of his anti-slavery age; with the close of the war which had broken for him all his ideals of inviolable peace, he had reached the age of misgiving. I do not mean that I ever heard him express doubt of what he had helped to do, or regret for what he had done; but I know that he viewed with critical anxiety what other men were doing with the accomplished facts. His anxiety gave a cast of what one may call reluctance from the political situation, and turned him back toward those civic and social defences which he had once seemed willing to abandon. I do not mean that he lost faith in democracy; this faith he constantly then and signally afterward affirmed; but he certainly had no longer any faith in insubordination as a means of grace. He preached a quite Socratic reverence for law, as law, and I remember that once when I had got back from Canada in the usual disgust for the American custom-house, and spoke lightly of smuggling as not an evil in itself, and perhaps even a right under our vexatious tariff, he would not have it, but held that the illegality of the act made it a moral offence. This was not the logic that would have justified the attitude of the anti-slavery men

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toward the fugitive-slave act; but it was in accord with Lowell's feeling about John Brown, whom he honored while always condemning his violation of law; and it was in the line of all his later thinking. In this, he wished you to agree with him, or at least he wished to make you; but he did not wish you to be more of his mind than he was himself. In one of those squalid Irish neighborhoods I confessed a grudge (a mean and cruel grudge, I now think it) for the increasing presence of that race among us, but this did not please him; and I am sure that whatever misgiving he had as to the future of America, he would not have had it less than it had been the refuge and opportunity of the poor of any race or color. Yet he would not have had it this alone. There was a line in his poem on Agassiz which he left out of the printed version, at the fervent entreaty of his friends, as saying too bitterly his disappointment with his country. Writing at the distance of Europe, and with America in the perspective which the alien environment clouded, he spoke of her as "the Land of Broken Promise." It was a splendid reproach, but perhaps too dramatic to bear the full test of analysis, and yet it had the truth in it, and might, I think, have usefully stood, to the end of making people think. Undoubtedly it expressed his sense of the case, and in the same measure it would now express that of many who love their country most among us. It is well to hold one's country to her promises, and if there are any who think she is forgetting them it is their duty to say so, even to the point of bitter accusation. I do not suppose it was the "common man" of Lincoln's dream that Lowell thought America was unfaithful to, though as I have suggested he could be tender of the common man's hopes in her; but he was impeaching in that blotted line her sincerity with the uncommon man: the man who had expected of her a constancy to the ideals of her youth and to the high martyr-moods of the war which had given an unguarded and bewildering freedom to a race of slaves. He was thinking of the shame of our municipal corruptions, the debased quality of our national statesmanship, the decadence of our whole civic tone, rather than of the increasing disabilities of the hard-working poor, though his heart when he thought of them was with them, too, as it was in "the times when the slave would not let him sleep."

He spoke very rarely of those times, perhaps because their political and social associations were so knit up with the saddest and tenderest personal memories, which it was still anguish to touch. Not only was he

> not of the race
> That hawk their sorrows in the market-place,

but so far as my witness went he shrank from mention of them. I do not remember ever hearing him speak of the young wife who influenced him so potently at the most vital moment, and turned him from his whole scholarly and aristocratic tradition to an impassioned championship of the oppressed; and he never spoke of the children he had lost. I recall but one allusion to the days when he was fighting the anti-slavery battle along the whole line, and this was with a humorous relish of his Irish servant's disgust in having to wait upon a negro whom he had asked to his table.

He was rather severe in his notions of the subordination his domestics owed him. They were "to do as they were bid," and yet he had a tenderness for such as had been any time with him, which was wounded when once a hired man long in his employ greedily overreached him in a certain transaction. He complained of that with a simple grief for the man's indelicacy after so many favors from him, rather than with any resentment. His hauteur toward his dependents was theoretic; his actual behavior was of the gentle consideration common among Americans of good breeding; and that recreant hired man had no doubt never been suffered to exceed him in shows of mutual politeness. Often when the maid was about weightier matters, he came and opened his door to me himself, welcoming me with the smile that was like no other. Sometimes he said, "*Siete il benvenuto*," or used some other Italian phrase, which put me at ease with him in the region where we were most at home together. Looking back I must confess that I do not see what it was he found to make him

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wish for my company, which he presently insisted upon having once a week at dinner. After the meal we turned into his study where we sat before a wood fire in winter, and he smoked and talked. He smoked a pipe which was always needing tobacco or going out, so that I have the figure of him before my eyes constantly getting out of his deep chair to rekindle it from the fire with a paper lighter. He was often out of his chair to get a book from the shelves that lined the walls, either for a passage which he wished to read or for some disputed point which he wished to settle. If I had caused the dispute, he enjoyed putting me in the wrong; if he could not, he sometimes whimsically persisted in his error, in defiance of all authority; but mostly he had such reverence for the truth that he would not question it even in jest.

If I dropped in upon him in the afternoon I was apt to find him reading the old French poets, or the plays of Calderon, or the "Divina Commedia," which he magnanimously supposed me much better acquainted with than I was because I knew some passages of it by heart. One day I came in quoting—

> Io son, cantava, io son dolce Sirena,
> Che i marinai in mezzo al mar dismago.

He stared at me in a rapture with the matchless music, and then uttered his adoration and despair in one word. "Damn!" he said, and no more. I believe he instantly proposed a walk that day, as if his study-walls, with all their vistas into the great literatures, cramped his soul liberated to a sense of ineffable beauty by the verse of the *sommo poeta*. But commonly he preferred to have me sit down with him there among the mute witnesses of the larger part of his life. As I have suggested in my own case, it did not matter much whether you brought anything to the feast or not. If he liked you he liked being with you, not for what he got, but for what he gave. He was fond of one man whom I recall as the most silent man I ever met. I never heard him say anything, not even a dull thing, but Lowell delighted in him, and would have you believe that he was full of quaint humor.

V

While Lowell lived there was a superstition which has perhaps survived him, that he was an indolent man, wasting himself in barren studies and minor efforts instead of devoting his great powers to some monumental work worthy of them. If the robust body of literature, both poetry and prose, which lives after him does not yet correct this vain delusion, the time will come when it must; and in the meantime the delusion cannot vex him now. I think it did vex him, then, and that he even shared it, and tried at times to meet such shadowy claim as it had. One of the things that people urged upon him was to write some sort of story, and it is known how he attempted this in verse. It is less known that he attempted it in prose, and that he went so far as to write the first chapter of a novel. He read this to me, and though I praised it then, I have a feeling now that if he had finished the novel it would have been a failure. "But I shall never finish it," he sighed as if he felt irremediable defects in it, and laid the manuscript away, to turn and light his pipe. It was a rather old-fashioned study of a whimsical character, and it did not arrive anywhere, so far as it went; but I believe that it might have been different with a Yankee story in verse such as we have fragmentarily in "The Nooning" and "FitzAdam's Story." Still, his gift was essentially lyrical and meditative, with the universal New England tendency to allegory. He was wholly undramatic in the actuation of the characters which he imagined so dramatically. He liked to deal with his subject at first hands and to indulge, through himself, all the whim and fancy which the more dramatic talent indulges through its fictitious personages.

He enjoyed writing such a poem as "The Cathedral," which is not of his best, but which is more immediately himself, in all his moods, than some better poems. He read it to me soon after it was written, and in the long walk which we went hard upon the reading (our way led us through the Port far toward East Cambridge, where he wished to show me a tupelo-tree of his acquaintance, because I said I had

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never seen one), his talk was still of the poem which he was greatly in conceit of. Later his satisfaction with it received a check from the reserves of other friends concerning some humorous lines which seemed to them too great a drop from the higher moods of the piece. Their reluctance nettled him; perhaps he agreed with them; but he could not change his lines, and they stand as he first wrote them. In fact most of his lines stand as he first wrote them; he would often change them in revision, and then in a second revision go back to the first version.

He was very sensitive to criticism, especially from those he valued through his head or heart. He would try to hide his hurt, and he would not let you speak of it, as though your sympathy unmanned him, but you could see that he suffered. This notably happened in my remembrance from a review in a journal which he greatly esteemed; and once when in a notice of my own I had put one little thorny point among the flowers, he confessed a puncture from it. He praised the criticism hardily, but I knew that he winced under my recognition of the didactic quality which he had not quite guarded himself against in the poetry otherwise praised. He liked your liking, and he openly rejoiced in it; and I suppose he made himself believe that in trying his verse with his friends he was testing it; but I do not believe that he was, and I do not think that he ever corrected his judgment by theirs, however he suffered from it.

In any matter that concerned literary morals he was more than eager to profit by another eye. One summer he sent me for the magazine a poem which, when I read it, I trembled to find in motive almost exactly like one we had lately printed by another writer. There was nothing for it but to call his attention to the resemblance, and I went over to Elmwood with the two poems. He was not at home, and I was obliged to leave the poems, I suppose with some sort of note, for the next morning's post brought me a delicious letter from him, all one cry of confession, the most complete, the most ample. He did not trouble himself to say that his poem was an unconscious reproduction of the other; that was for every reason unnecessary, but he had at once rewritten it upon wholly different lines; and I do not think any reader was reminded of Mrs. Akers's "Among the Laurels" by Lowell's "Foot-path." He was not only much more sensitive of others' rights than his own, but, in spite of a certain severity in him, he was most tenderly regardful of their sensibilities when he imagined them: he did not always imagine them.

VI

At this period, between the years 1866 and 1874, when he unwillingly went abroad for a twelvemonth, Lowell was seen in very few Cambridge houses, and in still fewer Boston houses. He was not an unsocial man, but he was most distinctly not a society man. He loved chiefly the companionship of books, and of men who loved books; but of women generally he had an amusing diffidence; he revered them and honored them, but he would rather not have had them about. This is oversaying it, of course, but the truth is in what I say. There was never a more devoted husband, and he was content to let his devotion to the sex end with that. He especially could not abide difference of opinion in women; he valued their taste, their wit, their humor, but he would have none of their reason. I was by one day when he was arguing a point with one of his nieces, and after it had gone on for some time, and the impartial witness must have owned that she was getting the better of him, he closed the controversy by giving her a great kiss, with the words, "You are a very good girl, my dear," and practically putting her out of the room. As to women of the flirtatious type, he did not dislike them; no man, perhaps, does; but he feared them, and he said that with them there was but one way, and that was to run.

I have a notion that at this period Lowell was more freely and fully himself than at any other. The passions and impulses of his younger manhood had mellowed, the sorrows of that time had softened; he could blamelessly live to himself in his affections and his sobered

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ideals. His was always a duteous life; but he had pretty well given up making man over in his own image, as we all wish some time to do, and then no longer wish it. He fulfilled his obligations to his fellow-men, as these sought him out; but he had ceased to seek them. He loved his friends and their love, but he had apparently no desire to enlarge their circle. It was that hour of civic suspense, in which public men seemed still actuated by unselfish aims, and one not essentially a politician might contentedly wait to see what would come of their doing their best. At any rate, without occasionally withholding open criticism or acclaim Lowell waited among his books for the wounds of the war to heal themselves, and the nation to begin her healthfuller and nobler life. With slavery gone, what might not one expect of American democracy!

His life at Elmwood was of an entire simplicity. In the old colonial mansion in which he was born, he dwelt in the embowering leafage, amid the quiet of lawns and garden-plots broken by few noises ruder than those from the elms and the syringas where

> The oriole clattered and the cat-bird sang.

From the tracks on Brattle Street, came the drowsy tinkle of horse-car bells; and sometimes a funeral trailed its black length past the corner of his grounds, and lost itself from sight under the shadows of the willows that hid Mount Auburn from his study windows. In the winter the deep New England snows kept their purity in the stretch of meadow behind the house, which a double row of pines guarded in a domestic privacy. All was of a modest dignity within and without the house, which Lowell loved but did not imagine of a manorial presence; he could not conceal his annoyance with an overenthusiastic account of his home in which the simple chiselling of some panels was vaunted as rich wood-carving. There was a graceful staircase, and a good wide hall, from which the dining-room and drawing-room opened by opposite doors; behind the last, in the southwest corner of the house, was his study.

There, literally, he lived during the six or seven years in which I knew him after my coming to Cambridge. Summer and winter he sat there among his books, seldom stirring abroad by day except for a walk, and by night yet more rarely. He went to the monthly mid-day dinner of the Saturday Club in Boston; he was very constant at the fortnightly meetings of his whist club, because he loved the old friends who formed it; he always came to the Dante suppers at Longfellow's, and he was familiar in and out at Mr. Norton's, of course. But otherwise he kept to his study, except for some rare and almost unwilling absences upon university lecturing at Johns Hopkins or at Cornell.

For four years I did not take any summer outing from Cambridge myself, and my associations with Elmwood and with Lowell are more of summer than of winter weather meetings. But often we went our walks through the snows, trudging along between the horse-car tracks which enclosed the only well-broken-out paths in that simple old Cambridge. I date one memorable expression of his from such a walk, when, as we were passing Longfellow's house, in mid-street, he came as near the declaration of his religious faith as he ever did in my presence. He was speaking of the New Testament, and he said the truth was in it; but "They had covered it up with their hagiology." Though he had been bred a Unitarian, and had more and more liberated himself from all creeds, he humorously affected an abiding belief in hell, and similarly contended for the eternal punishment of the wicked. He was of a religious nature, and he was very reverent of other people's religious feelings; he expressed a special tolerance for my own inherited faith, no doubt because Mrs. Lowell was also a Swedenborgian; but I do not think he was interested in it, and I suspect that all religious formulations bored him. In his earlier poems are many intimations and affirmations of belief in an overruling providence, and especially in the God who declares vengeance His and will repay men for their evil deeds, and will right the weak against the strong. I think he never quite lost this, though when in the last years of his life I asked him if he believed there was a moral government of

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the universe, he answered gravely and with a sort of pain. "The scale was so vast, and we saw such a little part of it."

As to the notion of a life after death, I never had any direct or indirect expression from him; but I incline to the opinion that his hold upon this weakened with his years, as it is sadly apt to do with men who have read much and thought much. Mystical Lowell was, as every poet must be, but I do not think he liked mystery. One morning he told me that when he came home the night before and had seen the Doppelgänger of one of his household: though, as he joked, he was not in a state to see double. He then said he used often to see people's Doppelgänger; at another time, as to ghosts, he said, he was like Coleridge: he had seen too many of 'em. Lest any weaker brethren should be caused to offend by the restricted oath which I have reported him using in a moment of transport it may be best to note here that I never heard him use any other imprecation, and this one seldom.

Any grossness of speech was inconceivable of him; now and then, but only very rarely, the human nature of some story "unmeet for ladies" was too much for his sense of humor, and overcame him with amusement which he was willing to impart, and did impart, but so that mainly the human nature of it reached you. In this he was like the other great Cambridge men, though he was opener than the others to contact with the commoner life. He keenly delighted in every native and novel turn of phrase, and he would not undervalue a vital word or notion picked up out of the road even if it had some mud sticking to it.

He kept as close to the common life as a man of his patrician instincts and cloistered habits could. I could go to him with any new find about it sure of delighting him; after I began making my involuntary and all but unconscious studies of Yankee character, especially in the country, he was always glad to talk them over with me. Still, when I had discovered a new accent or turn of speech in the fields he had cultivated, I was aware of a subtle grudge mingling with his pleasure; but this was less envy than a fine regret.

At the time I speak of there was certainly nothing in Lowell's dress or bearing that would have kept the common life aloof from him, if that life were not always too proud to make advances to anyone. In this retrospect, I see him in the sack coat and rough suit which he wore upon all outdoor occasions, with heavy shoes and a round hat. I never saw him with a high hat on till he came home after his diplomatic stay in London; then he had become rather rigorously correct in his costume, and as conventional as he had formerly been indifferent. In both epochs he was apt to be gloved, and the strong, broad hands, which left the sensation of their vigor for some time after they had clasped yours, were notably white. At the earlier period, he still wore his auburn hair somewhat long; it was darker than his beard, which was branching and full, and more straw-colored than auburn, as were his thick eyebrows; neither hair nor beard was then touched with gray, as I now remember. When he uncovered, his straight, wide, white forehead showed itself one of the most beautiful that could be; his eyes were gay with humor and alert with all intelligence. He had an enchanting smile, a laugh that was full of friendly joyousness and a voice that was exquisite music. Everything about him expressed his strenuous physical condition: he would not wear an overcoat in the coldest Cambridge weather; at all times he moved vigorously, and walked with a quick step, lifting his feet well from the ground.

VII

It gives me a pleasure which I am afraid I cannot impart, to linger in this effort to materialize his presence from the fading memories of the past. I am afraid I can as little impart a due sense of what he spiritually was to my knowledge. It avails nothing for me to say that I think no man of my years and desert had ever so true and constant a friend. He was both younger and older than I by insomuch as he was a poet through and through, and had been out of college before I was born. But he had already come to the age of self-distrust when a man likes to take counsel with his juniors

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as with his elders, and fancies he can correct his perspective by the test of their fresher vision. Besides, Lowell was most simply and pathetically reluctant to part with youth, and was willing to cling to it wherever he found it. He could not in any wise bear to be left out. When Mr. Bret Harte came to Cambridge, and the talk was all of the brilliant character-poems with which he had then first dazzled the world, Lowell casually said, with a most touching, however ungrounded sense of obsolescence, "He could remember when the Biglow Papers were all the talk." I need not declare that there was nothing ungenerous in that. He was only too ready to hand down his laurels to a younger man; but he wished to do it himself. Through the modesty that is always a quality of such a nature, he was magnanimously sensitive to the appearance of fading interest; he could not take it otherwise than as a proof of his fading power. I had a curious hint of this when, one year in making up the prospectus of the magazine for the next, I omitted his name because I had nothing special to promise from him, and because I was half ashamed to be always flourishing it in the eyes of our public. "I see that you have dropped me this year," he wrote, and I could see that it had hurt, and I knew that he was glad to believe the truth when I told him.

He did not care so much for popularity as for the praise of his friends. If he liked you he wished you not only to like what he wrote, but to say so. He was himself most cordial in his recognition of the things that pleased him. What happened to me from him, happened to others, and I am only describing his common habit when I say that nothing I did to his liking failed to bring me a spoken or oftener a written acknowledgment. This continued to the latest years of his life when the effort to give pleasure must have cost him a physical pang.

He was of a very catholic taste; and he was apt to be carried away by a little touch of life or humor, and to overvalue the piece in which he found it; but mainly his judgments of letters and men were just. One of the dangers of scholarship was a peculiar danger in the Cambridge keeping, but Lowell was almost as averse as Longfellow from contempt. He could snub, and pitilessly, where he thought there was presumption, and apparently sometimes merely because he was in the mood; but I cannot remember ever to have heard him sneer. He was often wonderfully patient of tiresome people, and sometimes celestially insensible to vulgarity. In spite of his reserve he really wished people to like him; he was keenly alive to neighborly good-will or ill-will; and when there was a question of widening Elmwood Avenue by taking part of his grounds, he was deeply hurt by hearing that someone who lived near him had said he hoped the city would cut down Lowell's elms—his English elms, which his father had planted, and with which he was himself almost one blood!

VIII

In the period of which I am speaking, Lowell was constantly writing and pretty constantly printing, though still the superstition held that he was an idle man. To this time belongs the publication of some of his finest poems, if not their inception: there were cases in which their inception dated far back, even to ten or twenty years. He wrote his poems at a heat, and the manuscript which came to me for the magazine was usually the first draft, very little corrected. But if the cold fit took him quickly it might hold him so fast that he would leave the poem in abeyance till he could slowly live back to a liking for it.

The most of his best prose belongs to the time between 1866 and 1874, and to this time we owe the several volumes of essays and criticisms called "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows." He wished to name these more soberly, but at the urgence of his publishers he gave them titles which they thought would be attractive to the public, though he felt that they took from the dignity of his work. He was not a good business man in a literary way; he submitted to others' judgment in all such matters. I doubt if he ever put a price upon anything he sold, and I dare say he was usually surprised at the largeness of the price paid him; but sometimes if his need was for a larger sum, he thought it too little, with-

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out reference to former payments. This happened with a long poem in the *Atlantic*, which I had urged the counting-room authorities to deal handsomely with him for. I did not know how many hundred they gave him, and when I met him I ventured to express the hope that the publishers had done their part. He held up four fingers, "*Quattro*," he said, in Italian, and then added, with a disappointment which he tried to smile away, "I thought they might have made it *cinque*."

Between me and me I thought *quattro* very well, but probably Lowell had in mind some end which *cinque* would have fitted better. It was pretty sure to be an unselfish end, a pleasure to someone dear to him, a gift that he had wished to make. Long afterward when I had been the means of getting him *cinque* for a poem one-tenth the length, he spoke of the payment to me. "It came very handily; I had been wanting to give——a watch."

I do not believe at any time Lowell was able to deal with money

> Like wealthy men, not knowing what they give.

More probably he felt a sacredness in the money got by literature, which the literary man never quite rids himself of, even when he is not a poet, and which made him wish to dedicate it to something finer than the every-day uses. He lived very quietly, but he had by no means more than he needed to live upon, and at that time he had pecuniary losses. He was writing hard, and was doing full work in his Harvard professorship, and he was so far dependent upon his salary that he felt its absence for the year he went abroad. I do not know quite how to express my sense of something unworldly, of something almost womanlike, in his relation to money.

He was not only generous of money, but he was generous of himself, when he thought he could be of use, or merely of encouragement. He came all the way into Boston to hear certain lectures of mine on the Italian poets, which he could not have found either edifying or amusing, that he might testify his interest in me, and show other people that they were worth coming to. He would go carefully over a poem with me, word by word, and criticise every turn of phrase, and after all be magnanimously tolerant of my sticking to phrasings that he disliked. In a certain line,

> The silvern chords of the piano trembled,

he objected to *silvern*. Why not silver? I alleged leathern, golden, and like adjectives in defence of my word; but still he found an affectation in it, and suffered it to stand with extreme reluctance. Another line of another piece—

> And what she would, would rather that she would not—

he would by no means suffer. He said that the stress falling on the last word made it "public-school English," and he mocked it with the answer a maid had lately given him when he asked if the master of the house was at home: "No, sir, he is *not*," when she ought to have said, "No, sir, he *isn't*." He was appeased when I came back the next day with the stanza amended so that the verse could read,

> And what she would would rather she would not so—

but I fancy he never quite forgave my word *silvern*. Yet, as I have noted in a former paper, he professed not to have prejudices in such matters, but to use any word that served his turn, without wincing; and he certainly did use and defend words, as *undisprivacied* and *disnatured*, that made others wince.

He was otherwise such a stickler for the best diction that he would not have had me use slovenly vernacular even in the dialogue in my stories: my characters must not say they *wanted* to do so and so, but *wished*, and the like. In a copy of one of my books which I found him reading, I saw he had corrected my erring Western *woulds* and *shoulds*; as he grew old he was less and less able to restrain himself from setting people right to their faces. Once, in the vast area of my ignorance, he specified my small acquaintance with a certain period of English poetry, saying, "You're rather shady there, old fellow." But he would not have had me too learned, holding that he

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had himself been hurt for literature by his scholarship.

His patience in analyzing my work with me might have been the easy effort of his habit of teaching; and his willingness to give himself and his own was, no doubt, more signally attested in his asking a brother man of letters who wished to work up a subject in the college library, to stay a fortnight in his house, and to share his study, his beloved study, with him. This must truly have cost him dear, as any author of fixed habits will understand. Happily the man of letters was a good fellow, and knew how to prize the favor done him, but if he had been otherwise, it would have been the same to Lowell. He not only endured, but did many things for the weaker brethren, which were amusing enough to one in the secret of his inward revolt. Yet in these things he was considerate also of the editor whom he might have made the sharer of his self-sacrifice, and he seldom offered me manuscripts for others. The only real burden of the kind that he put upon me was the diary of a Virginian who had travelled in New England during the early thirties, and had set down his impressions of men and manners there. It began charmingly, and went on very well under Lowell's discreet pruning, but after awhile he seemed to fall in love with the character of the diarist so much that he could not bear to cut anything.

IX

He had a great tenderness for the broken and ruined South, whose sins he felt that he had had his share in visiting upon her, and he was willing to do what he could to ease her sorrows in the case of any particular Southerner. He could not help looking askance upon the dramatic shows of retribution which some of the Northern politicians were working, but with all his misgivings he continued to act with the Republican Party until after the election of Hayes; he was away from the country during the Garfield campaign. He was in fact one of the Massachusetts electors chosen by the Republican majority in 1876, and in that most painful hour when there was question of the policy and justice of counting Hayes in for the presidency, it was suggested by some of Lowell's friends that he should use the original right of the electors under the Constitution, and vote for Tilden, whom one vote would have chosen President over Hayes. After he had cast his vote for Hayes, he quietly referred to the matter one day, in the moment of lighting his pipe, with perhaps the faintest trace of indignation in his tone. He said that whatever the first intent of the Constitution was, usage had made the presidential electors strictly the instruments of the party which chose them, and that for him to have voted for Tilden when he had been chosen to vote for Hayes would have been an act of bad faith.

He would have resumed for me all the old kindness of our relations before the recent year of his absence, but this had inevitably worked a little estrangement. He had at least lost the habit of me, and that says much in such matters. He was not so perfectly at rest in the Cambridge environment; in certain indefinable ways it did not so entirely suffice him, though he would have been then and always the last to allow this. I imagine his friends realized, more than he, that certain delicate but vital filaments of attachment had frayed and parted in the alien air, and left him heart-loose, as he had not been before.

I do not know whether it crossed his mind after the election of Hayes that he might be offered some place abroad, but it certainly crossed the minds of some of his friends, and I could not feel that I was acting for myself alone when I used a family connection with the President, very early in his term, to let him know that I believed Lowell would accept a diplomatic mission. I could assure him that I was writing wholly without Lowell's privity or authority, and I got back such a letter as I could wish in its delicate sense of the situation. The President said that he had already thought of offering Lowell something, and he gave me the pleasure, a pleasure beyond any other I could imagine, of asking Lowell whether he would accept the mission to Austria. I lost no time in carrying his letter to Elmwood, where I found Lowell over his coffee after dinner. He saw me at the threshold, and called to me through the open door to come in, and I handed him

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the letter, and sat down at table while he ran it through. When he had read it, he gave a quick "Ah!" and threw it over the length of the table to Mrs. Lowell. She read it in a smiling and loyal reticence, as if she would not say one word of all she might wish to say in urging his acceptance, though I could see that she was intensely eager for it. The whole situation was of a perfect New England character in its tacit significance; after Lowell had taken his coffee we turned into his study, without further allusion to the matter.

A day or two later he came to my house to say that he could not accept the Austrian mission, and to ask me to tell the President so for him and make his acknowledgments, which he would also write himself. He remained talking a little while of other things, and when he rose to go he said, with a sigh of vague reluctance, "I *should* like to see a play of Calderon," as if it had nothing to do with any wish of his that could still be fulfilled. "Upon this hint I acted," and in due time it was found in Washington that the gentleman who had been offered the Spanish mission would as lief go to Austria, and Lowell was sent to Madrid.

X

When we met in London, seven years later, he came almost every afternoon to my lodging, and the story of our old-time Cambridge walks began again in London phrases. There were not the vacant lots and outlying fields of his native place, but we made shift with the vast, simple parks, and we walked on the grass as we could not have done in an American park, and were glad to feel the earth under our feet. I said how much it was like those earlier tramps; and that pleased him, for he wished, whenever a thing delighted him, to find a Cambridge quality in it.

But he was in love with everything English, and was determined I should be so too, beginning with the English weather, which in summer cannot be overpraised. He carried, of course, an umbrella, but he would not put it up in the light showers that caught us at times, saying that the English rain never wetted you. The thick, short turf delighted him; he would scarcely allow that the trees were the worse for foliage blighted by a vile easterly storm in the spring of that year. The tender air, the delicate veils that the moisture in it cast about all objects at the least remove, the soft colors of the flowers, the dull blue of the low sky showing through the rifts of the dirty white clouds, the hovering pall of London smoke, were all dear to him, and he was anxious that I should not lose anything of their charm.

He was anxious that I should not miss the value of anything in England, and while he admitted that the aristocracy had the corruptions of aristocracies everywhere, he insisted upon my respectful interest in it because it was so historical. Perhaps there was a touch of irony in this demand, but it is certain that he was very happy in England. He had come of the age when a man likes smooth, warm keeping, in which he need make no struggle for his comfort; disciplined and obsequious service; society, perfectly ascertained within the larger society which we call civilization; and in an alien environment, for which he was in no wise responsible, he could have these without a pang of the self-reproach which at home makes a man unhappy amidst his luxuries, when he considers their cost to others. He had a position which forbade thought of unfairness in the conditions; he must not wake because of the slave, it was his duty to sleep. Besides, at that time Lowell needed all the rest he could get, for he had lately passed through trials such as break the strength of men and bow them with premature age. He was living alone in his little house in Lowndes Square, and Mrs. Lowell was slowly recovering from the effects of the terrible typhus which she had barely survived in Madrid. He was yet so near the anguish of that experience that he told me he had still in his nerves the expectation of a certain agonized cry from her which used to rend them. But he said he had adjusted himself to this, and he went on to speak, with a patience which was more affecting in him than in men of more phlegmatic temperament, of how we were able to adjust ourselves to all our trials and to the constant presence of pain. He said he was

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never free of a certain distress, which was often a sharp pang, in one of his shoulders, but his physique had established such relations with it that though he was never unconscious of it he was able to endure it without a recognition of it as suffering.

He seemed to me, however, very well, and at his age of sixty-three I could not see that he was less alert and vigorous than he was when I first knew him in Cambridge. He had the same brisk, light step, and though his beard was well whitened and his auburn hair had grown ashen through the red, his face had the freshness and his eyes the clearness of a young man's. I suppose the novelty of his life kept him from thinking about his years; or perhaps in contact with those great, insenescent Englishmen, he could not feel himself old. At any rate he did not once speak of age, as he used to do ten years earlier, and I, then half through my forties, was still a "young dog" to him. It was a bright and cheerful renewal of the early kindliness between us, on which indeed there had never been a shadow, except such as distance throws. He wished apparently to do everything he could to assure us of his personal interest; and we were amused to find him nervously apprehensive of any purpose, such as was far from us, to profit by him officially. He betrayed a distinct relief when he found we were not going to come upon him even for admissions to the houses of Parliament, which we were to see by means of an English acquaintance. He had not perhaps found some other fellow-citizens so considerate; he dreaded the half-duties of his place, like presentations to the Queen, and complained of the cheap ambitions he had to gratify in that way.

He was so eager to have me like England in every way, and seemed so fond of the English, that I thought it best to ask him whether he minded my quoting, in a paper about Lexington, which I was just then going to print in a London magazine, some humorous lines of his expressing the mounting satisfaction of an imaginary Yankee story-teller who has the old fight terminate in Lord Percy's coming

To hammer stone for life in Concord jail.

It had occurred to me that it might possibly embarrass him to have this patriotic picture presented to a public which could not take our Fourth of July pleasure in it, and I offered to suppress it, as I did afterward quite for literary reasons. He said, "No, let it stand, and let them make the worst of it;" and I fancy that much of his success with a people who are not gingerly with other people's sensibilities came from the frankness with which he trampled on their prejudices when he chose. He said he always told them, when there was question of such things, that the best society he had ever known was in Cambridge, Mass. He contended that the best English was spoken there; and so it was, when he spoke it.

We were in London out of the season, and he was sorry that he could not have me meet some titles who, he declared, had found pleasure in my books; when we returned from Italy in the following June, he was prompt to do me this honor. I dare say he wished me to feel it to its last implication, and I did my best, but there was nothing in the evening I enjoyed so much as his coming up to Mrs. Lowell, at the close, when there was only a title or two left, and saying to her, as he would have said to her at Elmwood, where she would have personally planned it, "Fanny, that was a fine dinner you gave us." Of course, this was in a tender burlesque; but it remains the supreme impression of what seemed to me a cloudlessly happy time for Lowell. His wife was quite recovered of her long suffering, and was again at the head of his house, sharing in his pleasures, and enjoying his successes for his sake: successes so great that people spoke of him seriously, as "an addition to society" in London, where one man more or less seemed like a drop in the sea. She was a woman perfectly of the New England type and tradition: almost repellantly shy at first, and almost glacially cold with new acquaintance, but afterward very sweet and cordial. She was of a dark beauty, with a regular face of the Spanish outline; Lowell was of an ideal manner toward her, and of an admiration which delicately burlesqued itself and which she knew how to receive with smiling irony. After her death, which occurred while he was still in England,

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he never spoke of her to me, though he used to be always bringing her name in, with a young, lover-like fondness.

XI

In the hurry of the London season I did not see so much of Lowell on our second sojourn as on our first, but once when we were alone in his study, there was a return to the terms of the old meetings in Cambridge. He smoked his pipe, and sat by his fire and philosophized; and but for the great London sea swirling outside and bursting through our shelter, and dashing him with notes that must be instantly answered, it was a very fair image of the past. He wanted to tell me about his coachman, whom he had got at on his human side with great liking and amusement, and there was a patient gentleness in his manner with the footman who had to keep coming in upon him with those notes which was like the echo of his young faith in the equality of men. But he always distinguished between the simple unconscious equality of the ordinary American and its assumption by a foreigner. He said he did not mind such an American's coming into his house with his hat on; but if a German or Englishman did it, he wanted to knock it off. He was apt to be rather punctilious in his shows of deference toward others, and at one time he practised removing his own hat when he went into shops in Cambridge. It must have mystified the Cambridge salesmen, and I doubt if he kept it up.

With reference to the doctrine of his young poetry, the fierce and the tender humanity of his storm and stress period, I fancy a kind of baffle in Lowell, which I should not, perhaps, find it easy to prove. I never knew him by word or hint to renounce this doctrine, but he could not come to seventy years without having seen many high hopes fade, and known many inspired prophecies fail. When we have done our best to make the world over, we are apt to be dismayed by finding it in much the old shape. As he said of the moral government of the universe, the scale is so vast, and a little difference, a little change for the better, is scarcely perceptible to the eager consciousness of the wholesale reformer. But with whatever sense of disappointment, of doubt as to his own deeds for truer freedom and for better conditions, I believe his sympathy was still with those who had some heart for hoping and striving. I am sure that though he did not agree with me in some of my own later notions for the redemption of the race, he did not like me the less but rather the more because (to my own great surprise, I confess) I had now and then the courage of my convictions, both literary and social.

He was probably most at odds with me in regard to my theories of fiction, though he persisted in declaring his pleasure in my own fiction. He was in fact, by nature and tradition, thoroughly romantic, and he could not or would not suffer realism in any but a friend. He steadfastly refused even to read the Russian masters, to his immense loss, as I tried to persuade him; and even among the modern Spaniards, for whom he might have had a sort of personal kindness from his love of Cervantes, he chose one for his praise the least worthy of it, and bore me down with his heavier metal in argument when I opposed to Alarcon's factitiousness the delightful genuineness of Valdés. Ibsen, with all the Norwegians, he put far from him; he would no more know them than the Russians; the French naturalists he abhorred. I thought him all wrong, but you do not try improving your elders when they have come to three score and ten years, and I would rather have had his affection unbroken by our difference of opinion than a perfect agreement. Where he even imagined that this difference could work me harm, he was anxious to have me know that he meant me none; and he was at the trouble to write me a letter when a Boston paper had perverted its report of what he said in a public lecture to my disadvantage, and to assure me that he had not me in mind. When once he had given his liking, he could not bear that any shadow of change should seem to have come upon him. He had a most beautiful and endearing ideal of friendship; he desired to affirm it and to reaffirm it as often as occasion offered, and if occasion did not offer, he made

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occasion. It did not matter what you said or did that contraried him; if he thought he had essentially divined you, you were still the same; and on his part he was by no means exacting of equal demonstration, but seemed not even to wish it.

XII

After he was replaced at London by a minister more immediately representative of the Democratic administration, he came home. He made a brave show of not caring to have remained away, but in truth he had become very fond of England, where he had made so many friends, and where the distinction he had, in that comfortably padded environment, was so agreeable to him. It would have been like him to have secretly hoped that the new President might keep him in London, but he never betrayed any ignoble disappointment, and he would not join in any blame of him. At our first meeting after he came home he spoke of the movement which had made Mr. Cleveland President, and said he supposed that if he had been here, he should have been in it. All his friends were, he added, a little helplessly; but he seemed not to dislike my saying I knew one of his friends who was not: in fact, as I have told, he never disliked a plump difference—unless he disliked the differer.

For several years he went back to England every summer, and it was not until he took up his abode at Elmwood again that he spent a whole year at home. One winter he passed at his sister's home in Boston, but mostly he lived with his daughter at Southborough. I have heard a story of his going to Elmwood soon after his return in 1885, and sitting down in his old study, where he declared, with tears, that the place was full of ghosts. But four or five years later it was well for family reasons that he should live there; and about the same time it happened that I had taken a house for the summer in his neighborhood. He came to see me, and to assure me, in all tacit forms, of his sympathy in a sorrow for which there could be no help; but it was not possible that the old intimate relations should be resumed. The affection was there, as much on his side as on mine, I believe; but he was now an old man and I was an elderly man, and we could not without insincerity approach each other in the things that had drawn us together in earlier and happier years. His course was run; my own, in which he had taken such a generous pleasure, could scarcely move his jaded interest. His life, so far as it remained to him, had renewed itself in other air; the later friendships beyond seas sufficed him, and were without the pang, without the effort that must attend the knitting up of frayed ties here.

He could never have been anything but American, if he had tried, and he certainly never tried; but he certainly did not return to the outward simplicities of his life as I first knew it. There was no more round-hat-and-sack-coat business for him; he wore a frock and a high hat, and whatever else was rather like London than Cambridge; I do not know but drab gaiters sometimes added to the effect of a gentleman of the old school which he now produced upon the witness. Some fastidiousnesses showed themselves in him, which were not so surprising. He complained of the American lower class manner; the conductor and cabman would be kind to you, but they would not be respectful, and he could not see the fun of this in the old way. Early in our acquaintance he rather stupefied me by saying, "I like you because you don't put your hands on me," and I heard of his consenting to some sort of reception in those last years, "Yes, if they won't shake hands."

Ever since his visit to Rome in 1875 he had let his heavy mustache grow long till it drooped below the corners of his beard, which was now almost white; his face had lost the ruddy hue so characteristic of him. I fancy he was then ailing with premonitions of the disorder which a few years later proved mortal, but he still bore himself with sufficient vigor, and he walked the distance between his house and mine, though once when I missed his visit the family reported that after he came in he sat a long time with scarcely a word, as if too weary to talk. That winter, I went into Boston to live, and I saw him only at infrequent intervals, when I could go out to Elmwood. At such times I found him

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sitting in the room which was formerly the drawing-room, but which had been joined with his study by taking away the partitions beside the heavy mass of the old colonial chimney. He told me that when he was a new-born babe, the nurse had carried him round this chimney, for luck, and now in front of the same hearth, the white old man stretched himself in an easy-chair, with his writing-pad on his knees and his books on the table at his elbow, and was willing to be entreated not to rise. I remember the sun used to come in at the eastern windows full pour, and bathe the air with its warmth.

He always hailed me gayly, and if I found him with letters newly come from England, as I sometimes did, he glowed and sparkled with fresh life. He wanted to read passages from those letters, he wanted to talk about their writers, and to make me feel their worth and charm as he did. He still dreamed of going back to England the next summer, but that was not to be. One day he received me not less gayly than usual, but with a certain excitement, and began to tell me about an odd experience he had had, not at all painful, but which had very much mystified him. He had since seen the doctor, and the doctor had assured him that there was nothing alarming in what had happened, and in recalling this assurance, he began to look at the humorous aspects of the case, and to make some jokes about it. He wished to talk of it, as men do of their maladies, and very fully, and I gave him such proof of my interest as even inviting him to talk of it would convey. In spite of the doctor's assurance, and his joyful acceptance of it, I doubt if at the bottom of his heart there was not the stir of an uneasy misgiving; but he had not for a long time shown himself so cheerful.

It was the beginning of the end. He recovered and relapsed, and recovered again; but never for long. Late in the spring I came out, and he had me stay to dinner, which was somehow as it used to be at two o'clock; and after dinner we went out on his lawn. He got a long-handled spud, and tried to grub up some dandelions which he found in his turf, but after a moment or two he threw it down, and put his hand upon his back with a groan. I did not see him again till I came out to take leave of him before going away for the summer, and then I found him on the little porch in a western corner of his house, with a volume of Scott closed upon his finger. There were some other people, and our meeting was with the constraint of their presence. It was natural in nothing so much as his saying, very significantly to me, as if he knew of my heresies concerning Scott, and would have me know he did not approve of them, that there was nothing he now found so much pleasure in as Scott's novels. Another friend, equally heretical, was by, but neither of us attempted to gainsay him. He talked very little, but he told of having been a walk to Beaver Brook, and of having wished to jump from one stone to another in the stream, and of having had to give it up. He said, without completing the sentence, "If it had come to *that* with him!" Then he fell silent again; and with some vain talk of seeing him again when I came back in the fall, I went away sick at heart. I was not to see him again, and I shall not look upon his like.

I am aware that I have here shown him from this point and that in a series of sketches which perhaps successively impart, but which do not assemble, his character in one impression. He did not, indeed, make one impression upon me, but a thousand impressions, which I should seek in vain to embody in a single presentment. What I have cloudily before me is the vision of a very lofty and simple soul, perplexed, and as it were surprised and even dismayed, at the complexity effects from motives so single, but escaping always to a clear expression of what was noblest and loveliest in itself at the supreme moments, in the divine exigencies. I believe neither in heroes nor in saints; but I believe in great and good men, and among such men Lowell was the richest nature I have known. His nature was not always serene and pellucid; it was sometimes roiled by the currents that counter and cross in all of us; but it was without the least alloy of insincerity, and it was never darkened by the shadow of a selfish fear. His genius was an instrument that responded in affluent harmony to the power that made him a humorist and that made him a poet, and appointed him rarely to be quite either alone.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE French have long been fond of calling us Anglo-Saxons hypocrites; which compliment we return by calling them shameless. Of course, in treating of such matters as racial traits, one has to speak in sweeping generalities, admitting all possible individual exceptions on both sides. This much should be premised.

Hypocrisy is a vice which has probably as few admirers as any in the list; but what contempt we Anglo-Saxons may have for it is as nothing compared to the horror with which the French find it convenient to regard it. In a Frenchman's eyes it is *anathema maranatha*, the one unpardonable sin. This mental attitude of his is, after all, not unnatural.

Cynisme *vs.* Hypocrisy.

The Frenchman is nothing if not logical; he is so both by instinct and by education. To his perception the most disreputable product of a civilized brain is a lame syllogism. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that his instinct for logic is the dominant one of his whole nature, the only one which he allows himself to follow unreservedly; all other instincts he is prone to distrust and examine critically, until he has proved to his own satisfaction that they are logically defensible. In the matter of sound premises he may be less careful; but his logic (as such) is irrefragable, and he positively deifies it.

To his acute logical sense any discrepancy that may exist between a man's principles and his actions is, *per se*, ridiculous. For, says he, if your principles are logical—which they must be, else you are no rational being at all—your practice must necessarily be illogical, if it does not accord with them; and to act illogically is to act foolishly, nay, criminally. To establish perfect harmony between his practice and his principles is, accordingly, his great ethical aim in life. Now, we all know that to do this, when principles are of adamantine rigidity, demands more self-denial than is always pleasant; and the Frenchman very acutely sees that the desired accord can be brought about far more conveniently by making concessions on both sides, especially on the side where it will cause the least friction; he sees that, if Principle is not absolutely a mountain, but something more flexible and elastic, it can be made to meet the Mahomet of Practice half way. So, when he finds it too onerous to pin down his practice to exact conformity with rigid principles, he can, with considerably less trouble, make his elastic principles agree with his practice—and the logic of life will have been satisfied.

Having thus satisfied his logical needs, by bringing his principles and practice into harmonious agreement, our Frenchman naturally finds it illogical to be in any way ashamed of the latter. Neither does he deem it logical to condemn in others what he excuses in himself. He is, accordingly, perfectly frank about all he does, firm in the conviction that his actions, no matter how base or intrinsically blameworthy, are strictly logical, and that their inherent logic will be as keenly appreciated by his fellows as by himself—and this is all he really cares about. He thus finds hypocritical concealment utterly superfluous, his temptation to hypocrisy is null; and this is perhaps one reason for his adding an extra touch of acerbity to the general contempt for this vice, because he can safely condemn it in others, without the uncomfortable eventuality of being called into court himself.

We Anglo-Saxons, on the other hand, instinctively look upon the matter from a diametrically opposite point of view. To our perception strict logic is not a thing of life-and-death importance; indeed, we incline to distrust it as a guide (either ethical or practical) in life. We recognize that the strict logician is ever a slave to his premises; and as in this imperfect world, premises are never entirely sound, all logical deduction from them must lead to a false result. The usefulness of the strict logician's reasoning is vitiated by the unavoidable unsoundness of his premises; whereas the illogical man, reasoning a-wrong from unsound premises, has at least a chance of coming out right. So, for strict logic we have no very overwhelming respect; but for rigid principles

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we have, and hold them to be matters of too vital import to be safely tampered with. It seems at times as if we inclined to impute to fixity and purity of principle something of the saving grace which the Roman Catholic imputes to divinely revealed dogma. To us it is a thing of ethical value in itself. I do not mean to say that it actually is this; but our instinct to regard it as such is unquestionable.

Now, if, as sometimes happens, our power of self-denial is insufficient to enable us to live practically up to our principles, we doubtless deplore the discrepancy quite as sincerely as the Frenchman. But not for his reason; its lack of logic does not trouble us half so much as its indicating a falling-short of an established ideal. Neither can we satisfy ourselves with that peculiar logic by which he so cleverly juggles the discrepancy out of sight and eliminates it. We are consequently ashamed of it, in our heart of hearts; and, should the only feasible way of obliterating it —by modifying our practice until it conforms with our principles—prove too onerous for our slight power of self-denial, we seek refuge in secrecy and say as little about it as possible, although we do not always find it indispensable to be equally reticent about the shortcomings of others. This is what the Frenchman—and with no little justice, too—calls our hypocrisy. Which hypocrisy seems to him not only damnable but essentially ludicrous; for he can see no logic at all in that last feeble unction we lay to our souls: that we have not allowed the imperfection of our practice to cast a stain upon the purity of our principles.

Yet, if there is justice in this charge of hypocrisy the Frenchman brings against us, may it not also have something of the boomerang in it? Is there not, in the last analysis, a certain amount of hypocrisy underlying that nonchalant frankness of his, of which he claims to be so proud, and the lack of which in us he so severely condemns? It seems to me, at least, that, unless a man's devotion to logic has completely blinded him to the value of sound premises, he must see that the artificial accord he has established between his principles and his practice—by making the latter the constant, and the former the variable, in his life's formula—is fundamentally false and ethically worthless. For one of his premises is evidently unsound. His assumption that complete harmony between principles and practice is, of itself, sufficient to solve the ethical problem is untenable. It ignores the fact that, although it is most true that the exact agreement of practice with principle is of the highest ethical value, the converse proposition is not true at all. The agreement of principle with practice is ethically valueless. And I leave it to the Frenchman himself to lay his hand upon his heart and solemnly swear that he is not conscious of this. If he is, he is in a bad way; for consciously reasoning from weak premises is no more nor less than sophistry; and, in so able a logician as the Frenchman undoubtedly is, sophistry is dangerously akin to hypocrisy. The two are so alike that it is futile to distinguish between them.

And herein really lies the Frenchman's hypocrisy; of a far more subtile sort than ours. What is worse he cannot admit it, as we can ours; if he did, all the vaunted logic of his life's formula would vanish at once into thin air, and he would have no ground (ethical or otherwise) left to stand on. His formula *pêche par la base*, sins at the base. And, he being logically unable to admit this, his only available resource is to carry the war into the enemy's country, rail at our hypocrisy, and, should we retort, face us down with an effrontery so completely and inalienably his own that it takes a French word adequately to designate it, with ungarnished *cynisme*. Between this *cynisme* of his and our hypocrisy anyone is free to choose.

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THE FIELD OF ART

A STUDY IN JAPANESE PERSPECTIVE.

THERE is nothing more axiomatic than that if an object is twice as far away it will appear half the size; indeed, we may epitomize the laws of perspective by saying that distance and apparent size are in exact inverse proportion. And yet, though the artists of Japan preserve this relation, it is commonly said that they know nothing of perspective. It is true, they do not make parallel lines "vanish" in their drawings; and this seems to us a serious defect. Possibly there is a spot in the Eastern retina which is blind, and *it is the particular spot in which we are very sensitive.* If we may say that perspective consists in making lines which are parallel to each other in nature approach each other in our drawings, then the Japanese know nothing of perspective. It is not well, however, to be hasty in making conclusions; deaf people sometimes hear whispers.

The European system of perspective, it would seem, was made especially for the rendering of these parallel lines, and in order to accomplish this, we take one "point of sight" for all the architectural lines in our picture, though for each figure an individual "point of sight" is used. This is the evident difference between the Japanese method and ours; they not only take an individual "point of sight" for each figure, but they do likewise for each line. And before taking exception to their method, it may be well to recall words of a distinguished authority of our own on the subject. Professor William R. Ware tells us that "by the very theory of perspective only the object just opposite, seen along the axis of the picture, just at its centre, is drawn as it looks. Everything else, so to speak, is distorted. . . . This distortion is inevitable, and every object in a perspective drawing, except the one at the centre, is always distorted." This being so, the desire to move that "centre" about (and by "centre" Professor Ware, of course, refers to "point of sight") is not so irrational. Why not have as many points of accuracy as possible?

Since the especial strength of our system may be said to be in the rendering of buildings (Professor Ware says, "Any treatise on perspective is of course mainly directed to meet the wants of the architect"), and the evident weakness of the Japanese method seems to be at just this point, if we confine the art exclusively to the use of the architect, discretion should need but little assistance in choosing. But the painter "sees through" quite as truly as his architectural brother. Mr. La Farge says: "You know that what you see is translated to you by some effect of colored light, and you know that that effect is placed within certain laws of arrangement which we study out in

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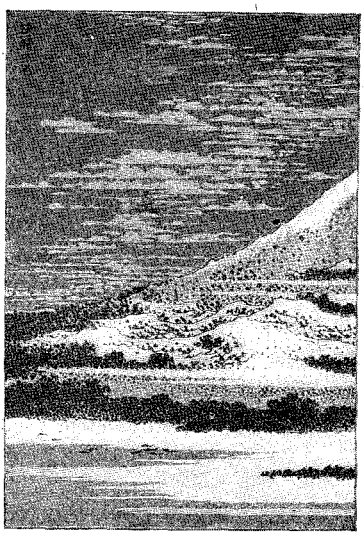
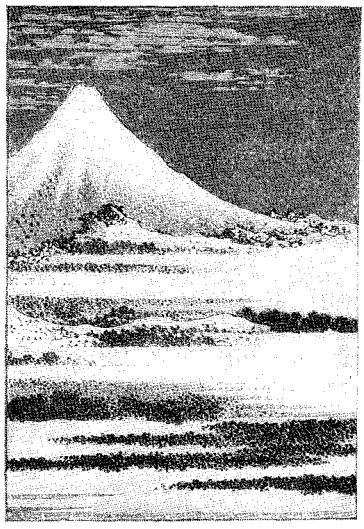


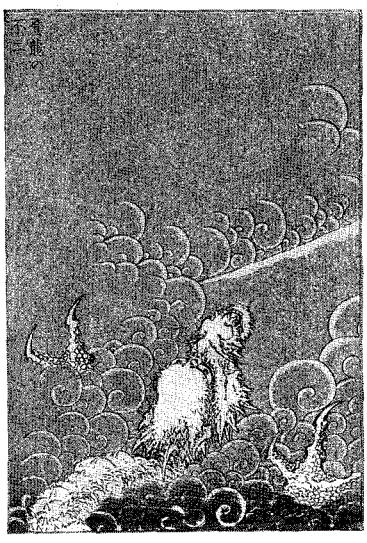


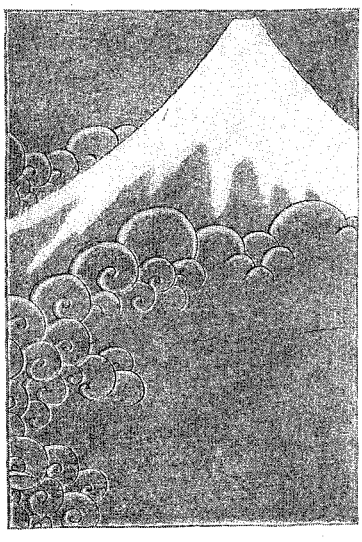
II

some cases and call perspective." He also tells us that our way of looking at things is composition. "For a rough example," he says, "in looking at a waterfall, we choose some place whence we can feel the under curve, and the masses of the upper water, their curves and breaking, and the return curves of the splashing water. . . . So that it might be said we compose in our very way of looking at nature, without ever thinking of any copy, any imitation of this appearance of nature in art."

You see, when we walk about the waterfall we are really composing, and, of course, "what we see is placed within certain laws of arrangement" which we call perspective. So, when Hokŭsai, the great Japanese artist, made his celebrated hundred views of the mountain Fuji, these laws were either used or violated. And since we know that "the art of interpreting pictures so as to ascertain the proper position of the eye, and the relative positions and forms of all the objects represented" is called inverse perspective, we might get an insight into Hokŭsai's ability by testing some of his drawings by this inverse process.

The picture of the venerable priest (Fig. 1) brings us at once face to face with a delightful evidence of his perspicacity. If the cloud forms which we there see were above the spectator's eyes, the larger forms would be at the top of the picture, and they would gradually lessen in size as they receded toward the horizon; but the larger forms are in the lower part of the sky and lessen in size as they go to the upper part of the picture; so we know that our eyes must be above the clouds; while the presence of the solid earth tells us that the priest must be on the mountain, since 'tis only mountain tops that are above the clouds. Without some such application of the laws of perspective we would simply have the picture of a priest seated on the ground, which would be very different from seeing him seated on the mountain top.





III

And the gen-

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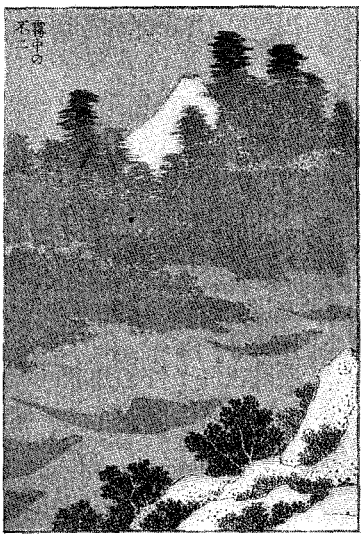
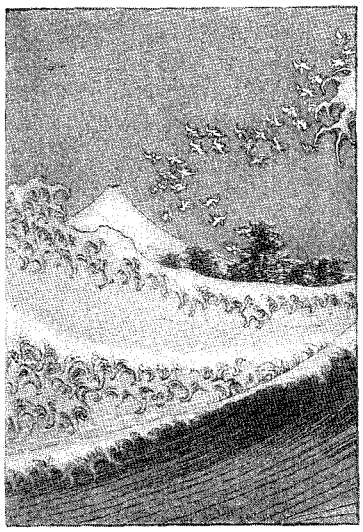


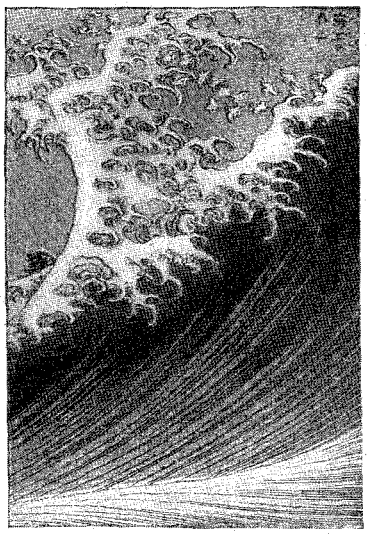
IV

eral view of the mountain is taken from a considerable distance (Fig. 2); this we know, because the trees about the base are drawn very much of a size, though considerable distance separates them. If one tree appeared very much larger than another, which we knew to be approximately of the same size, it would tell us we were near the larger tree, consistent with the general law of the inverse proportion of distance and size. Hokŭsai presents us very respectfully to his beloved mountain at a distance, and it is his consummate knowledge of the art of perspective that enables him to do it so gracefully.

To the view of the dragon in the clouds near Fuji (Fig. 3) I am much indebted, for it recently gave a suggestion for the perspective points of a panel I was commissioned to paint. It was necessary to represent the thunders being from Jove, so my "point of sight" was taken up in the clouds as Hokŭsai's was; Jove's eagle was shown in anger, and the first suggestion of Mount Olympus which Fuji made, was changed to a glimpse of Jove's palace in the clouds; while of course the earth below, which was suffering from the eagle's tantrums, would seem quite small. In this particular instance, certain of the laws of composition might very distinctly be called perspective, and I most certainly took the "points" from the great Japanese.

And can a more delightful instance be shown of an artist's use of the art of aërial perspective than we find in the picture of the mountain seen in a fog (Fig. 4)? By the relative sizes of the trees in the foreground and those on the mountain side we get a suggestion as to distance and station point, while the rapid diminution of clearness of detail in such comparatively short distance tells us unmistakably that we are looking at Fuji in a fog. If these further trees were very much smaller, which would indicate their greater distance from us, this indistinctness would





V

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VI

occur with the atmosphere in normal condition. Their *size* and *indistinctness*, tell us of the fog. We may not say that Hokŭsai knew this law of perspective in words, but we do know that the end of his brush was properly instructed, and actions speak louder than words.

And of the drawing of Fuji seen across the wave (Fig. 5). M. Edmond de Goncourt has said it might be called the prototype of those pictures which we now see so often, called "the wave." An inverting of its perspective will give us a "station point" very near the water level, and the comparative sizes of the waves, which we know to be very near each other, will tell us we are very close to the larger wave. Those of us that enjoy swimming will readily recognize the position.

We know how the Caucasian uses two "points of sight" and marries his result without hindrance; Hokŭsai shows us how to use two horizon lines and join the result happily. In the drawing of the mountain seen through the two celebrated pine-trees, which growing together afford a bridge on which to build a little tea-house (Fig. 6), we know the eye must be above the top of the trees, otherwise the under side of the foliage would be seen. But the horizon of Fuji is in the lower part of the picture. Were it the same as that of the pines, we should lose completely the suggestion of height which we gain by seeing the clouds through the opening under the bridge.

But those parallel lines! It may be possible that the Japanese, naturally avoiding obtrusive rectangularity, lacks interest in its representation; while the Caucasian, having such an affection for that which can be drawn with the T square and triangle, as naturally perfects means of representing it. This intrudes, however, on the ground of the metapsychologist. W. B. VAN INGEN.

NOTE.—The double pictures which illustrate this article are from the three-volume work by Hokusai, Fugaku Hiakkei, "One Hundred Views of Fugi." Each half-picture occupies a page of the Japanese book; hence the two halves of each composition are divided by the joint and the double margin; and some students are accustomed to fold one of the leaves so as to bring the two halves close together, on occasion. Without this, the mind has to exert itself to bring together the continuous lines of the composition. In European designs it is generally thought better to suppress a part of the picture, as when the mullion of a pictorial window replaces some details, and seems to cover and conceal what would otherwise occupy its place. European designers object to dislocation of the parts; but the Eastern imagination may be counted on to bring even these separated panels into one.

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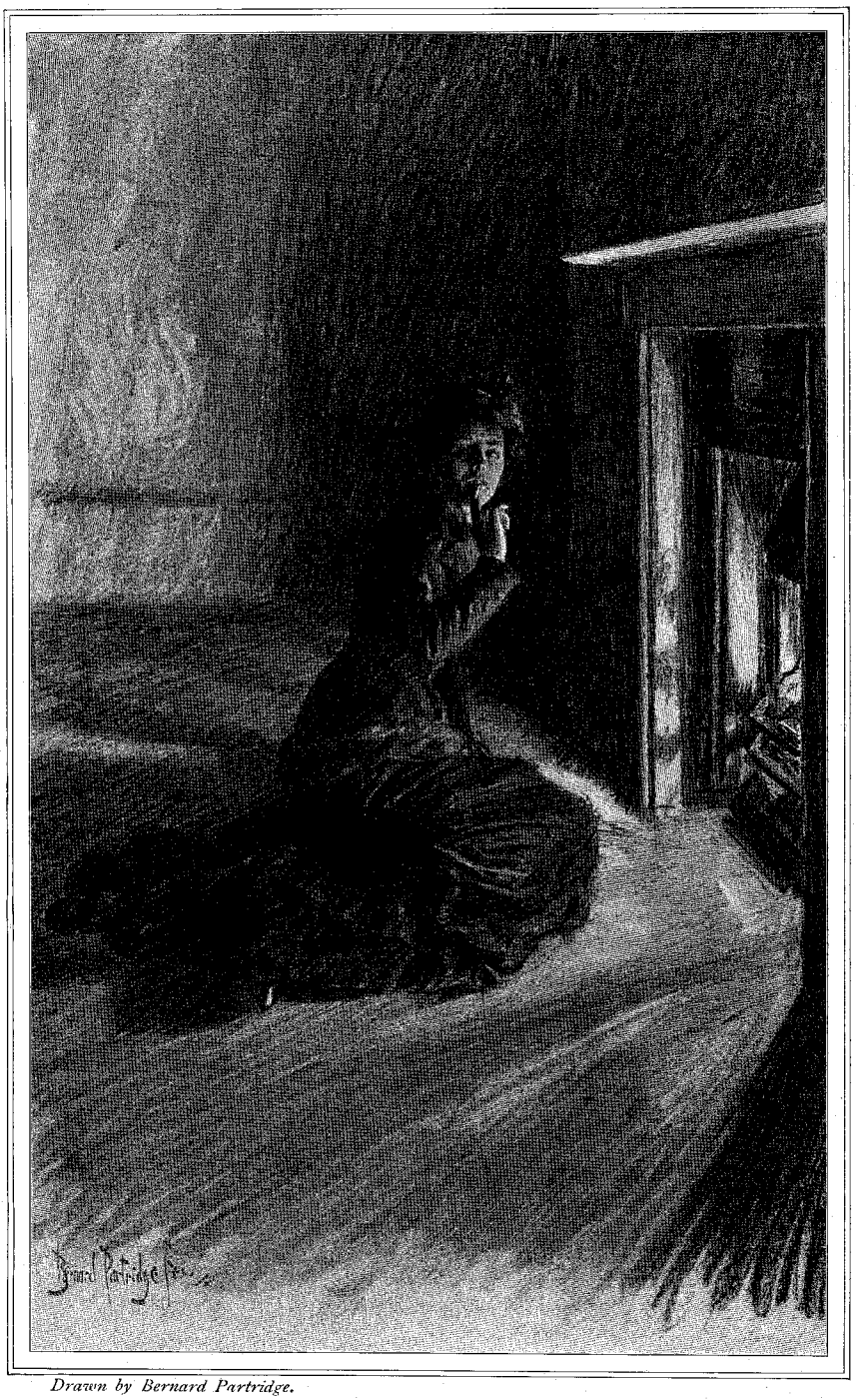

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

SHE NODDED AND PUT HER FINGER TO HER LIPS AS A SIGN THAT HE MUST BE CAUTIOUS.

—"Tommy and Grizel," page 423.

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